FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD
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OCTOBER 1980 $2.75
GALA 8TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE!
A PICTORIAL REUNION WITH OUI'S FAMOUS GIRLS
GRADING COLLEGE SEX ED. COURSES
A WIDE-EYED LOOK AT BLIND DATES
CHEWING THE FAT WITH DOM DELUISE
TEXAS-STYLE ROCK 'N' ROLL

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VOLUME 9 NUMBER 10

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OCTOBER 1980

70 A CONVERSATION WITH DOM DELUISE
Why does a seemingly nice, overweight man lose all decorum as soon as the tape recorder clicks on? Interviewer Craig Modderno feeds the questions as Dom gets to the meat of matters concerning the state of comedy, the state of sex and the state of his stomach.

93 DEEP IN THE HEART OF ROCK 'N' ROLL
Four frenzied rockers embark on a quest for the Holy Wail and discover the future of boogie lurking in the dark recesses of a San Antonio honky-tonk. Article by Rex Weiner.

96 OUI'S RED-HOT REUNION
For our 8th Anniversary celebration, come take a look back with us at some talented ladies whose OUI pictorials switched their careers into high gear: topflight fashion models Gunilla Bergstrom, Quinn Cummings and Eva Wallen, disco queens Nina Carter and Jilly Johnson (aka Blonde on Blonde), amply endowed Israeli model/actress Rinah and porn star Nancy Suiter. Principal photography by Jeff Dunas, Francis Giacobetti and Ken Marcus.

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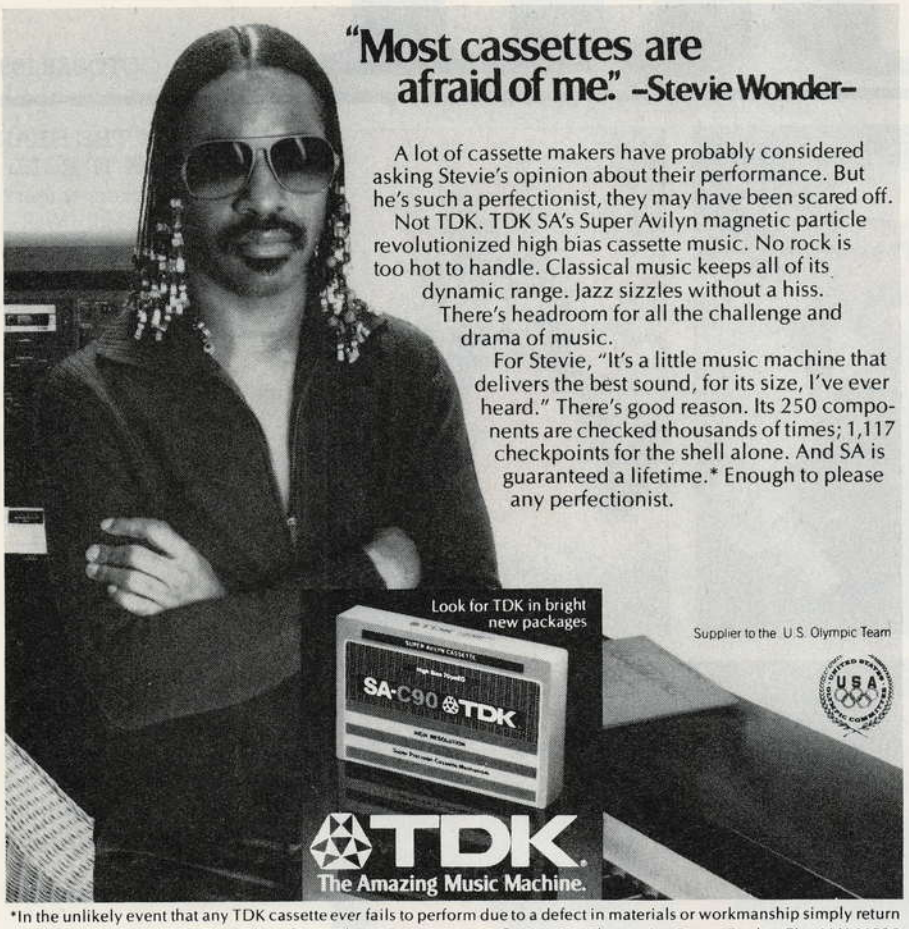
COVER
Comely Care Felix, 25, is two-thirds the way to her goal of becoming "the first girl ever to be on three OUI covers." (Care's first time was back in May '79.) The actress and model told us her pet peeves are "poodles, gerbils and parrakeets." When we asked what her favorite erotic fantasy was, she answered, "Poodles, gerbils and parrakeets." Sort of heavy petting, we guess. Photography by Brian Anderson.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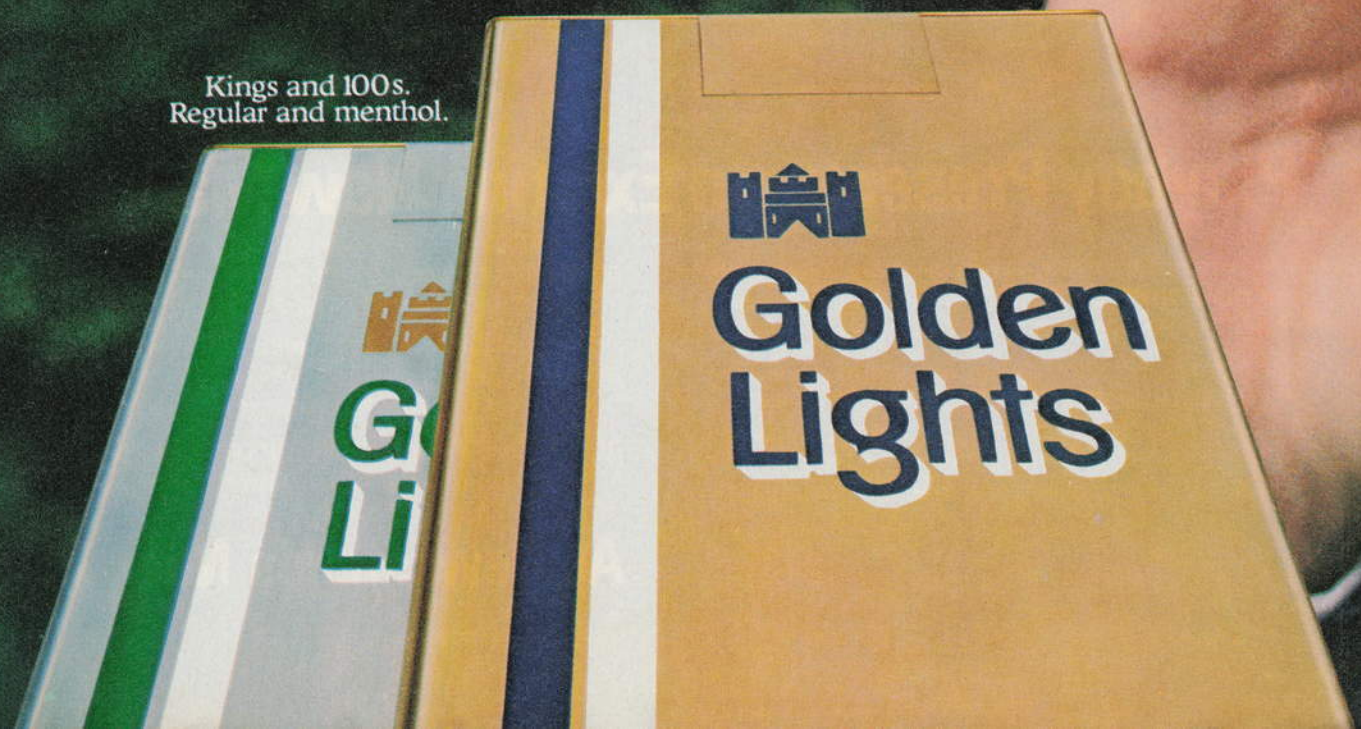

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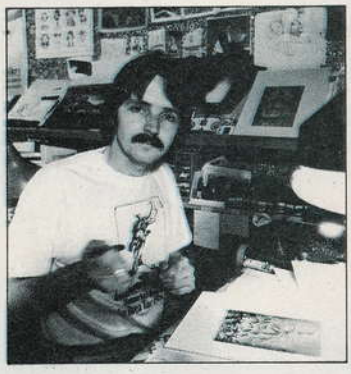
THE WE PAGE

Some of the talented writers, photographers, artists, researchers and behind-the-scenes folk who helped produce this month's OUI

REX WEINER

We sent Weiner *Deep in the Heart of Rock 'n' Roll* (p. 93) not so much because he grew up in Brooklyn and was educated at Contact High, but because he co-authored *Woodstock Census* and is now at work on a novel, *The Adventures of Ford Fairlane, New Wave Private Detective.*



EVERETT PECK

We didn't have to send illustrator Peck to the *Heart of Rock 'n' Roll*; it stopped by his house one night and moved in. Since then, he's done illustrations for *New York* magazine, *Psychology Today* and A&M Records. He also spends an inordinate amount of time sketching people in coffee shops.

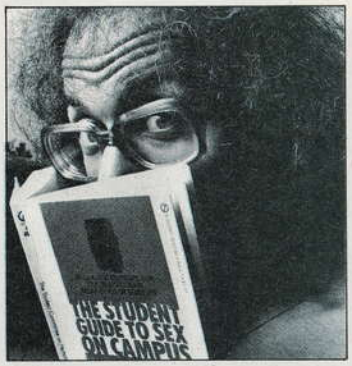
EMPLOYEES OF THE MONTH

Ah, the art department here at OUI. The class of the joint. The strength. The glue that . . . Anyhow, the guy with the eyes on the left, Kevin J. Walker, never talks about his master's from Otis Art Institute or the seven years he lived in Africa, but rather his hot band, the Fender Buddies. Likewise, Cary Meshul hardly ever mentions his times spent at U.C. Santa Cruz and Alexandra Palace and

Boulder, but rather his fine collection of philosophers' stones. But, the truth is, the only reason both of them are Art Assistants here is because Rickie Poulos, our Art Production Manager, dresses like this. Always. We mean, the girl has real talent and has been an art director and has run her own design studio. But none of that matters. Walker and Meshul both work here for slave wages just to be in close proximity to Rickie. Makes sense, don't you think?

LIZ DERRINGER

She has been described as "Mrs. Rock Star" (her husband is Rick Derringer), and admits to having been around the music scene for so long that she has an Achilles' eardrum. She knows so many people, including this month's *Small Talkee,* Jerry Hall (p. 88), that editors sometimes assign her to interview celebs just to see if Liz is really *that* connected. She is. OUI also like her because she took the best candid shot for the *We Page* we've ever received. Writers are, as a rule, less attractive.



SAL MANNA

Don't think that we sent some wimpy stub out to audit sex education courses for this month's OUI *Sex Survey* (p. 74). Uh-uh. We sent out a 25-year-old hetero who writes for major newspapers and magazines, but is also into nude skydiving and midgets' rights. A pro. This boy knows about sex.

CHRIS CONSANI

Illustrating our *Success and the Younger Man* (p. 46) took a certain sophistication. It took an artist who is deeply concerned about the import of success. It actually took a USC frat rat like Consani, who surfs and sails and skis and probably scores more than all of us.

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SLICED MEAT LOAF

A Conversation with Meat Loaf (July) confirms my suspicions about the rock singer–turned–film actor—he's an overweight, overhyped egomaniac with a pinhead's worth of talent. And all that talk about Mr. Loaf's sex appeal is just so much inflated self-delusion. Why Meat Loaf deserves the space and attention that OUI has devoted in past issues to the likes of Dustin Hoffman, Pete Townshend and Dudley Moore is beyond comprehension.

S.K.
Lubbock, Texas

Your interview with Meat Loaf is full of surprises. I always thought of the guy as a melodramatic Dumbo, but his comments on rock 'n' roll, the music biz and moviemaking are full of sharp, to-the-point insights. Steve Diamond's accompanying *On the Set of "Roadie"* is one of the best on-the-set pieces I've ever read in a magazine. Real good goin'.

C. DAVIS
New York, New York

I, for one, enjoyed your conversation with Meat Loaf. I hope OUI continues to print credible, intelligent interviews with rockers like Meat Loaf and Pete Townshend. Here in the Midwest, we like to listen to rock 'n' roll, not Elvis Costello. How about interviews with Neil Young and Eric Clapton?

CRAIG GILBERT
Springfield, Illinois

Your interview with Meat Loaf has some disturbing comments that I would like to take issue with. When asked why he was "so hot" outside the States, Meat Loaf chose to attack the radio industry of Los Angeles, in general, and Sam Bellamy, in particular.

I take offense at his implication that you need to buy off a program director in order to get airplay and at the fact that Sam Bellamy, program director of KMET, is referred to as "a girl" on some kind of ego trip.

Meat Loaf ponders, "Now, who in their right mind made her God?" KMET does not play God, and KMET does not play Meat Loaf, whether he sells five or five million albums. Radio's main function is to entertain its audience, not to sell records.

KMET doesn't play the Bee Gees or Donna Summer or many other top-selling artists. The station plays *its* sound, whether the artist is huge or not. Under Sam Bellamy's programming, KMET has risen from obscurity to number one in Los Angeles—that's no easy feat. Not playing Meat Loaf did not affect the ratings at all.

I think Meat Loaf is an ego tripper unable to accept the fact that he just might not appeal to everyone in the world. I don't know why he's not a hit in L.A. Maybe we know something the rest of the world doesn't. The world is not his turntable, and we are not obligated to play anyone's album, ever . . . well, maybe Bruce Springsteen's.

JEFF GONZER
Disc Jockey, KMET
Los Angeles, California

GRAHAM CRACKERS

Without a doubt, your June cover girl, *Jodie Graham*, is the most breathtakingly beautiful woman ever to grace the pages of a magazine. The cover shot—one of your

sexiest yet—grabbed me immediately, and the rest of the photography just put me away. I was halfway packed for L.A. before I realized what I was doing. Encore.

BOB MARAS
Glen Ellyn, Illinois

I think I'm in love. I've been dropping things, walking into walls, forgetting appointments, stuttering and daydreaming off into space. And it's all because of Jodie Graham. What a face. What a body. What a fox. Women who look as luscious as Jodie don't come around too often and, when they do, they deserve the kind of loving attention you gave her. Thanks for having the good sense to put her on the cover, too. Nice job. How about a second look?

JOHN BURNS
Pomona, New York

I've seen some delectable delights in your pages before, but none so beautiful and desirable as Jodie Graham. Please, one more parting shot of this lovely lady. I'm hanging by my toes, and only her picture will release me.

ROBERT L. SCHNEIDER
Jackson, Georgia

We've been snowed under with letters praising luscious Jodie. As for you, Bob, be careful how you hit the ground. You could hurt yourself.

REJECTION SLIPS

I have just finished reading *Letting Her Down Easy* (June). Maybe it is meant to be funny—and in a sense it is—yet you seem to have forgotten that there are some people out there who will take you too seriously.

Whenever I enter into a relationship, I set down the ground rules before anything else—and that includes when it's time to go. If a man is going to leave me, I insist he tell me straight out. It's a lot less painful to be told bluntly than for some idiot to say, "I'll call you," and then, of course, never call.

Author Scott Cohen's sly sidestepping and diplomatic exits don't hold a candle to the out-and-out truth.

PEGGY SEGALL
Houston, Texas

VISITING D'ARBANVILLE

I hadn't read an issue of OUI for quite some time when I picked it up at a newsstand earlier this year. Since then, I've become an avid reader. Your *Small Talk* features are a great way of getting to know some lovely ladies. And your *Small Talk: Patti D'Arbanville* (June) is definitely your best yet.

I fell in love with Patti in *Big Wednesday*, and then flipped over her performance in *Bilitis*. I was glad to discover that she's not just a beauty on the outside, but on the inside, too.

L.P.
Nashville, Tennessee

SOB STORY

After reading *Working for an S.O.B.* (June), I became obsessed with obtaining the marvelous book that author Chris Barnett cites in the article. My husband works

(Continued on page 17)

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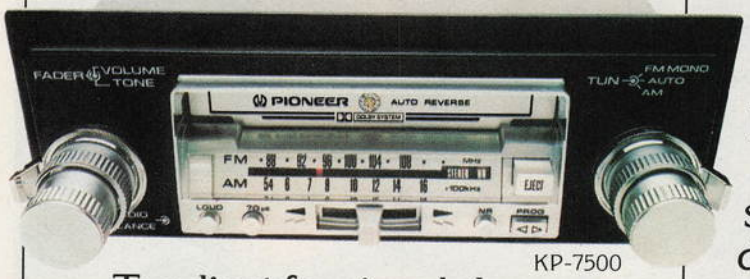

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DR. OUI

Sensible and straightforward answers to your questions
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In my new job, I'll be supervising a large staff, which includes several sharp-looking females. As a single, healthy male, I'm attracted to them, and I'd like to approach them socially—you know, dinner dates, etc. But I worry about charges of sexual harassment. What exactly is sexual harassment, and how far can I go without actually committing it?

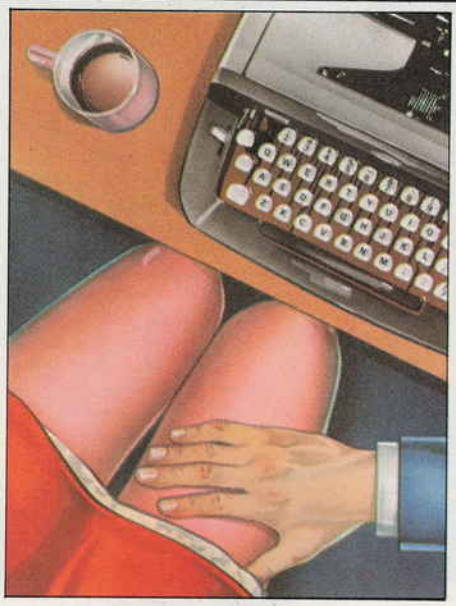
P.K.
Columbus, Ohio

According to the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission guidelines, sexual harassment is defined as sex-related intimidation in the workplace; it is considered a violation of the Civil Rights Act. There are no criminal penalties, but offenders are liable for compensatory damages to any victims. Subjecting an employee to unwanted sexual advances, either verbal or physical, is unlawful if: (1) submission to them is an explicit or implicit condition of employment; (2) submission or rejection affects the employee's job; or (3) the advances either interfere with the employee's work performance or create an intimidating atmosphere. To be safe when making your move, state clearly that her job is in no way affected by her response, confine your advances to your own time and be discreet, polite and gracious, whatever the outcome. In short, just be a gentleman.

My girlfriend is 22, but her boobs are still 12—soft, tiny and unattractive. She's been considering a silicone implant to build them up. Evidently it's safe, but I have some questions. How natural will her breasts look afterward? Can she nurse children when and if she has children? How long does it take and what's the cost?

N.H.
St. Paul, Minnesota

Breast implants are fairly common and uncomplicated. They usually involve an incision on the underside of the breast and the insertion of a silicone-gel sack therein. (Be wary of incisions made around the areola; these can diminish nipple sensitivity.) Since hooters come in all shapes and pliancies, breast implants fall well within the range of natural feel and appearance. (Scar-tissue formation can make the implant firm up, but this is seldom bothersome.) The operation rarely affects nursing, can be done in an afternoon in a hospital or outpatient clinic and runs $1750–$3000. Check your "Yellow Pages" or medical society for some



cosmetic surgeons, and get the names of several prior patients from each for references.

I recently read that a lot of investors are putting their dollars into classic American cars. This sounds like a better way to make a bundle than grain futures, but what makes a car a classic? Are there any professional organizations or publications from which I can learn more?

J.S.
Wildwood, New Jersey

Despite gold crashes, gas crises and a spasmodic economy, the vintage car has over the last several years increased both in value and esteem as an investment. Maybe people prefer an investment they can keep an eye on at home. In any event, "classic car" is a formal designation awarded by a selecting committee of the Classic Car Club of America. Roughly defined, a classic is a car made between 1925 and 1948 that has been judged excellent in design, performance and/or beauty. There are smaller, more parochial classic-car clubs—for Chevys, T-Birds, etc.—but the CCCA's roster is the only one universally accepted. For further information and a list of authentic classics, write the Classic Car Club of America, P.O. Box 443, Madison, NJ 07940. For the best tips on what classics are for sale, see Hemmings' "Vintage Auto Almanac" or Quentin Craft's "Old Car Annual Value Guide."

My wife and I would like to have kids, but not for about five years. Since reversible vasectomies are now available, she thinks I should get one. Then, I'd have my pipes reopened if we wanted to start a family. But I'm hesitant to have my tubes cut just for convenience. Am I paranoid, or is this an extreme measure?

G.H.
South Bend, Indiana

Vasectomies are only for males who feel certain they want no future fatherhood. Reversibility is a dicey prospect, and anyone wanting children in the future should avoid having their ducts dammed, lest they be disappointed when the time comes. Although nearly all men with reversed vasectomies ejaculate the normal amount of sperm, many of them are unable to fertilize. Backed-up sperm seems, in about 75 percent of the cases, to stimulate the production of antibodies which infertilize sperm—even after reversal, and usually for about five years. The choice, as we see it, is between risking a premature family and risking no family at all.

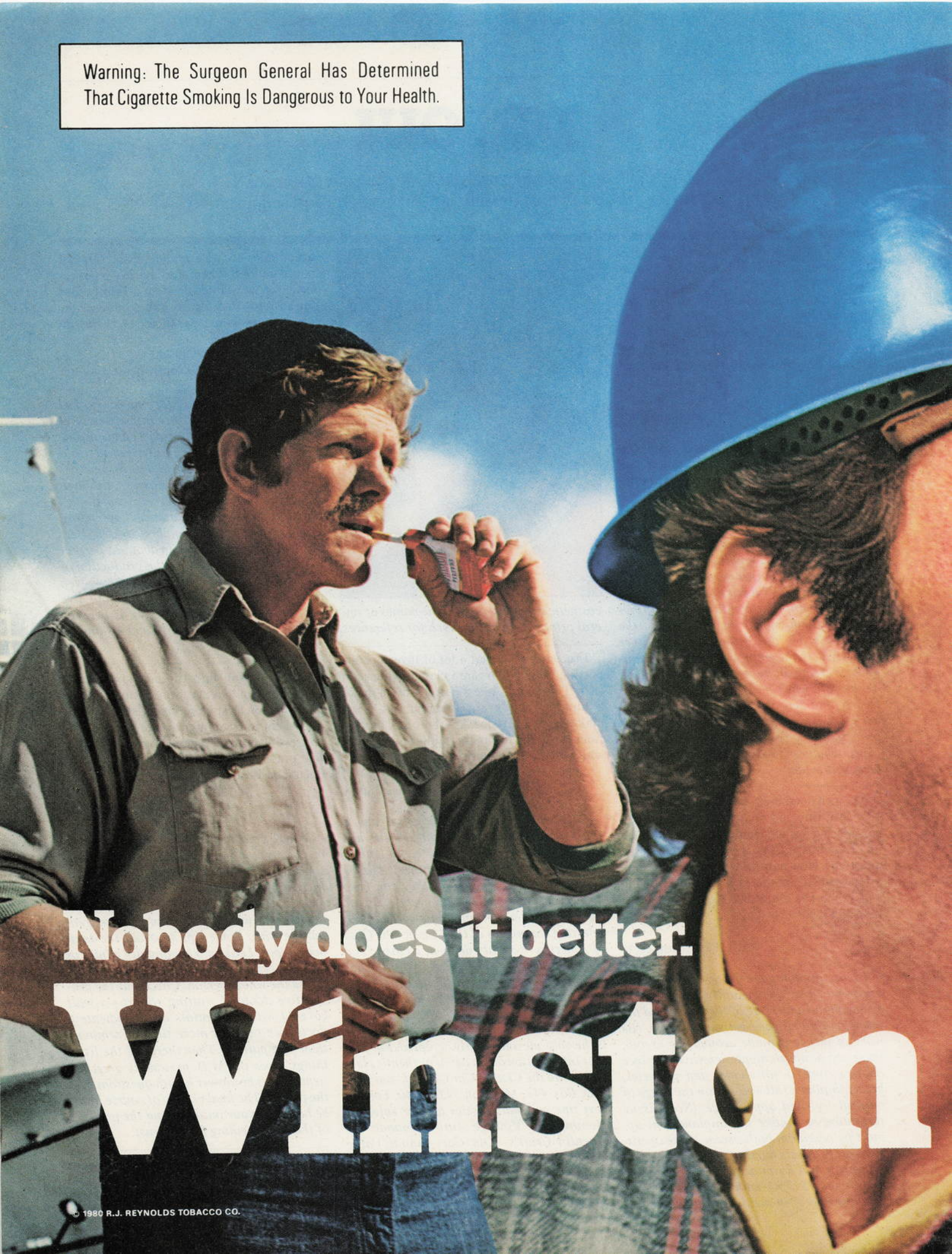
Since moving into the city six months ago, I've been looking for a competent, humane doctor. Despite referrals from friends, all I seem to encounter are aloof, emotionless, profit-minded types who run assembly-line practices. How can I find my kind of doctor, or am I asking too much?

T.G.
New York, New York

Where your health is concerned, nothing is asking too much. Certainly the best source for finding a competent and caring M.D. is by word of mouth. But when you ask around, be specific; you don't want a "good" doctor, you want a physician you are compatible with. Some tips to avoid the textbook types: Look into community clinics or holistic centers that stress medicine that treats the whole person. Check out the prospective doctors' waiting rooms—a wall covered with credentials could indicate a doctor who spends more time at seminars than with patients. Then there are the little things: Does the M.D. personally greet patients? Does he answer health questions over the phone? The final choice, of course, must be based on your intuition and the presence of that vital healing factor, trust.

The Doctor is in every month to answer your questions about sex, health, women, drugs, law and life in general. Write: *Dr. OUI, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069.*

ILLUSTRATION BY DENNIS MUKAI


Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
Nobody does it better.
Winston
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LIGHTS: 13 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine,
KING: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.
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Taste it all.
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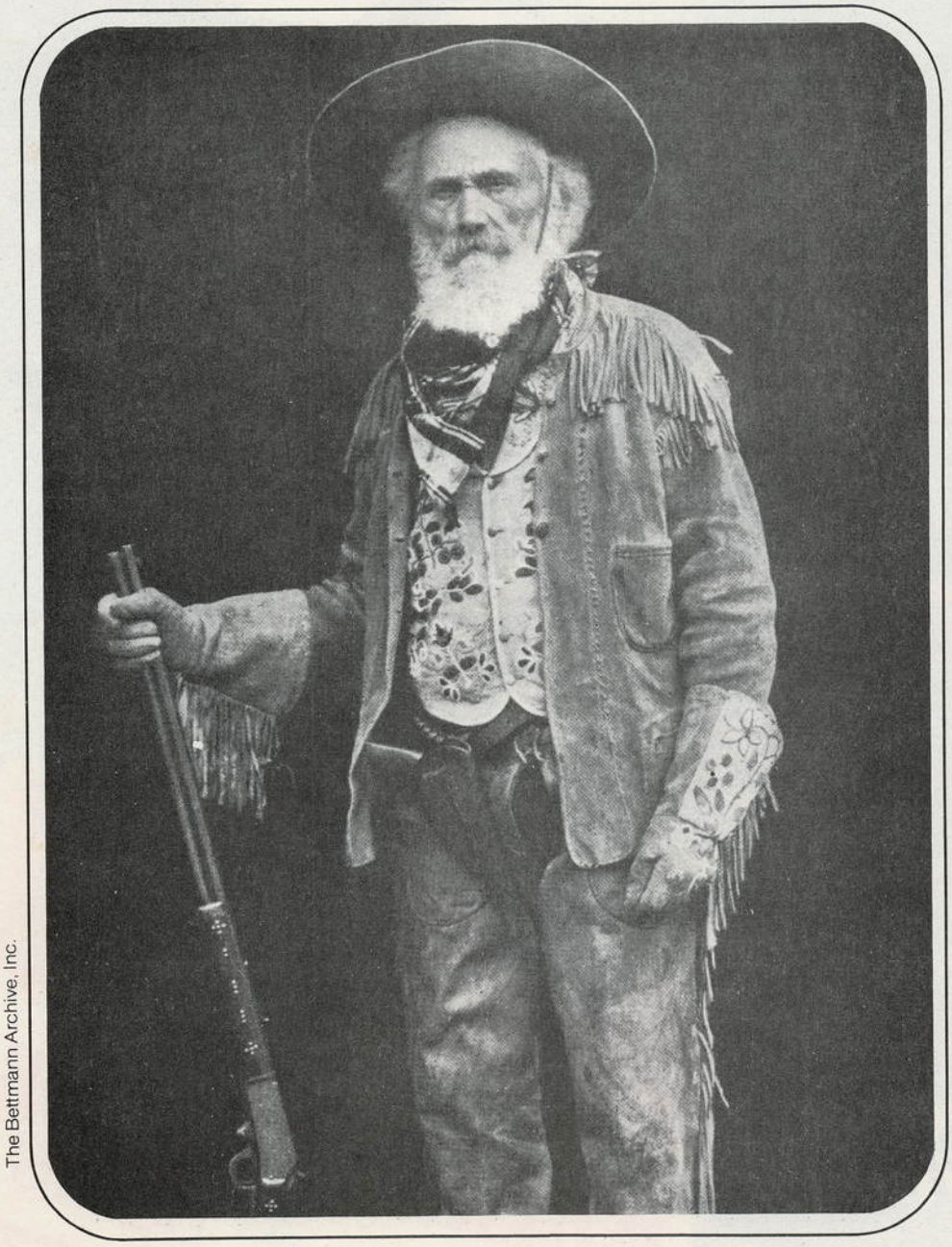
"Jeremiah and me wuz surveying together for 2 months. He never said a word. That's what I call good company."

Pappy McCoy, Railroad Surveyor, Chicago & Ouray Railroad



The Bettmann Archive, Inc.

Jeremiah had quiet spells. Really quiet. Usually, he had been having a fight with a lady. Or with himself. Then, he'd be flamboyant. Show off. He was much better when he was quiet.

We know Jeremiah would have been proud of the high-spirited mellow of the drink that bears his name. Jeremiah Weed isn't just a legacy. It's a tribute to a 100 proof maverick.

100 Proof Jeremiah Weed

Jeremiah Weed. Bourbon Liqueur. 100 Proof. ©1979 Heublein, Inc., Hartford, Conn.

(Continued from page 10)
for a tyrannical egomaniac, and I'm sure he'd find *Why S.O.B.'s Succeed and Nice Guys Fail in a Small Business* a gold mine of information. Could you please tell me how I can get this book?

PAM FLEMING
Birmingham, Alabama

"Why S.O.B.'s Succeed . . ." can be obtained by writing Harte-Hanks Communications, Inc., 555 Parkcenter Drive, Suite 200, Santa Ana, CA 92705.

Working for an S.O.B. is a depressing—but valid—appraisal of the kind of power politics that people who are just trying to earn enough money to survive on have to put up with in an office situation. Why can't people just do their jobs without trying to eliminate other people's livelihoods?

A. BROWNE
Buffalo, New York

THE BATTLE OF HUSSONG'S

I just returned from my first excursion down the Baja peninsula, where I stumbled (literally) into Hussong's Cantina. Your report on the south-of-the-border bar (*Where*, June) perfectly captures the reckless, crazed ambience of the place. I'll be interested to see what other global hot spots you uncover in future issues.

J.J. RICHARDSON
Vancouver, British Columbia

As a cross-country truck driver, I get around, and everywhere I go, I see cars with bumper stickers that read I VISITED HUSSONG'S. For years, I've been wondering what and where the hell this Hussong's place is. Thanks for enlightening me. I'm planning a trip there soon.

N.R.
Caston, Pennsylvania

POLES APART

I enjoy your magazine and am a longtime subscriber, but I was disturbed to see your *Openers* item ("Polish Brew Ha-Ha," June) maligning Polish people. You have done this sort of thing in other issues, too.

As an American of Polish descent, I am proud of my ancestry and find this sort of humor offensive.

RICHARD C. KARLS
Los Gatos, California

We apologize. We never meant to cast aspersion on your nationality or anyone else's. By the way, did you hear the one about the two . . . ?

HEADY ADVICE

I've just finished reading *The* OUI *Sex Survey: Fellatio* (June). I especially appreciated the companion chart, *The Way to a Man's Heart*. If your survey is accurate, then I've found my way to many a man's heart.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Fort Lewis, Washington

My current lover gave me a copy of your magazine and suggested I read the *Fellatio* piece. As a woman with several years of firsthand experience on the subject (and proud to admit it), I salute Chris Weygandt for telling it like it is.

NADINE S.
Concord, California

A SOBERING THOUGHT

Concerning *Sobernetics* (June): Most of author Michael Price's points are well taken, but to suggest heat treatment as a quick means of sobering up is a bit farfetched. Hot tubs are certainly not a good idea when you're under the influence. Also, a very warm room, especially near a fireplace, can *increase* the effect of alcohol considerably. I know—I once blacked out while standing by a roaring blaze.

It should be noted, too, that tests for determining drunkenness—the finger-to-nose and heel-to-toe deals—will be failed whether the person has had a drink or not if he or she has any neural disorders.

One quick sobering-up technique not generally known and, for some reason, usually hushed up is to eat a lemon wedge. I've used this method with great success. The secret is in the rind.

JOHN MCCREARY
Reno, Nevada

TANYA GROWS UP

I've had the hots for Tanya Tucker since she was 13 and wearing white sundresses. There's always been something about the country singer that implied a healthy, hearty sexuality. Your interview with her (*Small Talk: Tanya Tucker*, July) confirms my suspicion. Tanya is one wild little girl, even if she isn't jailbait anymore.

E.L. TURNER
Los Angeles, California

Like Tanya Tucker says in your *Small Talk*: "You can be sexy with your clothes on." And Tanya would be sexy even if she were wearing a potato sack! Not to mention that fire-engine-red spandex jumpsuit she's got on, or those green leather pants.

J. PETERSEN
Athens, Georgia

POOLSIDE MANNERS

Phillip Dixon's photography in your swimsuit appreciation (*Bare Facts*, July) is hot—and I do mean *hot*. So is the text that went with it. It made me want to leave this landlocked state and head for the shores of California . . . and the girls of California. Especially if they're wearing the bathing suits your girls had on (and off).

RAY JONES
Omaha, Nebraska

Address letters to:
Mail, OUI
8560 Sunset Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90069

Cleaning your records is only half the battle.

The best record cleaner in the world can't preserve a record. It can only clean it. A good record cleaner can remove dust, oily fingerprints and deep-seated dirt from the grooves. But, it can't protect the record from wear and friction.

The diamond is the hardest natural substance known. At the tip of a stylus, it is the spearhead of over 15 tons per square inch of destructive pressure that shears away microscopic chips of vinyl while traveling along the delicately thin grooves.

The finest high fidelity system can't restore the subtle high frequency and mid-range tones that are unavoidably lost.

Sound Guard™ Record Preservative is a scientifically designed, ultra-thin, dry formulation that practically eliminates record wear. Your records treated with Sound Guard Record Preservative will sound just as good after 100 plays. No hiss. No pops. No clicks.

Give your records 100% protection with two simple steps. First, clean them with Sound Guard Record Cleaner; then preserve them with Sound Guard Preservative. Buy them separately or get them both in the Sound Guard Total Record Care System. And stop record wear in its tracks.

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Playmate Mardi Jacquet joins a glittering array of beautiful people, enlightening insights and entertaining ideas to make October PLAYBOY an issue you shouldn't miss. You'll also get a first look at *Ragtime* author E. L. Doctorow's bizarre new novel *Loon Lake*. Find out the latest theory on who really killed civil rights activist Viola Liuzzo. You'll learn what makes Sports our second most popular pastime, and why you should never listen to "expert" financial advice. And to cap it all off: a spectacular pictorial on those robust *Girls of Canada*. All in October PLAYBOY. At newsstands now.

on sale now

PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
THE GIRLS OF CANADA
TWELVE PAGES OF NORTHERN DELIGHTS
WHY WE PLAY—THE SENSUALITY OF SPORTS
DEATH IN THE SOUTH—THE FBI ON TRIAL
NEW FICTION FROM E.L. DOCTOROW, AUTHOR OF "RAGTIME"

Don't Miss

Oct.

OPENERS

OCTOBER

COLLEGE IS KAOS

No, no, not Maxwell Smart. We're a bit too mature for that around here. This KAOS is the elaborate, long-term tag game Killing as Organized Sport, and it's the Eighties' answer to swallowing goldfish. A UCLA coed says she loves the sweaty, heart-pounding exhilaration of a mock assassination which is performed with a plastic .45 dart gun: "It's like I really killed someone."

Players get toy pistols, three darts, dossiers on one another and a few rules (no head shots). Then it's kill or be killed. It's not an accredited course yet—Murder 101—but it's only a matter of time until it becomes part of the curriculum. The game originated at the University of Michigan, migrated to the University of Florida and spread to UCLA last spring, where KAOS player Sheley Mazer was nabbed by campus cops when she was spotted, pistol in hand, stalking a target in the University parking lot.

Ducking the real cops is all part of the game, and ingenious kills become legendary. At Michigan, an assassin disguised himself in a United Parcel Service uniform, lured his target to a UPS office and wasted him across the counter. At the University of Florida, a woman dated her target, dined with him, then invited him up to her apartment for a seduction scene that ended, literally, with a bang. At UCLA, Dan Peinado made four kills before he himself was offed. His second victim was sitting in a dorm toilet stall. "I fired under the door," says Peinado. "All he could say was, 'Cheap shot.' " So who says college isn't relevant?

—JOHN ROEMER

Richard Arrindell

THE HEIGHT REPORT

Everybody starts life as a short person. Some of us stay short, others grow to "average" height and a few of us get paid $1,000,000 to slam-dunk basketballs. Author Ralph Keyes, whose last book answered the question *Is There Life After High School?*, now tells us everything we ever wanted to know about anatomical altitude in *The Height of Your Life*. Among the points Keyes makes are:

Napoleon, arch little-guy of all time, was not really that short—compared to his contemporaries, that is. He stood 5'7" at the height of his career.

That massive FBI bulldog J. Edgar Hoover was in fact a sawed-off runt scarcely over five-and-a-half feet tall. He coped with his shrimpy size by issuing bios proclaiming that he was "just under six feet," furnishing his office with scaled-down furniture and having a toilet specially made so his feet wouldn't dangle when he sat down to think.

We know what Randy Newman would say to all of this, but to get the truth and not some tall tale, *Openers* put these pressing questions to author Keyes in a short long-distance call.

OUI: What has been the reaction to your book?

KEYES: Most people say things like "Ever since I read your book, I've noticed things about height I didn't see before," which is flattering. It is still a rather taboo, touchy subject, though.

OUI: Are we really as conscious about tallness as you imply?

KEYES: Well, it's not a conscious thing. I mean, everybody's idea of a hero is big, tall and strong. Paul Bunyan, for example, is the typical image of a hero. Tom Thumb isn't. We grow up with the prejudices in our language. We "look up to someone" whom we admire, or we "look down upon" someone we don't like.

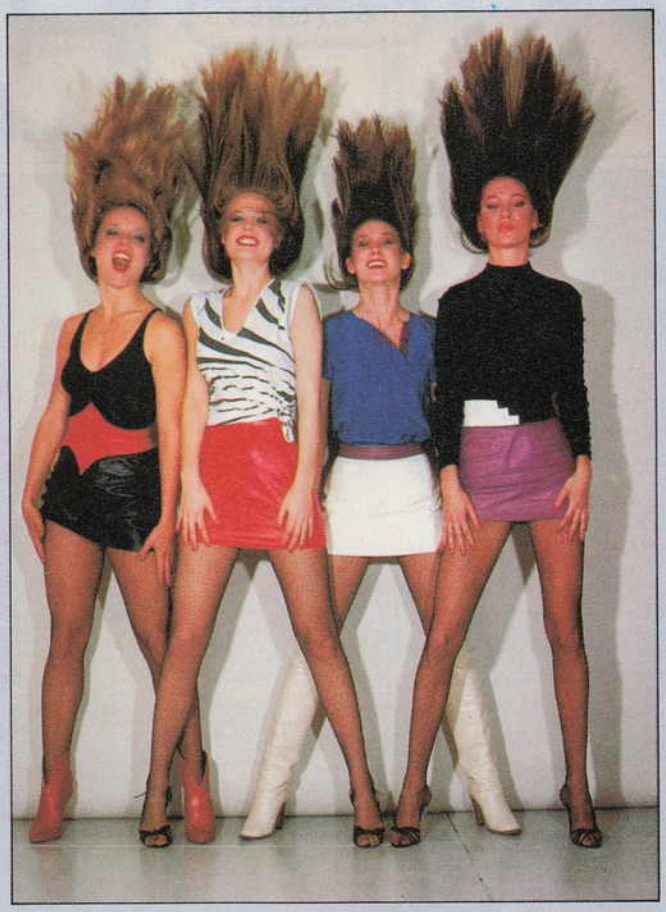
OUI: Are you sensitive about

Emmanuel Amit

your own height?
KEYES: I used to be. I'm exactly 5'7.62", and I always thought it would be great to be 6'8". But since researching this book, I've realized that people that tall have problems we don't think about. You become a public figure merely by virtue of your height—and you can't let loose and go crazy. Someone like Mick Jagger can get away with outlandish, extravagant movements on the stage, and audiences accept it. Tall people, though, are sort of naturally intimidating.

I like my height. I can walk down the street and keep a sense of anonymity. I don't want to be 6'8" anymore. Although six feet wouldn't be bad.
OUI: Are there any particular drawbacks to being short—other than the obvious ones, like trying to watch a parade or changing a light bulb?
KEYES: No. Actually, nature is kinder to shorter people. Their muscle tone and body functions seem to be better. The lower center of gravity seems to help. I started out thinking tallness was better but, ultimately, it doesn't matter. No one, whether they're 7'2" or 5'1", has a height problem when they're alone in their room. It's only when they go out into the world and get compared to other people that height becomes an issue. Dick Cavett, who is 5'6", said, "I'm not conscious about my height. But I *am* self-conscious about other people's." One thing that does irritate me is the fact that between men who are 5'6" and 6'3", there's a $500-per-inch difference in salaries. That's unfair.
OUI: And height becomes a factor in politics, too.
KEYES: Very definitely. I was talking to a reporter in the San Francisco Bay Area. His newspaper had two staff photographers. One was 5'9" and the other 5'3", and anytime a politician had the choice of photographers, he chose the shorter one. No matter how high he held his camera, he made his subjects look taller.
OUI: What size man makes the best lover? Short or tall?
KEYES: As to attractiveness, the taller man gets laid more often. We don't say, "*short*, dark and handsome." But there's no evidence that that makes them better lovers. On the contrary, shorter men seem to be better lovers. It's an extension of their build—a greater agility and an overall energetic attitude.
OUI: You've just made thousands of short OUI readers very happy. What about women?
KEYES: One woman I talked to who was 4'11" had a 6'1" boyfriend. She said, "It doesn't bother me at all. I don't kiss when I fuck, anyway." And this woman's sister, who was also very short, had a boyfriend way over six feet. She said she loved it because she could give him a blow job standing up. I think that's a nice way of looking at it. —TED NEWSOM

MEET THE GIRL GROUPS, VOL. 7



"Four parodistically pneumatic punkish women" is what *The New York Times* called them. But Janet Daily, Sharon Kusy, Sherri Magee and Barbara Derecktor call themselves Pillow, and they're the most delectable set of rockers making the rounds of New York clubs this year. Two are models, one's a dancer, one's a comedienne, and they're all under 21. Still, these punkettes have the confidence, imagination and stage presence of women who've been around a lot longer. Lead singer and keyboard player Janet (in the zebra top) belts out the New Wave lament *I Need a New Boyfriend, the Old One is Broken* like *she* did the breaking.

She's also quick to point out that they're into music for love, not for money. "If we were after money, we'd be doing *Charlie's Angels*. Getting the right response from an audience is more important to us than the money." Yeah, that's what Paul McCartney used to say, and look at him.

—PETER GAMBACCINI

TROUBLED BRIDGE OVER WATERS DEPT.: Glenn Mooney sent this postcard of Tampa Bay's Sunshine Skyway, which has "ample clearance for even the largest ocean-going vessel." Or at least it did until last spring.

One Flew over the Intersection

Traffic went crazier than usual in the coastal town of Netanya, Israel, when a uniformed traffic cop assumed his perch in the center of the main intersection and signaled traffic on all four cross streets to stop. Then, with a smile, he signaled all four thoroughfares to go at once. The result was Netanya's worst traffic accident in five years. Eighteen cars, seven buses and a truckload of chickens smashed into each other, tying up the intersection for three and a half hours. In the midst of the confusion, three white-coated gentlemen grabbed the smiling traffic cop and led him away. The man in the uniform, it turned out, was an escaped mental patient whose lifelong dream had been to control traffic. His "police uniform" was an old Israeli general's outfit from the laughing academy's costume closet.

What's the extra in Calvert Extra?

It's small batch distilling. A painstaking process that retains only the smoothest part of the whiskey. Taste Calvert Extra: The Soft Whiskey. You'll agree our small batch method is worth the extra effort.

American Whiskey—A Blend • 80 Proof © 1980 Calvert Dist. Co., Louisville, Ky.

Alive with pleasure!

Newport

© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1980

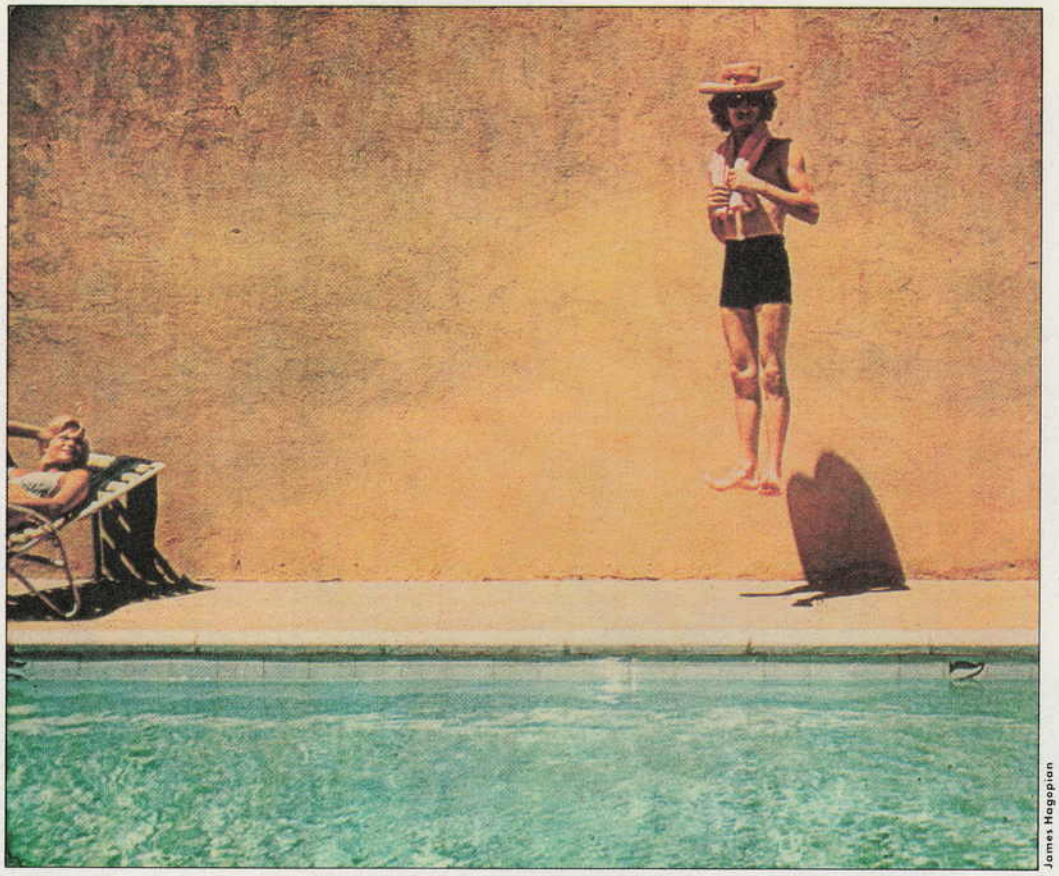
After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

Box: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine;
Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report January 1980.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MORE *OPENERS* ASTOUNDING DOPE FACTS

- The U.S.S. *Arizona*, now a national monument in Pearl Harbor, was loaded with ten million hits of amphetamine when she was sunk in 1941. There have been at least 12 unsuccessful attempts to salvage the pills since the end of the war.
- The U.S. Department of Agriculture is hard at work on a new farm-subsidy program to pay marijuana growers *not* to raise *sinsemilla*.
- One page out of every 100 copies of *High Times* is impregnated with powerful LSD that is chemically treated to be absorbed through a reader's fingertips.
- Paraquat is chemically related to Laetrile. Anyone who was lucky enough to smoke paraquat-tainted pot in the late Seventies will never get cancer.
- The active ingredient in Quaaludes comes from a plant indigenous to Iran, and that's why 'ludes are so hard to come by these days.
- A simple process involving dry ice and baking soda can turn Black Flag insect spray into angel dust.
- Cocaine is bad for you.
- Richard Pryor learned to make free base from Jack Cassidy.
- As a teenager, world-famous butcher Idi Amin sold loose joints in Greenwich Village.
- The Trilateral Commission and the Mafia have a secret plan to legalize all drugs by 1990, after the Mafia has assumed complete control over worldwide distribution networks.
- Acid stored in tinfoil for more than six months turns into nitroglycerin.
- If you play Sid Vicious' version of *My Way* backward at 78 rpm, you can hear Paul McCartney's voice.
- John Travolta took drugs once. The drugs were offended.
- Benjamin Franklin invented PCP.
- The Aztecs invented the principle of Ziploc baggies.
- A high-level conspiracy in the New York Stock Exchange sets all drug prices and uses a secret ticker-tape code to pass along the information.
- *Guido Sarducci* means "righteous herb" in Italian.
- Warren G. Harding chewed coca leaves.
- A gram of cocaine left in a refrigerator will absorb common odors better than baking soda.
- Every can of Billy Beer contains a half dose of lithium.
- Yoko Ono made a 20-minute phone call to Tokyo police headquarters just before Paul McCartney was busted.



James Hagopian

DOUBLE HEADER

Zhang Ziping would probably take umbrage at the old adage "Two heads are better than one." And with good reason. The 35-year-old Chinese peasant recently had his head removed by surgeons in Kun-Ming. But before you start wondering where Zhang puts his hat, let us reassure you that those Chinese surgeons weren't acting out some gruesome scene from an old Bela Lugosi movie. Zhang still has a good head on his shoulders. He just doesn't have an extra one anymore.

Zhang was born with what medical science calls a "parasitic twin," an undeveloped brother or sister that never separated before birth. In his case, this caused a second head to grow out of the right side of his face. His parents kept

Johnny Lee

him hidden in their remote mountain home in the Yunnan Province, northeast of Kun-Ming, fearing that their son would be considered a monster and destroyed if discovered.

On the contrary, two doctors learned of Ziping and offered to help. Wang Damei of the Beijing Medical College and Li Bingquan of Kun-Ming Medical College removed the extra head, which they described as a normal-sized head "with hair, twelve teeth, but no fully developed eyes or nose."

Doctors Damei and Bingquan discovered a second brain inside Zhang's second skull, but this egg-sized bit of gray matter "did not function." Zhang himself is mentally sound and quite pleased with the results of his operation. The surgery left his remaining head shaped rather like a deflated balloon but, compared to what he previously looked like, he is, in his own words, "quite handsome." Lately, Zhang Ziping has been zipping around the countryside in search of a girlfriend. "I now want only to live a normal life," Zhang says. "I want to find nice girl and get married."

To a girl with three tits, no doubt.

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A towering tradition stands behind every Marantz car stereo system.

A tradition of quality.
The quality which has made Marantz the performance leader in home audio for almost 30 years.

Now we've built that same tradition of home stereo technology, performance and fidelity into Marantz car stereo component systems. So that listening from the driver's seat is just as enjoyable as from your favorite easy chair.

Marantz AM/FM Stereo In-dash Radios with Cassette.

Marantz car systems begin with any of six in-dash AM/FM stereo radio/cassette components, highlighted by the CAR-427 Computuner*/Preamplifer with Dolby* and Auto Reverse shown here.

With a computer for a brain, it's probably the most sophisticated equipment ever developed for car stereo. Pure Marantz. With such features as...

Quartz-Lock Frequency Synthesized Tuning. The most accurate design known for tuning. The computer, working with a quartz crystal, tunes with digital precision. So when you want 90.7 MHz, you get 90.7 MHz. With no error. And no drift.

Electronic Memory Pre-sets. The computer's memory system lets you program as many as 10 AM and FM stations for instantaneous recall.

Preset Scan. A Marantz exclusive feature that lets you review only the stations programmed into the memory pre-sets.

Atmospheric Interference Rejection (A.I.R.). The newest Marantz exclusive which practically eliminates atmospheric noise interference by automatically adjusting tuner sensitivity and stereo separation as you drive.

Mid-range, Bass and Treble Tone Controls. Yet another Marantz exclusive, that permits separate adjustment of high, low and mid-range frequencies.

The Marantz line of in-dash radios with cassette gives you a wide range of prices to select from. And each is performance-engineered to reproduce faithfully all the sound every radio station and record company spends a fortune on getting to your car.

Marantz High Power Component Amplifier and Equalizer.

To complement the finest in-dash cassette/tuner components, Marantz created the SA-2040 Power Amplifier.

In essence, it's two amps for the price of one. One for the front set of speakers, another for the rear, delivering clean, undistorted power. So that your music on the road is just as hot as your music at home.

Of course, a car's acoustics are more demanding than a home's. So Marantz designed the SA-247 Graphic Equalizer.

Its seven-band control stretches over eight octaves of music, allowing you to shape the sound exactly to your liking. You can create a concert hall effect while you're driving to the concert.

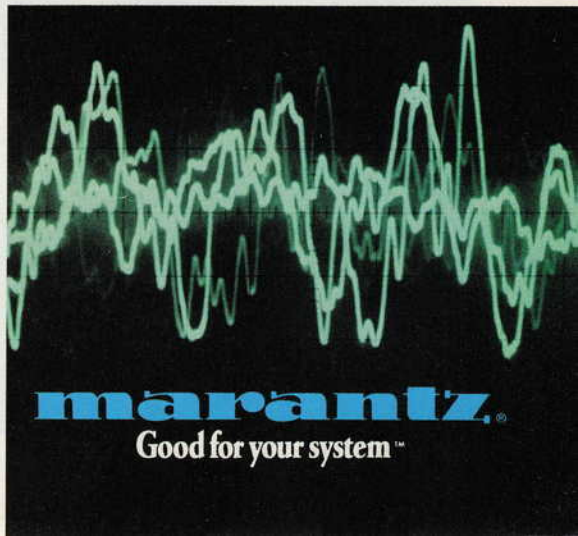
Marantz Focused-Field Car Stereo Speakers.

Naturally the final step, the speakers, mean everything to the system. Which is why our Marantz Focused-Field speakers have been engineered to deliver extended power performance never before available in a car speaker. At their

heart is a specially designed 6½" woofer with a 'T' shaped Focused-Field magnet structure. It's another Marantz exclusive that means superb sound reproduction with minimal distortion. Quite frankly, stereo buffs describe them as the finest in their field.

In fact, Marantz car stereo component systems are the finest available. For any vehicle, domestic or foreign. And they're immediately available, at any Marantz car stereo dealer.

Marantz car stereo components. They're everything Marantz stands for, traditionally speaking.



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AUDIOPHILE RECORDS:

Pressing for Perfection

Richard Arrindell

It never fails. You wait a year for your favorite supergroup to finish its latest album, and at last the day arrives. You rush to the record store, plop down $8.98 for a skinny vinyl disc and break every speed law getting home with your prize. Trembling with anticipation, you slide the album out of the jacket and place it gently on your state-of-the-art turntable. You lower the needle, then . . . ah, sit back in your favorite chair, positioned precisely between the speakers for maximum stereo separation, fire up a joint, and hear . . . Click! Pop! Skip!

Relax, friend. Don't snuff out that joint just yet. Finish your smoke, grab your checkbook and get back to the record store. But this time, head for the audiophile section.

What? Audiophile records for rock-music lovers? Yep, you heard right. All the sonic joys that used to belong exclusively to jazz and classical devotees are finally available to the rest of us. For $15–$20 a disc, you can now assemble a collection of high-fidelity records by a veritable *Who's Who* of rockers: Pink Floyd, Fleetwood Mac, Supertramp, Eric Clapton, Steely Dan, the Grateful Dead, the Doobie Brothers and, naturally, The Beatles. To name just a few.

The $100,000 question, of course, is: Why pay all that money for a copy of, say, *Abbey Road*, when you can buy the original Capitol release at a fraction of the price? Gary Giorgi, vice-president of Mobile Fidelity Sound Lab in Chatsworth, California, explains: "If all you want is the music, then buy the commercial pressing. We supply more of the subtleties. We're in the business of supplying *sound*—not just music—to people who appreciate it."

Mobile Fidelity is the unquestioned leader in the audiophile-record field, and a quick listen to any of their 50 or so releases explains why. When your needle hits the lead-in groove of Mobile Fidelity's version of *Dark Side of the Moon*, for example, the first sound you hear is nothing—no audible surface noise, no clicks, no pops. Compared with the original recording, the music is fuller; it has a wider dynamic range, a deeper low-frequency response and an almost unbelievable clarity. And don't be surprised if you hear a few things you've never heard before.

If Mobile Fidelity and its competitors can make a record that sounds this good, then how come the last album you bought sounded like a cornflakes commercial? Don't blame the artist. Today's rockers—at least those with a major label footing the bill—know all about clean, accurate sound. That's why a big-name studio with the latest equipment costs a minimum of $10,000 a week to rent these days. Fleetwood Mac reportedly spent a million dollars recording *Tusk*, and Supertramp took a year to put *Breakfast in America* on your turntable. Today, recording engineers work for weeks, months, sometimes even years getting a group to sound just right—at an average cost of $100,000 per LP.

But all that time and care can go for naught once the master tape is delivered to the label for pressing. Music is ruthlessly compressed to sound better on AM radio; cost-conscious execs cut the bottom line by using readily available domestic vinyl instead of high-grade virgin vinyl. And the whole system is geared to cranking out millions of units of product in the shortest time possible, with little attention to sonic accuracy.

The secret of making a high-tech record involves some very expensive equipment and a technique known as half-speed mastering. Mobile Fidelity pays a hefty license fee to the original label for the rights to lease the master tape of an LP. The carefully guarded master tape then goes to record-cutting whiz Stan Ricker at the JVC Cutting Center in Hollywood, where it's played at half speed to produce a master lacquer. (In the world of record grooves, where distances are measured in

T-SHIRT OF THE MONTH

A. Ace Burgess

millionths of an inch, half-speed mastering is the only way to keep those microscopic undulations absolutely precise.) Finally, the master lacquer is sent to JVC in Japan, where a strictly limited number of copies are pressed on very expensive, high-definition vinyl. This high-grade vinyl, originally developed in the early Seventies for quad records (remember quad?), is the key ingredient in Mobile Fidelity's success, Giorgi claims. The stronger formula, unlike the recycled junk used in most domestic pressings, holds the groove better and is virtually impossible to wear out. And the kicker is—thanks to strict anti-pollution laws—it's illegal to manufacture this highly refined PVC in the U.S.

The final step in Mobile Fidelity's record-making process is a rigorous quality-control program. One out of every 100 albums is played to eliminate the possibility of manufacturing flaws. The records themselves are packaged inside of a static-free plastic sleeve and a thick cardboard protective liner, then slipped into a jacket that bears the original album art and the legend ORIGINAL MASTER RECORDING. All that time and effort must pay off, because Mobile Fidelity doesn't get many returns.

From an audiophile's point of view, Mobile Fidelity's most spectacular successes have been *Abbey Road*, *Dark Side of the Moon*, Poco's *Legend*, Little Feat's *Waiting for Columbus* and Steely Dan's *Katy Lied*. From its humble beginnings less than three years ago, the label has expanded to the point where it now releases an average of two or three new titles a month. Mobile Fidelity's first entries into the jazz and classical fields are in the stores, and the label is getting ready to begin marketing high-tech prerecorded cassettes and videotapes.

Mobile Fidelity's success has inspired competition, most notably from Nautilus Recordings in Pismo Beach, California. Nautilus' fledgling catalogue of half-speed master recordings, also cut at JVC in Hollywood, includes Joni Mitchell's *Court and Spark*, *The Cars* and the Doobie Brothers' *The Captain and Me*. Unlike Mobile Fidelity, though, Nautilus has branched out into exclusive releases, including direct-to-disc efforts by Lee Ritenour, Victor Feldman and John Klemmer, as well as a breathtaking digital-to-disc recording, *Tip of the Weisberg*, by Tim Weisberg. Then there's Direct Disk Labs in Nashville, which has scored with a half-speed-mastered version of the Who's *Who Are You?*

All told, there are about a half-dozen serious audiophile labels in the country today. Some, like Crystal Clear Records and Sheffield Lab, specialize in direct-to-disc recordings; others, like Soundstream, concentrate on digital releases. There are even labels like dbx that release records that are specially encoded and require extra equipment in order to be played.

The big labels are feeling the hot breath of independents on their necks, too. A&M of Canada has started releasing some of its label's titles in half-speed-mastered editions, and this summer Columbia unveiled plans for a similar audiophile series, to be called Masterworks.

Still, considering how much time and effort go into producing an audiophile record, it's not surprising that the level of competition is quite civilized. The number of rock and mainstream jazz titles available is well under 200, and painstakingly slow production schedules mean that that number won't increase too quickly. Don't hold your breath waiting for one of your favorite rock classics to come out as a half-speed-mastered disc, either: All the audiophile labels audition master tapes before cutting, and some master tapes simply haven't stood the test of time. There's still a quarter-century of rock-'n'-roll history to work with, though, and the audiophile labels are having a hard time keeping up with demand. Which suits them just fine.

—ED BOTT

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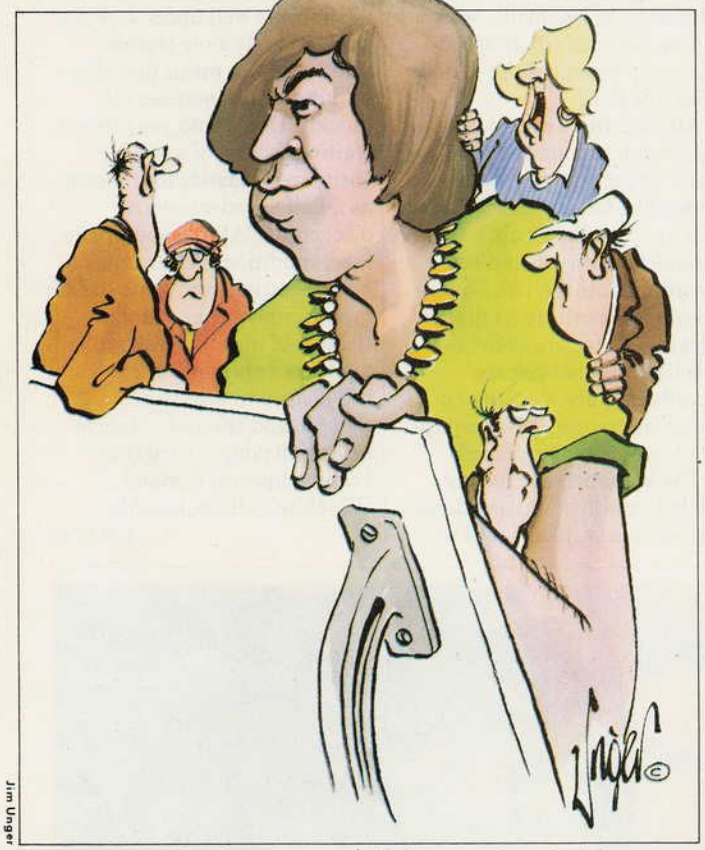
10 MINUTES WITH JIM UNGER

Jim Unger's *Herman* is one of the most crazed, off-the-wall and widely read comic strips in newspapers today. The characters are always ugly—they can be cavemen one day and Martians the next—and



Jim Unger

if you look closely, they never even *look* the same two days in a row. But one thing does remain constant: Unger calls them all Mr. and Mrs. Herman. OUI contributor and *Herman* fan Scott Cohen talked to the English artist/cartoonist at Unger's home in Ottawa, Ontario, about aspects of Mr. and Mrs. Herman that you'll never read about in the papers.

OUI: Where did Mr. and Mrs. Herman meet?
UNGER: I'd say they met in a disco, and she was the first girl who let him put his hand inside her blouse, in the back of an old car. They probably got married on that.
OUI: Does Mrs. Herman use birth control?
UNGER: She uses the rhythm method. By that, I mean she says she's got a headache every time he gets the rhythm. It probably wouldn't be very sophisticated because they're very much a product of the Forties. They're not too sure what most birth control methods are.
OUI: Can Mrs. Herman look Herman's penis in the eye?
UNGER: She's never seen it with the light on. I'm sure they both stand by the bed, one on either side, put the light off and then undress at the last minute before jumping into bed. It's all been done by touch for the last thirty years.
OUI: When Mr. and Mrs. Herman fuck, are they thinking about each other, or are they fantasizing about someone else?
UNGER: He's fantasizing about being with Brigitte Bardot, and she's probably wondering if she left the stove burning.
OUI: Would it be safe to say that neither one of them has ever had an affair?
UNGER: Most of the characters I draw haven't had an affair. Certainly not Mrs. Herman. Mr. Herman may have had too much to drink one night at the Shriner's convention and might have been tempted and seduced by a sixteen-year-old hooker.
OUI: How quickly does Herman come?
UNGER: He's a no-nonsense quickie, and she's never had an orgasm in her life.
OUI: Does Mrs. Herman give head?
UNGER: I don't think she'd know what you meant and, if she did, she'd probably say that's disgusting.
OUI: Guess Herman's never taken drugs.
UNGER: No, never. He might have a glass of sherry once in a while.
OUI: But if he were into a drug, what drug would it be?
UNGER: Nasal spray.
OUI: What kind of man does Mrs. Herman fantasize about?
UNGER: Probably about a man who wouldn't lose his job. Her fantasies would all be materialistic. I can imagine her being very friendly with Hagar the Horrible, because she would identify with his down-to-earth kind of character. She may identify with Andy Capp.
OUI: If we opened Herman's refrigerator, what exactly would we find?
UNGER: Well, if Herman's wife were there, you'd find the usual stuff: vegetables, butter and eggs. But if Herman's wife went away for the week, you'd find seven-day-old bread, a pair of shoes and film for his Polaroid camera. One of the most popular cartoons I've done is when the wife came home early and Herman was in the bath, doing the dishes.
OUI: How would Herman deal with homosexual tendencies?
UNGER: If he had them, he'd suppress them to the point of becoming neurotic or suicidal.
OUI: Should cartoonists look like their characters?
UNGER: If they did, I'd draw a guy that looked like Warren Beatty.
OUI: If you could be any cartoon character, which one would you be?
UNGER: Probably Batman. I always thought Batgirl was really sexy. ■

PHOTO STRIP

$150 in guilders goes to Jeanny K. of the Netherlands, photographed by her husband, William. Send your entries to "Photo Strip," OUI, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069.

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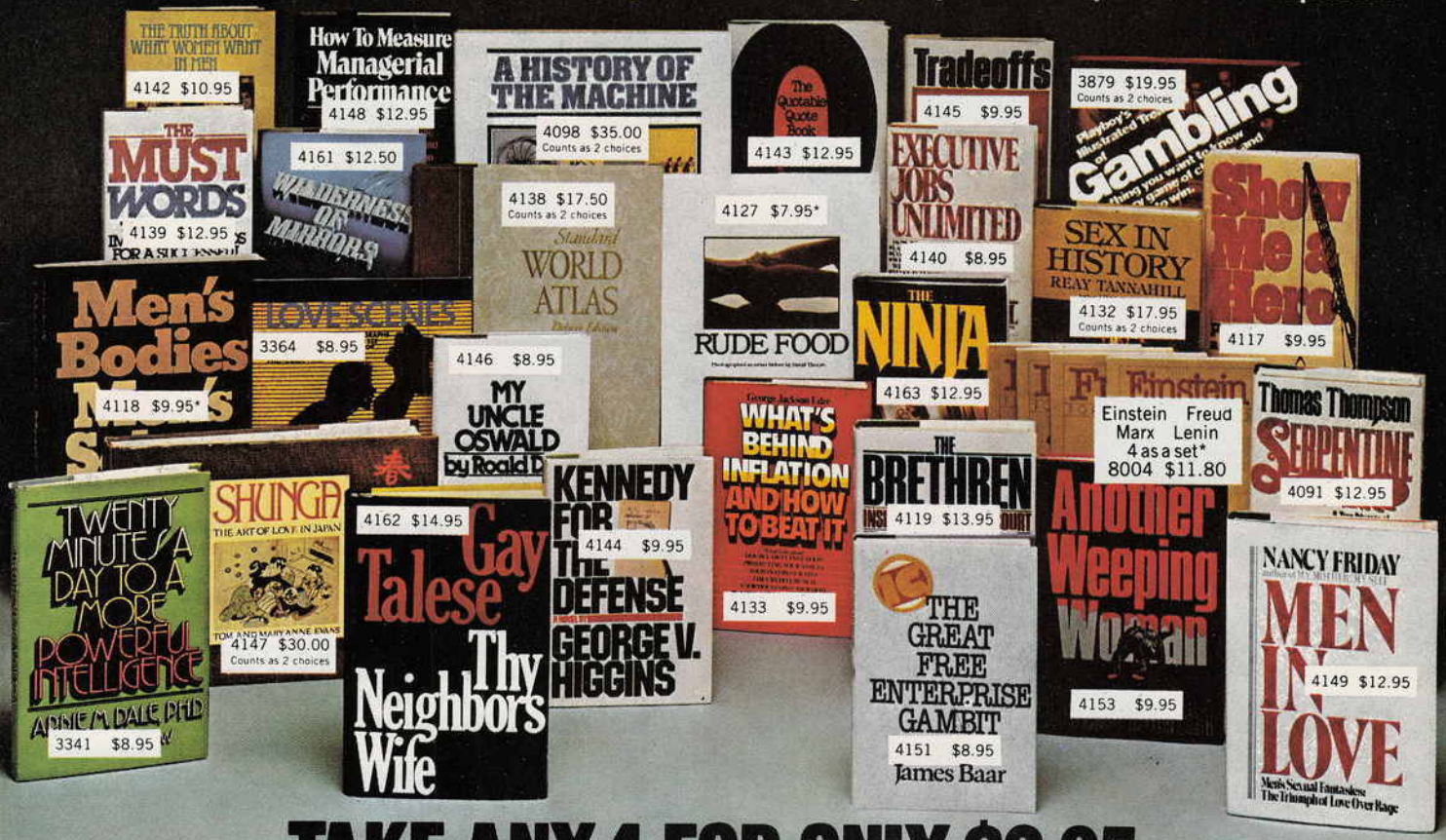

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Speak Easy

THIS MONTH: EXPLORING INTERRACIAL SEX

The Rolling Stones tried to sum it up in their controversial hit "Some Girls": "White girls, they're pretty funny. Sometimes they drive you mad. Black girls want to fuck all night, and I just don't have that much jam. Chinese girls are so gentle, they're really such a tease. You never know quite what they're cooking inside their silky sleeves." But are people of different races really as different sexually as Mick and the boys think? Just as Jagger generalizes, myths and rumors about the sexual proclivities of the various races have been passed on for generations. Latins are sultry, fiery lovers; blacks are promiscuous; the Chinese know a thousand and one sexual positions. But are these myths actually based on fact? This month's interviews prove one point: People do make love in a variety of ways, but race is definitely not a factor. Sexual prowess has no direct relationship to the color of one's skin. Differences may make people curious, but similarities are what make them love.

(Trina is a white 24-year-old secretary at a record company. Ling is a 27-year-old professional musician who is Chinese. They have lived together for about two years.)

OUI: You two certainly make for an interesting couple. How did you meet?

TRINA: We were fixed up. A couple of friends at work thought we would make a good match, so they introduced us.

OUI: So was it love at first sight?

TRINA: No, not for me. After all, I was raised in your typical WASP family. Dating outside your race was unheard of.

LING: Same with me. Unlike Trina, I was raised in Chinatown. People there are very proud, very aware of their heritage. They're not bigots; it's just that intermingling with other races is frowned upon. In my neighborhood, we had gangs who would fight with the Italians. In fact, I used to be a member of one of the gangs. I carried nunchakus and all.

OUI: You obviously overcame those cultural barriers. How?

LING: Well, after our friends introduced us, we went to lunch together. Trina and I kept running into each other at work. We started to talk more and more frequently. I thought she was very pretty, very intelligent and witty, and I really liked her. But I just felt I couldn't take her home to my neighborhood.

TRINA: Yes. I didn't know whether he was interested in me or not, but the more I got to know him, the more attracted I was to him.

LING: It was only after I moved out of my neighborhood and closer to the studio that I decided to take a chance and ask her out. We went to a movie, she stayed over at my apartment and we've been together ever since.

TRINA: I must admit that Ling taught me more about sex than any man I have ever been with.

OUI: Really? What did he teach you that you didn't already know?

TRINA: Well, I wasn't involved with very many men before Ling. But he was different. He was patient with me. He understood my nervousness. He seemed to know instinctively exactly where I like to be touched. And he always touched me in very tender ways. I mean, I never felt like I had to put out if I didn't want to.

LING: We didn't even get undressed for hours.

TRINA: That's right.

OUI: So what happened?

TRINA: Well, the more we talked and the closer we got, the more turned on I became. I was the one who made the first move.

OUI: How?

TRINA: It's kinda silly. I told him I just had to kiss him. So I did.

LING: She was a great kisser, too.

TRINA: Thanks. So anyway, I started unbuttoning his shirt and rubbing my hands all over his chest; he has a great build—very muscular and tight. Not

muscular like those bodybuilders you see—that kind of man turns me off. But Ling was so smooth, and he felt so good.

LING: You never told me that.

TRINA: I didn't? Well, you are.

LING: We've been together two years, and I'm still finding out new things. But Trina's right. She was the aggressor, and that was something I wasn't used to. But I loved it. So I reciprocated, and you know what really got to me?

OUI: Tell us.

LING: Her underwear. Trina always wears really pretty lingerie and, since she has a wonderful body, she always looks great in them.

OUI: Do you find any differences between the bodies of Caucasian women and the bodies of Oriental women?

LING: Overall, I'd say that Oriental women are built smaller. It's hard to say, because Orientals are becoming bigger and bigger due to Western influence and a change in diet, I think. This is especially true of American-born Orientals.

TRINA: Yeah, take a look at Ling. He's tall and slim. If it weren't for his Oriental features and his straight black hair, you couldn't tell what race he is.

OUI: Have you found any sexual differences with Ling being Oriental?

TRINA: Besides his sensitivity, Ling has this ability to make love for hours. He can stop himself from coming, and he drives me crazy. We'll make it for a while, and then he'll stop, still inside of me. Instead of thrusting, he'll just kind of move around inside. Just before I come—somehow he knows when I'm about to lose it—he'll switch me into another position and start again. This goes on forever, and I love it. When he finally lets me come, it's incredible. I've never known a man who was more concerned with my pleasure than with just satisfying himself.

OUI: But isn't it true that women don't usually achieve orgasm through simple intercourse?

TRINA: Yes, that's what they say. I guess I can because Ling positions me in such a way that his body rubs against my clitoris. And since he can go for a long time, it gives me that much more time to work up to orgasm.

OUI: Is that some sort of Chinese technique?

LING: Beats the hell out of me! I wasn't born in China, and I wasn't taught sexual technique by any Chinese master. It's just the way I like to make love. Why rush a good thing?

OUI: How have your parents accepted your living together?

LING: Mine were a bit upset at first, but they really like Trina now that they know her. They're impressed by her graciousness and quiet intelligence.

TRINA: My parents are divorced, so even if they did discuss it, I don't think they'd really care as long as I'm happy. And I am happy.

LING: We're getting married, you know.

(Richard is 24 years old, a computer programmer, and is currently living with a 33-year-old black woman.)

OUI: What do you find attractive about black women?

RICHARD: You know, all my friends ask me that question. I've thought about it a lot, and I still haven't come up with a simple answer. My first girlfriend, Pam, was black—maybe that has something to do with it. But at the time—I was 16—color never meant anything to me. But even though I didn't have any qualms about seeing her, she had qualms about seeing me. Her parents thought she was crazy. They didn't want her associating with a white boy from the rich side of town.

OUI: So how were you able to continue seeing her?

RICHARD: On the sly. I'd come down after school, and we'd hang out at a friend's house. We didn't make love for months, but I was wild about her. She had something that the white girls at my private school didn't. Maybe it was a certain honesty and straightforwardness. I don't know. She loved to have fun, and it didn't matter to her what we did for entertainment. I found that the white girls I knew were just like their parents—a little more rebellious, maybe—but their attitudes and outlook on life were the same. All they seemed to care about was how they looked, the status of the guys they were seeing, what kind of cars the guys drove . . . that sort of thing. But with Pam, it was different. No pretenses. She liked to be with me, and she let me know it.

OUI: When you finally made love to Pam, did you find her sexually different from white girls?

RICHARD: To tell you the truth, Pam was the first girl I ever had sex with, so I couldn't make a comparison at that time. I just found her fascinating and beautiful.

OUI: Now that you're older, are you able to compare?

RICHARD: Yeah. And I have to admit I'm more attracted to black women than I am to any other race. There's something about the way they smell. See, if you close your eyes, all women are the same. They all have the basic equipment. The difference is in how they smell. Black women smell sweet, earthy. Of course, I think dark skin's a real visual turn-on. Even when I dated white women, they were always very tanned or just naturally dark. Lily-white skin doesn't do anything for me. I also find black women to be more caring than white women when it comes to lovemaking. They seem to really want to please me; they're more willing to experiment to find out what I like.

OUI: Could it be that you find black women more exotic just because of the difference?

RICHARD: Maybe. As I said before, I can't put my finger on any one reason. I just generally feel more comfortable around black people. I like their flamboyance, their culture, their attitudes about life. Black women are so graceful—at least to me.

OUI: Anything else?

RICHARD: Hmmm. I really don't know. Hair makes no difference to me. Black women with straight hair or black women with kinky hair . . . it doesn't matter. I'm in love with dark pubic hair, though. That's another thing about black women: They usually don't have any hair on their legs and arms. So their skin feels silky and smooth; there isn't any stubble on their legs from shaving. Why would white women shave their legs if they didn't think it looked sexy? Black women don't have to go through those rituals.

OUI: What about body types? Do you think black women are built better?

RICHARD: Not in terms of measurements—you know, bust, waist, hips. Black women tend to have nicer asses, though. I lean toward tall, slim women—white or black. But tall black women seem to have better muscle definition. They seem very comfortable with their bodies.

OUI: What finally happened to you and Pam?

RICHARD: Well, after we graduated from high school, we went our separate ways. We're still friends, though.

OUI: You're living with a black woman now, right?

RICHARD: Yeah. And it's still not an easy thing for my parents to accept. To tell you the truth, they've never accepted my preference for black women.

OUI: Did you ever feel insecure about being white?

RICHARD: You mean with the women I've been involved with?

All my friends ask me why I find black women so attractive, and I still haven't come up with a simple answer. If you close your eyes, all women are the same. I guess I find dark skin to be a great visual turn-on.

OUI: Yes.
RICHARD: No, not really. I do remember asking a few of my girlfriends if they found any differences between me and black men.
OUI: Did they?
RICHARD: Yes. But each lady said something different. One girl told me that I gave her head more readily than her black boyfriends did, but I think that had to do with lack of experience, theirs and hers. She was only 19, so I think her other boyfriends must have been young, too. It takes experience to learn to ask for what you want, and she didn't know how. Most likely, those other guys just didn't know she liked cunnilingus so much.
OUI: Did your girlfriends ever point out any other differences?
RICHARD: If you're referring to size of cocks or sexual desire, no. There's probably a certain amount of curiosity in an interracial relationship, but no more than the curiosity involved in *any* relationship. I mean, no matter what the circumstances, in a sexual situation, each person has got to be curious—you know, about what the person looks like nude, how he or she makes love and so on. In an interracial relationship—at least a black/white one—it's the same. I remember that my current lady was very curious about how a white guy made love but, once she found out, she discovered that there really was no difference. My color is no longer a factor in our relationship. Either you're turned on by another person or you're not. I'm sure black men have the same types of sexual problems and tensions white men do. After all, we all live in the same society.

(Cecilia, 27, is a striking woman of Mexican descent. A high school teacher, she was married for three years to a Latino and is now divorced.)
OUI: Let's talk about your first interracial experience.
CECILIA: God, I don't even remember. I've never really thought much about race—at least not as much as many other Latinos do. I was raised in a very strict Catholic family, so sex was something I wasn't all that comfortable about until I got married. But race was never presented to me as a burden or a problem. Probably because my folks were relatively well-to-do.
OUI: What did that have to do with your attitude?
CECILIA: We were never oppressed and never had any reason to feel that way, so naturally, our attitudes about people were different. I believe that racism has some of its roots in the economic situation of a people . . . Oh, now I remember. It was Dave.
OUI: Dave?
CECILIA: Yes. Dave was white. He was the first man of a different race that I ever had sex with.
OUI: When was this? Before your marriage?
CECILIA: Oh, no. I was a virgin when I got married. My marriage was practically arranged. I got married when I was 18, and I had no idea about sex. But after I was divorced, I started experimenting, and Dave was the first man I got involved with.
OUI: What was he like?
CECILIA: Totally unlike my ex-husband. Dave was very liberal

SPEAK EASY QUESTIONNAIRE

Mail to: OUI Speak Easy, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069

Your answers to these questions will be detailed and discussed in the *Speak Easy* column of a future issue. Individual identities will be kept strictly confidential. We don't want to know who you are; we just want to know how you feel about interracial sex.

1. First name or initials: _____
2. Age: _____ Sex (M or F): _____
3. Occupation: _____
4. Marital status: _____
5. City and state: _____
6. Race: _____

FOR MEN:

7. Interracial sex is something that . . .
   a. I have never tried but would love to.
   b. I only fantasize about. I would never actually try it.
   c. I truly enjoy. I think women of all races are beautiful.
   d. I don't even think about.
8. Of all the races, the sexiest women are . . .
   a. Caucasian.
   b. black.
   c. Latin.
   d. Oriental.
   e. Other: _____.
9. I'm turned on by women of other races because . . .
   a. opposites are attracted.
   b. they are exotic and mysterious to me.
   c. I like to be uninhibited.
   d. I'm intrigued by the myths I've heard about them.
   e. Other: _____.
10. Making love to a woman of another race is . . .
    a. not different at all.
    b. much more exciting.
    c. very educational: I've learned new things about sex from them.
    d. scary. It's like defying social taboos.
    e. Other: _____.

FOR WOMEN:

11. The sexiest men are . . .
    a. Caucasian.
    b. black.
    c. Latin.
    d. Oriental.
    e. Other: _____.
12. I've been involved in interracial sex . . .
    a. frequently.
    b. only a few times.
    c. once in my life.
    d. only in my fantasies.
    e. Never.
13. Myths about men of other races are . . .
    a. basically true.
    b. totally unfounded.
    c. stereotypes that some men feel intimidated by.
    d. the result of people making much ado about nothing.
14. If there were one myth that you felt held true about a man of a different race, what would it be? _____

FOR BOTH SEXES:

15. The most interesting experience I've had with interracial sex is as follows (use separate sheet of paper):

when it came to women; my husband was not. He was also closer to my own age. My husband was almost ten years older than I. I think that's what attracted me to Dave, the fact that he respected what I wanted to do as a woman. He supported me while I was trying to make the transition from housewife to career woman.

OUI: Sexually, were you surprised with Dave?

CECILIA: No, except that he would let me be the aggressor when I wanted to.

OUI: What do you mean?

CECILIA: Well, my husband thought it was not ladylike for me to ask for sex, even though he was the one who taught me everything I knew about it. He would reject me whenever I approached him sexually. That is partly the reason I got divorced. I couldn't do anything on my own, including initiating lovemaking. Because he was a man, he thought he should dominate as well as provide. I was simply to follow his orders.

OUI: Is that a particularly Latin trait?

CECILIA: Not in my generation. Maybe it is in his. I think, however, that the *machismo* attitude is one that all men have grown up with, despite their race. I mean, that's what women's lib is fighting against, isn't it? And the women's movement was certainly not started by Latinos.

OUI: What about the myths concering Latins as lovers?

CECILIA: The one that says Latin men are supposedly the best lovers in the world?

OUI: Yes.

CECILIA: Well, some are great and some are bad, at least in my experience. I haven't found that Latin men are any better than white men . . . or black men, for that matter.

OUI: Have you been involved with black men, too?

CECILIA: On occasion. I lived with one for a while.

OUI: Any thoughts about interracial sex as it concerns black men?

CECILIA: Frankly, I found them more caring and loving than any other men I've been involved with. But that's from my own experience, you understand. See, I think that the type of people you attract reflects the type of person that you are. Since I'm now independent and rather aggressive, I find that I attract—or get involved with—men who are more understanding and less domineering than my husband was. That's because I don't want another man like my husband. Sexually, darker-skinned men turn me on the most. But they can be Italians or Latinos or blacks. For some reason, I'm not into blonds much. I guess the "tall, dark and handsome" criteria for a lover fit my tastes perfectly. The best lover I ever had was Latino; however, he wasn't the best because he was *Latin*, but because he was the most experienced and confident of all my boyfriends. Age seems to make a big difference in sexual prowess, but not race.

OUI: It's said that Latin women are "spitfires" in bed.

CECILIA: Bull. Why do people want to generalize so much? Sure, I love sex, but only with certain men. I react to the stimulus I receive. If a man is attractive but too selfish in bed, then I react negatively. If a man is not-so-attractive but caring and loving in bed, then I react positively. I can't get enough of a man like that. Maybe in other countries women and men can be easily categorized in terms of their sexuality but, here in America, where everyone lives in the same society under the same code of ethics, such categories are based on false assumptions. ■

SPEAK EASY LETTERS

In our June issue, we asked readers to tell us about their most unusual erogenous zones. Their response proves one thing: No two people are alike when it comes to the parts of their bodies they like having touched. Not counting the genital area, men are most often turned on by touches given their necks, asses, toes and ears. One man said he really goes wild over nose caresses, and another is excruciatingly sensitive on the back of his knees. All of our respondents wrote that they discovered these sexy areas "because of a girlfriend's exploration." Eighty percent of the men agree that "asking a lady straight out" is the best method of sexual communication. Our female readers, on the other hand, are totally opposed to the necessity of actually having to tell their partners what they want; they much prefer that their lovers discover an erogenous area through trial and error. As far as their favorite hot zones are concerned, the women have just as many sensitive areas as the men: toes, ears, nipples, knees, navels, whatever.

I discovered, completely by accident, a great erogenous zone while on R&R in Bangladesh. I was with an Indian woman named Dhaji, whom I had met in a local bar. We spent the night together getting it on again and again. We were exhausted. Dhaji turned her back to me and, as the soft light filtered through the window, it highlighted two dimples above her ass. I began to stroke them and, suddenly, she turned around and leaped right on top of me. We experimented some more with those two dimples—she had never known about them, either. I've since learned that they're called sacral dimples, and many women enjoy having them stroked and played with.

LONNIE C.
Eddyville, Kentucky

> Great erogenous zones are sometimes discovered completely by accident. Experimentation is the only way to find them.

My lady and I have very different erogenous zones, but because we understand perfectly what each of us wants, we have a beautiful relationship. I always tell her straight out what I like, but she prefers that I discover her needs by myself. Even though I communicate verbally and she communicates in more instinctive ways, we know very well how to please each other.

I love having my ass played with. She loves to be tied up, able to do nothing but enjoy it all. She feels more relaxed when I am caressing her and she knows she can't move.

We feel really lucky that we know each other well enough to do exactly the right thing at exactly the right moment to ensure a maximum of satisfaction for us both.

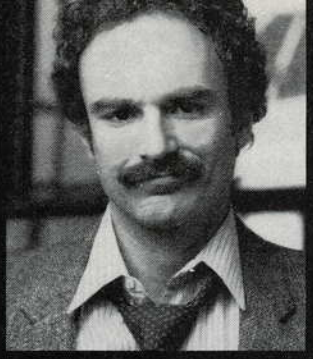
RICK F.
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

Last year, I found an unusual erogenous zone that I never knew I had.

At the end of a finals-week party, I found myself leaving with a tender, young thing I'd been fantasizing about all semester. When we got to my place, we slowly undressed each other. I could hardly believe that the naked woman in my arms was the one I'd dreamed of for so long. I was so turned on by her slender body and her long chestnut hair, that I wanted the experience to last. I began slowly kissing and caressing every part of her body. I got so turned on I could hold out no longer. But as I started to enter her, she put up her hands and gently eased me back.

I lay back and felt her hand tenderly caress my chest and nipples, touching me very softly. She kissed my lips tenderly, and then she moved her hand down and fluttered her fingers along the muscles surrounding my belly button. I flinched and sat almost straight up, explaining that that was one of my ticklish zones. But she knew what she was doing. She continued kissing her way along my chest, across my stomach and down to my groin. I sighed and waited . . .

(Continued on page 120)



No, Mr. Babcock. Yes, Mr. Burns. Never, Ms. Little. Never. Five days of this and I bust loose with Cuervo & grapefruit.

Bust loose with Cuervo Gold.
Dash it on the rocks and
add a splash of grapefruit.
Your mouth's been
waiting for it all week.

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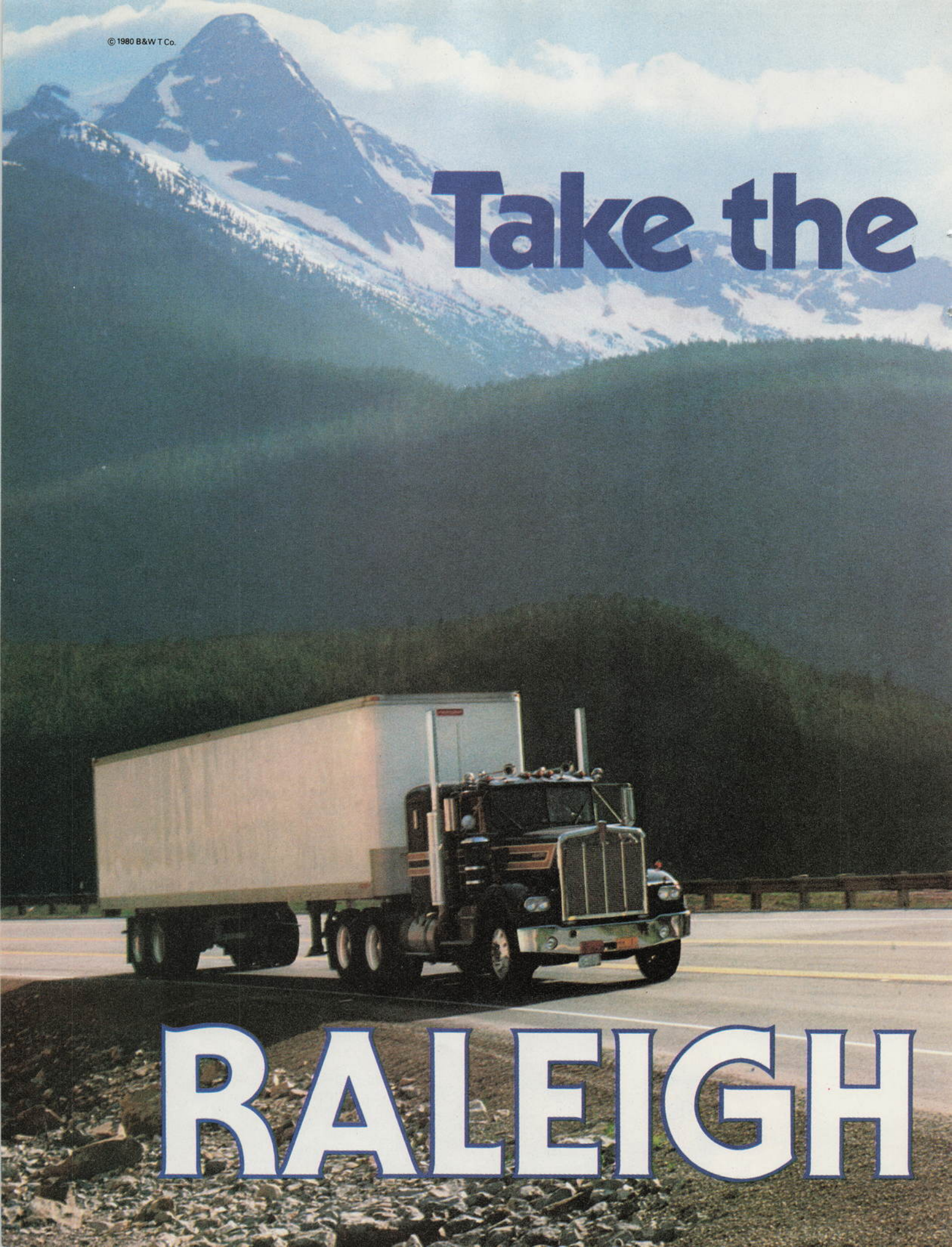
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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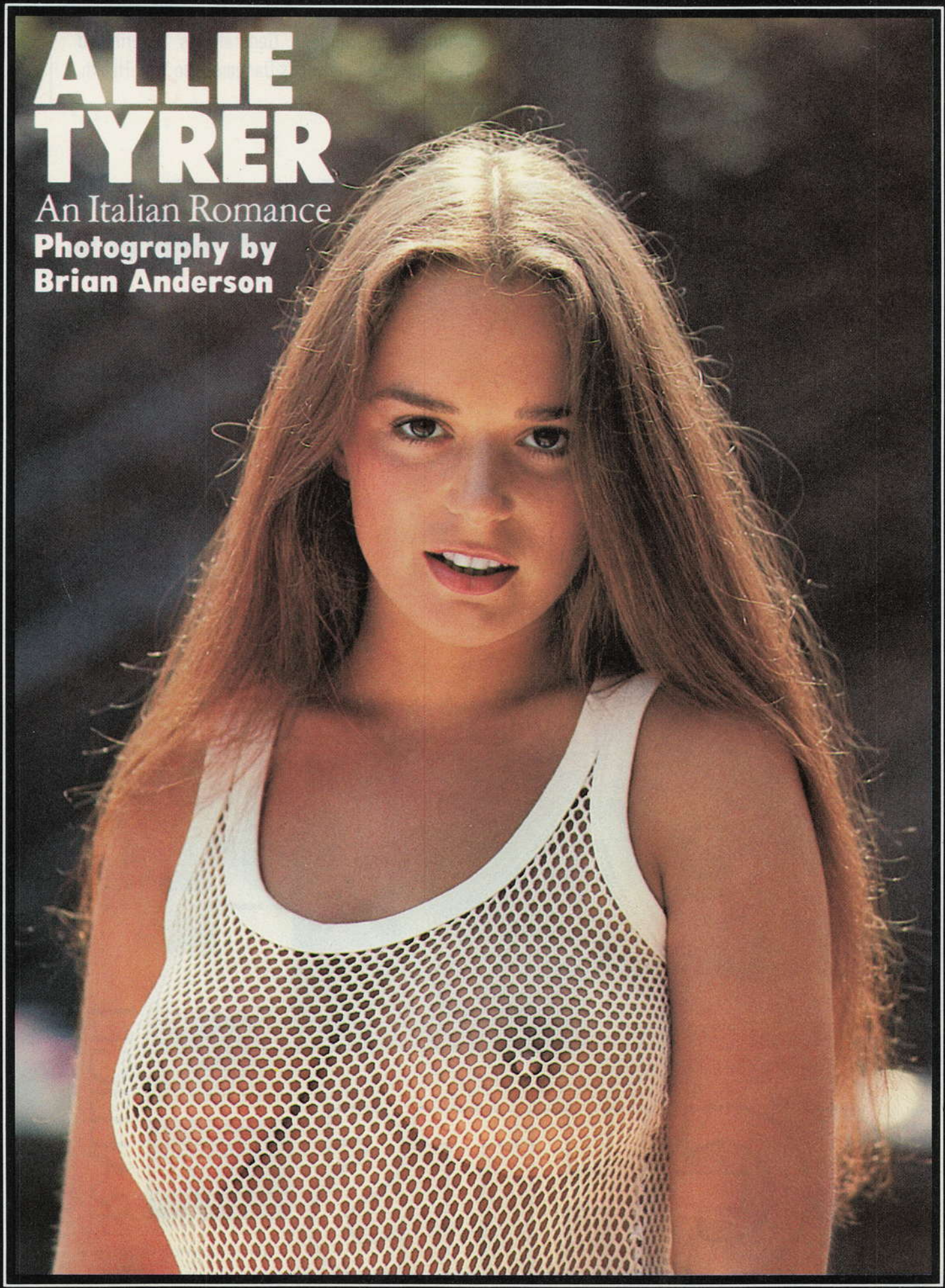
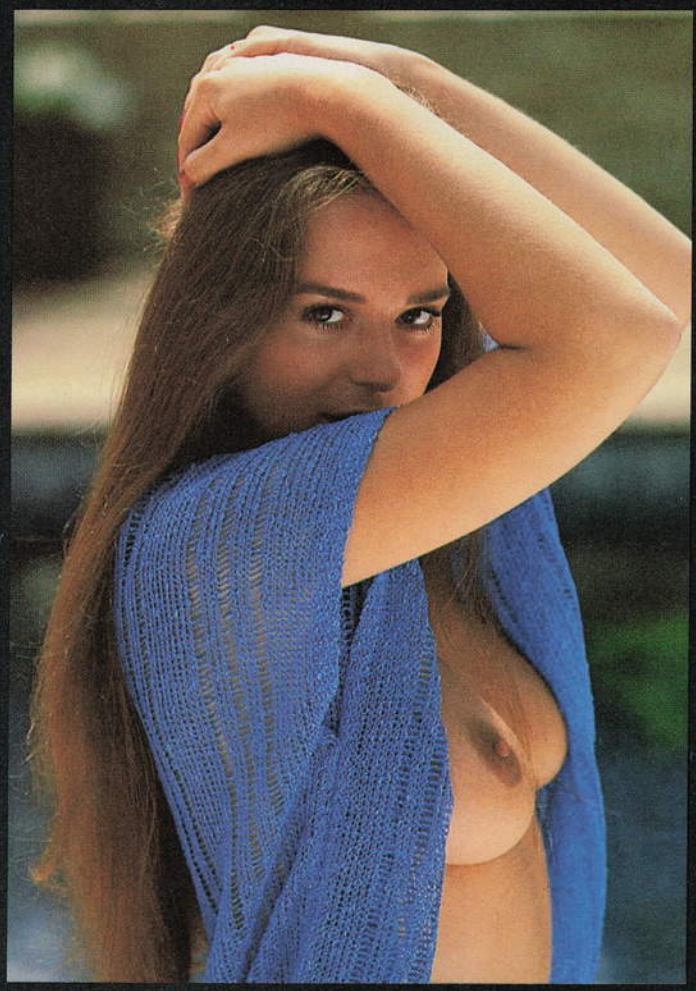
The low 'tar' with genuine tobacco flavor.

LIGHTS


ALLIE
TYRER
An Italian Romance
Photography by
Brian Anderson

"Deep-dish pizza," coos Allie Tyrer, a 21-year-old Chicagoan who recently migrated to Messina, on the north coast of Sicily. "When I was thirteen and living in Lincoln Park, I had my first taste of real deep-dish—thick crust and all. Then and there I decided to visit the land of this culinary creation. On dates in high school, I'd always insist we go to Pizzeria Due or Pizzeria Uno. With my craving for Italian food, you'd think I'd have a real weight problem but, so far, I've managed to keep my figure under control."

Under control, indeed. Allie's 34–24–35 form has assured her a position of reverence among the male population of Messina—the sunny Mediterranean resort situated just a stone's throw from the Italian mainland. "I enjoy all the stares and all the attention. Back in Chicago, I was just another pretty face. Here, I'm something exotic. Italian men love American girls, and I



"Because I'm American, Italian men think I'm exotic."

have to admit that *this* American girl loves Italian men."

How does she pass her time? we wonder. Lie around on the beach and soak up that hot Mediterranean sun? "When I can, I go down to the shore and go swimming. There are some secluded beaches where I can take off my bathing suit and just get hot and bothered, if you know what I mean. Just lie on the sand and let the sweat pour out of me. And then I dive into the waves and cool off.

"But I'm not rich. I have to work for a living."

What does Allie do? "What do you think?" she grins. "I'm the chef's assistant at a local *ristorante*. I've discovered *all* the secrets for making pizza—especially Sicilian style. But, you know, I've found things I like even more: mussels drenched in red wine, linguini and clams."

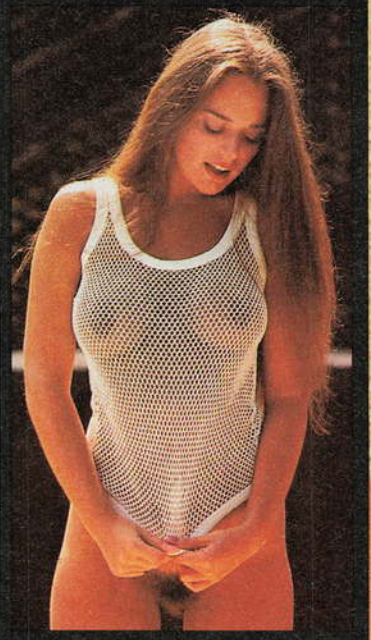
Let's get off food here and talk about something else. Say, sex. "OK. What do you want to know? I

"In Chicago, I was just another pretty face."

love men. Not just Italian men, either—all men, as long as they're warmhearted and strong men who care about your feelings. I'll tell you my favorite erotic fantasy: I'm lying on the beach alone, naked. A big, bronzed man appears and makes passionate, animal love to me; yet, all the while, we never exchange a word. Just silent, sexual bliss."

Hmmm, sounds good to us.

Allie Tyrer isn't a plain-as-pasta Italian moniker. Several generations back, her family came over from England—more precisely, Liverpool. So her love for Italy was



something she acquired, not inherited. "Did you see *Breaking Away*?" Allie asks. "It's my favorite movie. Here's this all-American, small-town kid played by Dennis Christopher, and he starts calling his parents *Mama* and *Papa* and singing in Italian. I did exactly the same thing in high school. I got all A's in Italian and C's and D's in my other classes.

"During summer vacation in my junior year, I went to Italy with two girlfriends. We took trains and buses and hitchhiked all up and down the country—from Milan to Naples. That's when I knew I wanted to live here."

Doesn't she ever get homesick

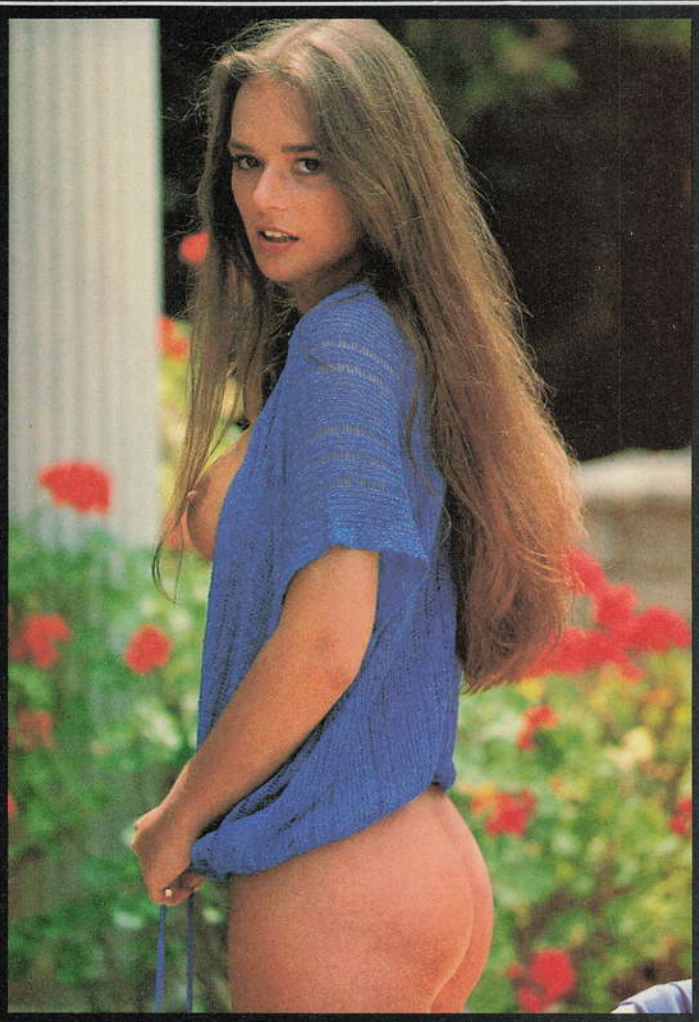
"Older men really go wild over me."

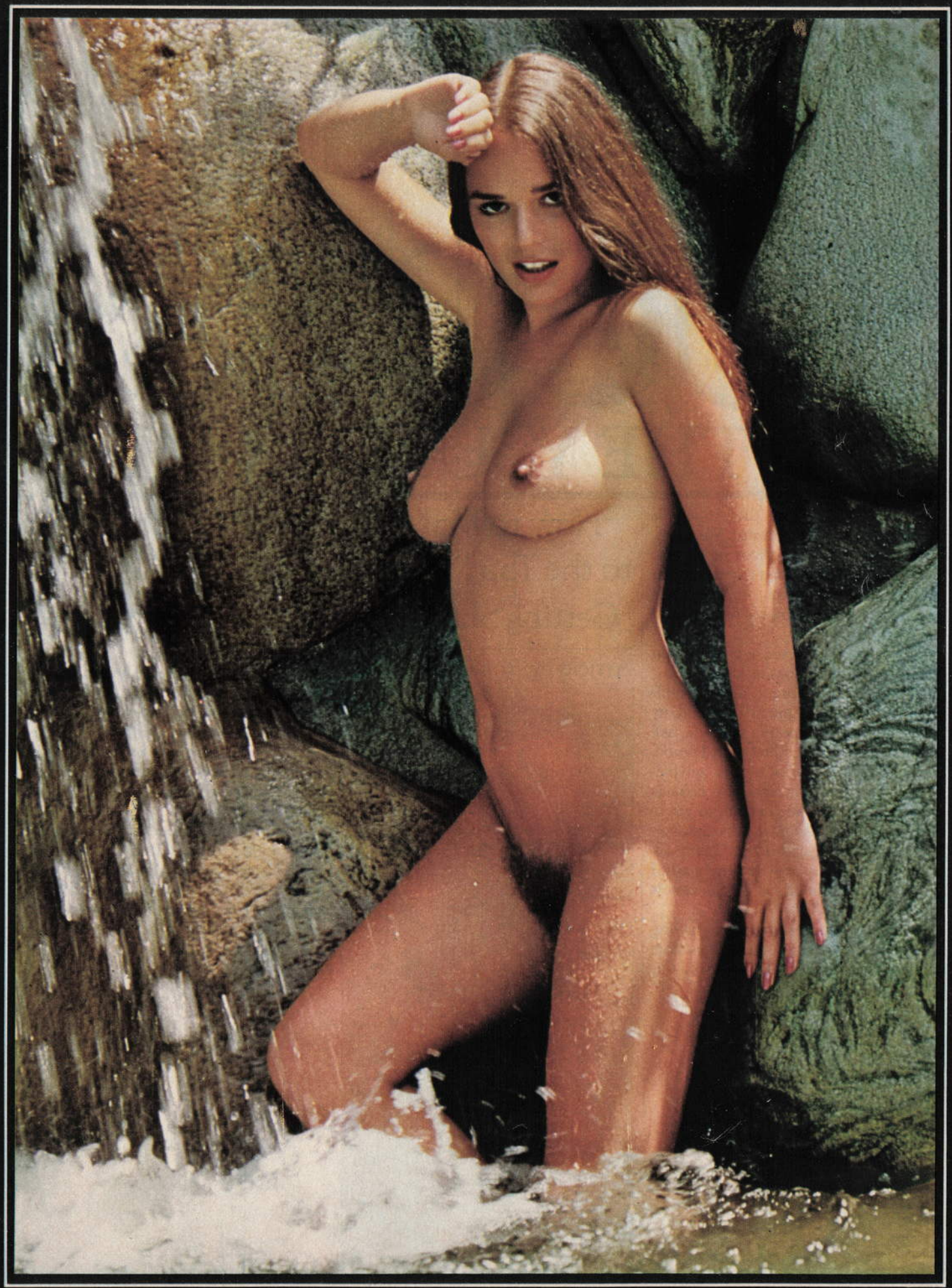
for the Windy City?

"Believe it or not, sometimes I miss those terrible Midwestern winters. When the wind whips down Michigan Avenue and the snow is three feet deep. I know that sounds crazy, but after three years of the Sicilian sand and surf, sometimes I wish I was back in Chicago. But then I realize I'd be nuts to give all this up."

And the menfolk of Messina would be sorely grieved if Allie decided to up and away. Has she become involved with any of the locals? "Hmmm, I've gone out with a few of the younger men in town. But it's the older men—the ones who sit all day by the fountain in the *piazza*—who really go wild over me. If I just walk across the square to buy some vegetables and fruit, they'll all start whistling and calling out as if they'd seen a miracle."

Who can blame them? This beautiful Illinois girl does have a touch of the celestial about her.





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OCTOBER 1980

SUCCESS AND THE YOUNGER MAN

How to Make It to the Top Without Getting Shattered

Article by Robert S. Wieder

The bromides tell us that it smells sweetly and is its own reward. We adore, admire and covet it; those of us who aren't openly busting ass to get it are at least daydreaming about it. More than democracy or freedom, it's what America is all about.

The subject is *success*, a concept that has as many definitions as love.

To my friend Moose, it means building the first Pong game in 1973 and, by 1978, owning a home the size of a ball park and a Jacuzzi filled with Pernod. To Bones, my lawyer, it means convincing a judge that a thermos of cocaine is inadmissible evidence in time to get to the A's game. To Coldcut, a local dealer, it is not having to call Bones. To my ex-wife, it is being my ex-wife. Personally, I agree with Salvador Dali: "Success is receiving checks."

Basically, success means having things the way we want them, or as close as possible. As such, it's probably our most universal and desirable goal. For love or money, we'll lie, cheat and steal. But for success, we'll even work. More than anything, our view of it has made us what we are (and are not) and, for some of us, it's the only thing that gets us out of bed each morning. Success is our cultural Dexedrine.

The problem is, we've become a nation of success junkies and, in fact, we seem to be courting a massive O.D. As Norman Podhoretz, author of *Making It*, notes: "There are probably more manuals on how to succeed . . . or get ahead in general, than at any time since the 1880s."

Unfortunately, these books just tell us how to get it or keep it or maximize it. But given success as a motivating drug, what we really need are some hard rules on how to control it, survive it, not worry about it and accept it without being a prick.

Let's get started.

RULE 1

DON'T CONFUSE SUCCESS WITH MONEY OR STATUS. IT'S HOW YOU FEEL, NOT WHAT YOU HAVE.

The media have proselytized the corporate-anthill success mode like Baptists boost the Book. Income and position are the Way and the Word. *Who Gets Ahead?*, by Harvard's Center for Educational Policy Research, boiled success down to wealth and status and was condemned by *Psychology Today* for its premise that "only money and occupational success seem to count in life."

Naturally—that's all we *can* count. Money and titles have displaced fulfillment, significance and subjective pleasure because they're easier to recognize, quantify and score. Success is a new 450 SL, a Jacuzzi, a suit by Pierre Cardin, a beeper and a private office. Prefab personal happiness.

It's gotten so that legions of us must periodically check our passbook accounts, alumni magazines, résumés and the obituaries just to see how we're doing! Bah.

According to Harvard University sociology professor Christopher Jencks, any income of more than $28,000 a year is likely to produce only marginal changes in one's well-being or satisfaction. Above that, money and personal enjoyment are unrelated. "Those who feel lacking as persons aren't likely to have a very positive view of their lives, whatever their income," says Dr. Angus Campbell, program director of the University of Michigan's Institute for Social Research.

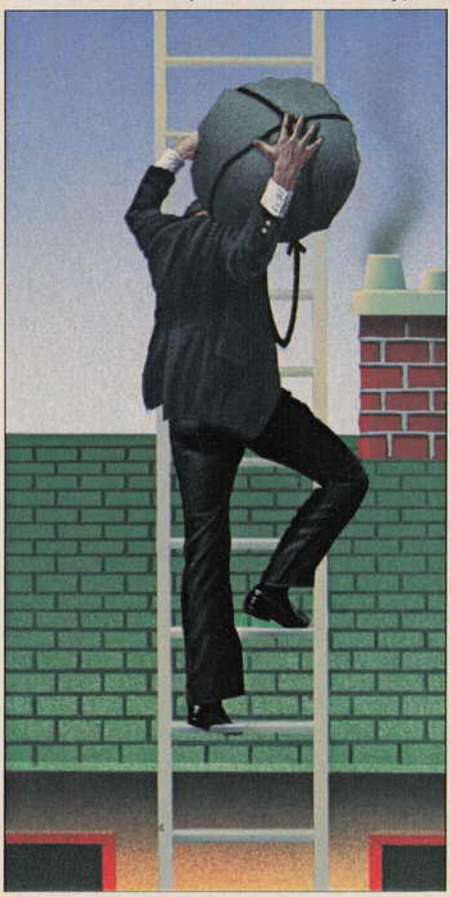
Heed the wisdom of those who've been down the success road. Carl Menk, executive headhunter for Boyden Associates, wrote recently on the inability of many firms to lure new topkicks: "People who already earn good salaries feel that the rewards of being head man aren't worth the trouble."

RULE 2

DON'T CONFUSE CORPORATE SUCCESS WITH PERSONAL SUCCESS.

Once, *success* implied ingenuity, diligence and brains. Today, it has about as much to do with superior ability as tire rotation. It no longer stems from excellence, but from conformity and office game playing. To *New Republic*'s Michael Kinsley, it means "rising to the top of some bureaucratic hierarchy [which] depends less on . . . personal merit and more on credentials." We don't reward for achievement of social goals, but for degrees obtained, titles held and sheer seniority. Instead of leaping to seize success, we ride after it on that glacier, the "system."

"Outstanding performance" has devolved to one part outstanding and nine parts performance. According to Michael Korda (author of *Success*), it's simply a matter of saying the right things, wearing the right clothes, having the right opinions, kissing the right ass. . . . Ability and zeal mean shit when compared to the rules of negotiation (lie on your back and wave your legs in the air), confrontation (wear an eye patch), territory defense (try a smile and a .38) and eye contact (rub cocaine into your eyelids).



These cheap ploys turn believers and builders into toadies and suck-ups who take instructions, not risks. "The innovative, creative or ambitiously experimental are weeded out," says Kinsley. "We become cogs in the corporate machine." Adds *The New York Times*' Charlotte Curtis: "Many people . . . want so much to succeed that they ultimately lose their uniqueness and identity and become virtual apparatchiks of the system."

This isn't success; it's egocide. Life's true successfuls respond not to the cultural dog whistle of power, fame and money, but to the call of challenge. Corporate success isn't a challenge; it's a cafeteria line.

RULE 3

DON'T CONFUSE SUCCESS WITH HAPPINESS.

The media depict success the way they depict womanhood—alluring, free of blemishes, impervious to the hassles and the complexities involved. Like sex, it's so overly extolled that when we finally achieve it, some form of letdown is inevitable. It's the majorette of human aspiration—alluring from a distance, usually disappointing up close.

The unspoken motto among those who have grasped the brass ring is: "Is this all there is?" If you knew how often prosperity produced depression, you'd

start selling pencils on the sidewalk.

In *Work, Aging & Social Change*, Seymour B. Sarason, a Yale psychologist, recounts M.D.s, lawyers and execs who "feel trapped in positions that appear to be pinnacles of success. Dissatisfied with their jobs, resentful of the time and effort they have 'wasted' on education . . . and gloomy about their prospects for enjoying life . . . more individuals are giving up job security and social status to seek a Better Life."

Disillusioned by empty success, we turn to new careers, mates or philosophies; we drop out, bail out, freak out or move to California to start over. The book and film *Serial*, set in Marin County—a game preserve for the overprivileged—dramatizes the aftereffects of success: compulsive faddism, flagrant and wasteful consumption and pathetic questing for such dormant values as love, dignity and idealism.

Moreover, says one University of Michigan psychologist, when you overemphasize any one area of your life, it not only becomes unsatisfying, it also spreads disgruntlement to all other areas. "When you put 100 percent of your expectations in a particular sphere, your overall satisfaction with life declines."

Success should be the means to happiness, not a substitute for it. Winning is fine but, compared to relaxing, sleeping late, drinking the sun down or screwing till dawn, well, come *on*. Who's winning depends on how you define the game.

RULE 4

DON'T EXPECT SUCCESS, AND DON'T BREAK YOUR ASS PURSUING IT.

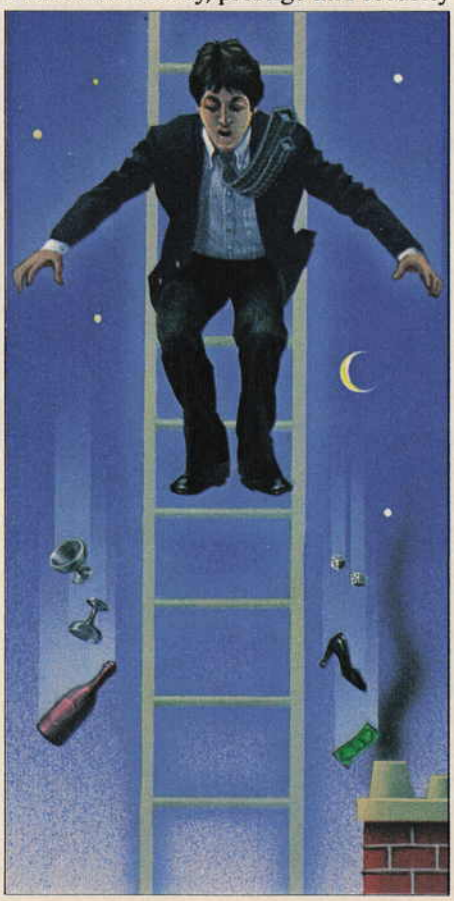
Success is a cultural carrot, a lure to get us to perform society's needed functions. The drawback is that once we've achieved it, we may stop performing. Thus, society has slyly defined success so vaguely that we can never be quite sure we have it.

We mistake success for a kind of hillside property we can acquire and then sit back on to admire the view. Fact is, success is more like a penthouse apartment—the best you can get is a strong lease, and the view is yours only while you cough up regular, exorbitant payments in the currency of stress, competition and anxiety. Success isn't a final goal; it's an endless process.

Still, we pursue it largely because it's scarce and it sets us apart. Society doesn't just cajole or press us to seek it; it taunts us. As a nation, we've accepted the challenge of success because, until recently, we'd never known failure. Given our buoyant optimism, *up* was the course of least resistance.

But gravity, in the form of inflation, recession and oil embargoes, has yanked us back to earth. Robert Ehrmann, UCLA's Associate Dean of Career Development, says: "Today's student doesn't ask, 'Should I enter the system?' He asks, '*Where* do I enter the system?' "

Alas, these folk of high aspiration are hitting a low-opportunity society. The vast bulk of the baby-boom generation means less money, prestige and security for everyone, especially those who arrived on the heels of that bulk. We're overeducated, overprepared and simply overabundant for the limited supply of post-affluence success.



Remember, the only direction from the top is down. Flinging yourself salmonlike against a stream of falling expectations is self-defeating. Why waste your breath and energy running for a bus that already has too many bozos on it?

RULE 5

DON'T COMMIT SUICIDE CHASING THE GOOD LIFE.

Success can devour you, dominate your life and determine your behavior and personality. The classic flaw of the success-driven is the tendency to abandon family, hobbies and friendships for the abyss of single-minded obsession.

The price of compulsive success is exhaustion, emotional palsy and physical trauma. Who leads the world in suicides, alcoholism, nervous breakdowns, drug abuse and neuroses? Oh, M.D.s, dentists, corporate honchos, major politicos, media superstars. . .

The success-or-bust psychology produces the Bruce Lee syndrome—the faster you go, the sooner you're finished. Blitzed by success: Janis Joplin, James Dean, Elvis Presley, Wayne Hays, Freddie Prinze, Jimi Hendrix, Wilbur Mills, Sly Stallone . . . *whew!*

Let me offer a vignette: At the age of 33, Harry was a full partner in an ad agency that bore his name. Money came in like the tide. He was bright, genial, beloved—but also an ad exec. An alcoholic/workaholic/pressure gig with a shorter life expectancy than an Iranian test pilot. Harry turned 37 in Kaiser Permanente Hospital, his body a systemic ruin, which the doctors were

fairly sure they could salvage. Harry has lots to say about success.

It's the superstrivers, the ambitious and the self-demanding who routinely kill themselves in carload lots. According to Berkeley's Institute of Human Development, the qualities of the high-aim persona—assertiveness, drive, rigid determination—lead to self-annihilation down the road; DOA from excess, overload or their own hands.

The Rolling Stones neatly summed up this conundrum: "Success, success, success, success . . . what does it matter when you're shattered?"

RULE 6

DON'T CONFUSE SUCCESS WITH SHITTINESS.

Even as we seek success, we often react with guilt or shame if we find it. Why? Because success has become the insignia of the creep, cutthroat and asshole. The Me Decade's Machiavellian how-to-win tracts portray the world as a shark tank, where it's deceive, dissemble and manipulate, or die. "It's OK to be selfish. . . . Honesty is not always the best policy," says Michael Korda in *Success*. Friends become "useful persons"; spontaneous feelings give way to "emotional investments" and a predatory contempt for others.

A "successful lawyer" is a slimebag opportunist; a "successful politician," a corrupt liar; a "successful businessman," an unprincipled profiteer. "Success" is Tom Snyder, Moonies, *Hustler*, *Grease*, Chuck Barris, Exxon, est, the Ayatollah, Harold Robbins, Carter, *ad revulsum*. Let's not even mention disco. We've given success the best P.R. image since rape.

Success—the recognition, appreciation and satisfaction of genuine accomplishment—is *fun*. It feels great to get into med school, build your own boat, oversee a staff larger than the Denver Broncos. Authentic success is admirable; but as long as we let it be defined by the opportunistic and greedy, we'll view it as opportunistic and greedy. Break this ugly cycle—win big, but win fair.

RULE 7

DON'T OVERVALUE SUCCESS.

Buy the concept of success and you'll also get the far more common one of failure. Unfortunately, the more weight you give the first, the more you give the latter. By elevating success to paradise on earth, we've reduced failure to the wretched hell of inadequacy. As if we didn't have enough real troubles, we have to stigmatize a condition virtually all of us will be in at some point.

Indeed, by the Peter Principle, upward mobility propels us inexorably to that exact level of our own incompetence where we languish. The bitter truth: Every success eventually leads to a failure of sorts.

Making success so vital that failure becomes intolerable is like having the dentist pull all your teeth because you like laughing gas. Remember: Success is just the tip of the iceberg; the rest of it is failure.

RULE 8

DON'T LUG THE CROSS OF WHAT COULD BE.

One note: The disease here isn't success; it's *potentianoma*, or cancer of the expectations. It has become epidemic due to the self-realization anthem, which holds that we must be successful at being ourselves, at developing our potential. The developed potential is a kind of individual patriotism, while the underdeveloped (or "have-not") potential is a form of self-treason.

Instead of being slaves to career, family or society, we're now slaves to our own possibilities. Nuts. To hell with your potential. It's probably not worth developing anyway, or it's already as developed as it'll get. Let your potential find some crazed hard-charger to develop it. Ignore it.

You don't owe yourself success, and you'll feel far more lighthearted without the weight of your ambitions.

RULE 9

DON'T DENY SUCCESS.

Being a success is like having the only bomb shelter on the block during a yellow alert. You're conspicuous, envied and maligned, your motives constantly questioned by sour-grapes types. You not only have success, you are also suspected of having poached it from others, who respond by attacking you.

As a result, our desire to achieve collides with our need for approval, and poor ol' ego gets squashed in the middle. In the name of ethical salvation, we commit self-sabotage, pooh-poohing

our own success by design or default. We act dumb, hold our tongue, understate our abilities, dismiss praise and diminish our triumphs.

But pretending to be less than you are is just a self-fulfilling form of reverse deceit, which cheats you out of your own self-esteem and breeds self-dissatisfaction and a resentment toward those you're trying to court. If bogus success isn't happiness, neither is bogus failure.

Anyway, even if you could maintain the noblest balance between accomplishment and integrity since Mahatma Gandhi, you'd still be viewed by others the way they expect they'd be in such circumstances—corrupted, arrogant, lofty, distant and disloyal.

Don't flaunt success, of course; it's flaunting that gives success a bad name. But don't trade your dreams for the trinket of popularity, either. Just because others are more comfortable around washouts doesn't mean you have to be one. Recognize your right to excel.

RULE 10
DON'T MAKE A BIG DEAL OUT OF IT. SUCCESS IS A STATE OF MIND, NOT A STATE OF WAR.

In America, success equals competition—fine. But as success has become our primary goal, so competition has become our primary relationship with one another. Society now has all the cooperative spirit of a catfight. Success madness has given us the Pinto, Three Mile Island and the Me Decade, which made sympathy, decency and compassion naïve and obsolete. As J. Paul Getty observed, "The meek shall inherit the earth, but not the mineral rights."

Granted, this isn't hearty, Horatio Alger success, but its twisted mutant form—Success at All Costs—personified by Nixon, who was willing to sell out everything for it. In fairness, the Nix wasn't excessively evil, just excessively American—reared to sacrifice anything to win.

We're so sold on S.A.A.C. propaganda that we don't even question its premises anymore. *Looking Out for No. 1*, for instance. Number one what? Human being? Public enemy? Schmuck? And *Winning Through Intimidation.* Winning what? Limo service? Free burial? A Papal indulgence? How much gold can you get from crap?

This drivel doesn't make us number one or even winners, it merely indoctrinates us in the arts of suspicion, calculation, belligerence and treachery. Disappointments aren't normal and instructive, they are "barriers" or "erroneous zones"; ethics and integrity are mere euphemisms for "approval seeking." Such pap turns out a handful of successes and a regiment of assholes.

Pretending to be less than you are is a form of self-deceit and cheats you out of your own self-esteem.

RULE 11
DON'T USE SUCCESS OR FAILURE TO JUDGE YOURSELF OR OTHERS. IT'S NOT WHO YOU ARE; IT'S JUST WHAT HAPPENED.

There is success and there is *suckcess.* One exists when work and its rewards constitute pleasure, the other, when they constitute self-worth—when, as now, one's ability to feel successful depends on one's ability to view others as failures.

This is madness. Measuring your success in terms of others is like marrying for permanent security—in Mexico. You could get a more positive outlook from an amputee.

First, it's the broadsword of advantage that wins the social joust. Harvard's *Who Gets Ahead?* found that the major American success factor is the family one is born into—try for one high in brains, money and status, and low in progeny and melanin.

Second, a University of Texas study reveals that our dedication to "internal standards of excellence" is more crucial to success than our "desire to beat others." Ultimately, success lies in besting *yourself.*

Oh, yeah—Seymour B. Sarason, the Yale psychologist, notes that many executive dropouts are motivated by thirst for a sense of community, in contrast to the gladiatorial-combat pace of success. Note this trend.

Competition is now annoying and tiresome—a 24-karat asspain. We're sick to death of me chauvinism, pointless assertiveness, the *est*ian cant of ego fascism. No *way* we'll survive the Eighties without a massive détente with each other. We're tired of competing; we want cooperation! Since the Sixties, only one event has inspired us as a nation. It involved a hockey team. Get it?

RULE 12
SELF-REALIZATION IS NOT THE SAME AS SUCCESS.

Annoyed, embittered or intimidated, we've fled the altar of success in droves to kneel in worship before self-realization, which the Seventies elevated above the quest for meaningless or laborious achievements. This was good medicine for our addiction to mindless success but, like chemotherapy, it tended to destroy the healthy cells with the rabid ones, cooling not just our passion for jive accomplishment, but for *any* accomplishment.

"Will I succeed?" was eclipsed by "Will I be fulfilled?" and "How can I grow?" Some 60 percent of us, studies show, now feel that self-realization *is* success. This philosophy clearly endows every life with some share of success—but so what?

Such a tacky, Brand X success may give us all a sense of value, but how valuable can anything be that comes so cheaply? Making success stand for anything, however pointless or frivolous or dubious, simply drains it of meaning. And worse.

Never has America been in more dire need of genuine success—real, appreciable solutions to serious problems. Meanwhile, we're walking around wondering how we can *grow*! Pshaw. Maybe someone will shovel manure on us.

•

So, how do you know when you've got success?

Admittedly, this isn't easy.

Success is often distinguishable from failure only by the fact that it's more time-consuming, hectic and anxiety ridden. Our very definition of success changes over time—from not wetting our pants (childhood) to having friends (teenage) to getting laid (adulthood) to acquiring wealth and status (maturity) to getting laid (middle-age) to having friends (old age) to not wetting our pants (senility).

Also, there's a difference between succeeding (accomplishing goals) and being successful (succeeding for money) and being a success (being recognized as successful). Got that? Forget it.

The key is that *you* decide what success is/isn't. That's the whole point: To feel successful, you simply have to *feel successful.* No more, no less.

Face it—the net effect of most of our achievements in life is merely to lengthen our obituaries. Increasingly, success just means ending a day without having pissed (a) it away, (b) off your friends, (c) in your shoe or (d) on your karma. If we're not licked into oblivion by the huge tongue of nuclear war, the energy burnout will just reduce us all to the common denominator of subsistence anyway.

Whether it involves putting your nose to the grindstone, up somebody's ass or around a coke straw, success remains purely whatever you think it is. ■

Article by Howard Rheingold

SPA WARS

Hot tubs are spreading from backyards to nationwide emporiums, where nice couples can get all steamed up at an hourly rate.

Rubber ducks, squeaky-clean nubile flesh and lots of hot water were the main elements of the best birthday party I ever had. A year ago, nine good friends treated me to a superb dinner, softened my sensibilities with recreational substances and then transported my quivering body to the Grand Central Sauna & Hot Tub Company. Only one of the five men and five women in our party had ever visited a hot-tub emporium, and I'm convinced that the other eight bath virgins shared my fantasy—that we were being maneuvered into an orgy. Andrea, the one who had been there before (and who has a body you'd love to bathe with), took gentle control of us once we were alone in the room with nothing left to do but take off our clothes.

"Don't worry," she assured us as she deftly peeled off her spandex. "This is going to be fun!"

Andrea disarmed much of our anxiety by turning the lights down to a dim glow. After she had disrobed and the rest of us had started stripping, she began to pull toys out of her satchel. By the time we were all naked, Andrea had passed around water pistols, windup swimming toys, big sponges and water balloons. The mood of the event was more kiddie than kinky, which tempered the obvious sexual tension with pure, simple friendliness. When we finally got in the water, our oohing and aahing made such a melodic-erotic chorus that we spent the first ten minutes just laughing at ourselves. Unadulterated fun was the order of the day,

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BARON WOLMAN, NICK DeSCIOSE AND STEPHEN HARVEY

and nobody complained afterward that it had not turned into an orgy . . . although I personally will never forget the private birthday treat Andrea and Monika arranged for me in the sauna.

Soaking is a multilevel form of intercourse—at once sensual, sociable, cellular and sexy. Hot water stimulates the circulation, invigorates the skin and titillates the nerve endings. When you consider that your epidermis is your largest and most sensitive sex organ, it's no wonder that hot tubs are notorious sexual enhancers. Any activity that awakens your pleasure receptors, sets your heart beating faster, caresses your tenderest member with warm fluid and puts you in visible striking distance of naked flesh is bound to have an aphrodisiac effect.

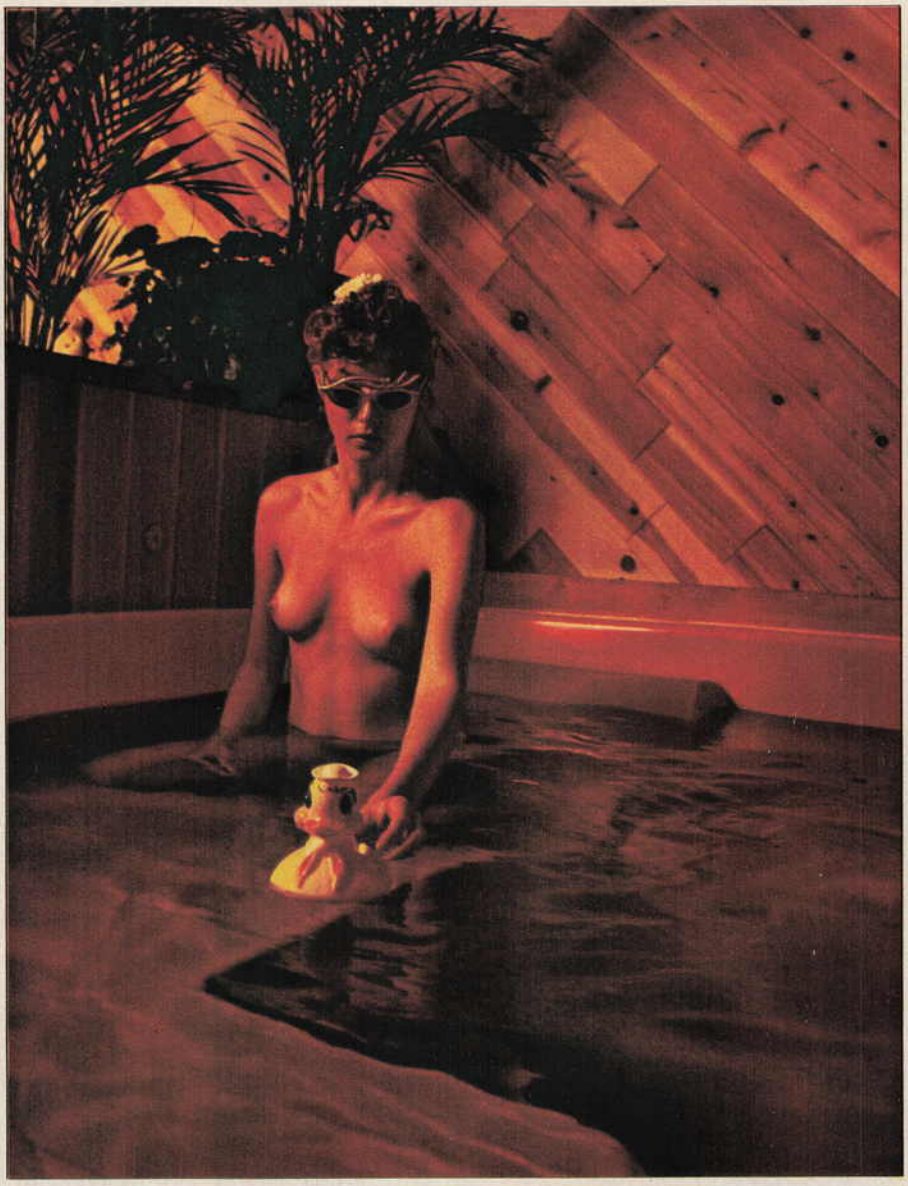
With the advent of public spas, the phrase "Let's take a bath" may very well replace that one about the etchings. For those times when you don't know your date very well—but sense that you'll probably end the evening in the sack—an hour or two in the tub *before* bedtime has much to recommend it. The bath has distinct advantages over the theater, a bar or a disco. Obviously, the act of shedding your clothes and climbing into an oversized bucket with your companion is a quick way of getting to know each other better without rushing to the horizontal stage. And if you aren't quite so sure that the evening will end with a bang, a bath could add just the right combination of novelty, naughtiness and adventure.

If you and your girlfriend spend your time together in athletic pursuits—rollerskating, Frisbee, racquetball, running, serious pinball—an hour in hot water is just the thing to get the kinks out.

For the married couple or longtime livetogethers who are looking for something new and exciting to jazz up familiar routine, a night in the tub can add an aquatic-ecstatic dimension that is guaranteed to rejuvenate the jaded and revitalize the world-weary. For those sexual athletes who specialize in all-out marathon mating, the hot tub is the place to go *before* you get to foreplay. You both get tasty clean; you can play with the lighting for precoital peeking games; and if you get carried away, there is always the resting deck.

Although you don't have to be a lubricant-toting orgiast or one of the irretrievably mellow to install your own redwood tub, you do need a couple of thousand dollars to spare. In Northern California during the end of the Seventies, there were approximately 300 hot-tub fanatics to every one bona-fide tub owner. Those thousands of hot-water fanciers constituted a nuisance to beleaguered tub owners but, to the hot-tub entrepreneur, they represented a potentially rich market for tub rentals. The proprietors of Grand Central Sauna & Hot Tub Company in downtown San Francisco invested a lot of redwood and plumbing in that theory.

Since it opened in 1976, Grand Central



Los Angeles' Hot Tub Fever (preceding page); Berkeley, California's Water Works (above); Colorado's Boulder Waterfront Spa, private bathing and lodging (top right); casual encounters at Just for the Health of It in Portland, Oregon (right).

has set a standard for all future bathing emporiums. The lobby is bright, attractive, comfortable and cheery—the kind of place you wouldn't mind taking your family and friends for an hour of harmless fun. The bathing rooms are clean, aesthetically pleasing and totally private—so it's also the kind of place you wouldn't mind taking your secretary to for a nooner. (The doors lock from the inside at all hot-tub emporiums, and a few of the new establishments are including discreet back entrances.) In the four years they have been open, Grand Central has expanded to a total of 26 private rooms. Each one is suitable for four to six people: two of the rooms are larger and are joined by a short hallway to make a party suite.

Grand Central is still the best example of the all-redwood-tub parlor. While many of the newer emporiums have very attractive tile tubs, Grand Central's redwood models have a special sensuous feel. Every room is equipped with hot tub and Jacuzzi, sauna and shower, clothes hangers, a phone to order fruit juice or soft drinks, piped-in mu-

sic, a resting deck, adjustable rheostatic lighting, clean fluffy towels . . . the works. Grand Central has opened new branches in Berkeley, Mountain View, California, and Seattle. A Denver branch is under construction. As pioneer and pacesetter, Grand Central has responded to competition by continuing to improve the architecture and interior design of their new branches.

In November 1979, the first symptoms hit Los Angeles, with the opening of Hot Tub Fever in neighboring Santa Monica. When I telephoned the owner, he acknowledged that he had been impressed with the atmosphere and success of Grand Central and this had prompted him to deliberately create something even more sumptuous in Southern California. He calls it "an environmental health experience," and it seems to be working well—Hot Tub Fever's owners are planning branches in ski resorts around the country. The setup sounded lush when the proprietor described it, but I had to get into the water personally before I could decide whether or not Hot Tub Fever topped Grand Central for sheer hedonistic service.

Upon my arrival in L.A., I postponed my first dose of Hot Tub Fever by plunging into the spiritual headquarters of liquid consciousness—the editorial offices of *Wet: The Magazine of Gourmet Bathing and Beyond*. Imagine my delighted surprise when *Wet* publisher and aquatic activist Leonard X decided to hold an impromptu editorial meeting in the VIP room at Hot Tub Fever. As we gathered in the lobby under the parrot who lives in the beams, associate publisher Lyle Mayer told us that the present bathing establishment used to be a nursery-school building. It sounded like great karma for a fun parlor—far better than a converted slaughterhouse, for example. Hot Tub Fever has 13 sparkling-clean, fully equipped tile-and-redwood bathing rooms, and the VIP room is a sight to warm the blood of even this hard-core group of pro bathers.

We were given a double room. The outer room used to contain a samadhi isolation tank for outlaw bathers whose watery journey needed an inward turn (see OUI January 1980). The main room is beautifully constructed of brick, tile and redwood. The tub is large, tiled and has four Jacuzzi jets. Around the tub are a sauna, a shower, a resting deck, large pillows, a wood-burning fireplace, a stereo radio and cassette deck, a color television, a motor-driven skylight, hair dryers, hot and cold bottled water, a telephone, piles of big towels and plants. The room also comes with room service and a party-catering service. There is also a back door for guests who prefer to enter discreetly from the parking lot. In short, the VIP room has *everything*.

Hot Tub Fever was voted the most delicious, best-equipped bathing-and-fun environment any of us had ever encountered. As Leonard, Lyle and the others bubbled on with their business meeting, I floated back and made some plans of my own to fly Andrea and her friends down for a new party.

The biggest problem with arranging any kind of a get-together, especially for neophyte bathers, is the problem of hot-tub etiquette. Most people are a lot more hesitant to take off their clothes in a public emporium than they are in a friend's backyard tub. So it's important to keep a few pointers in mind.

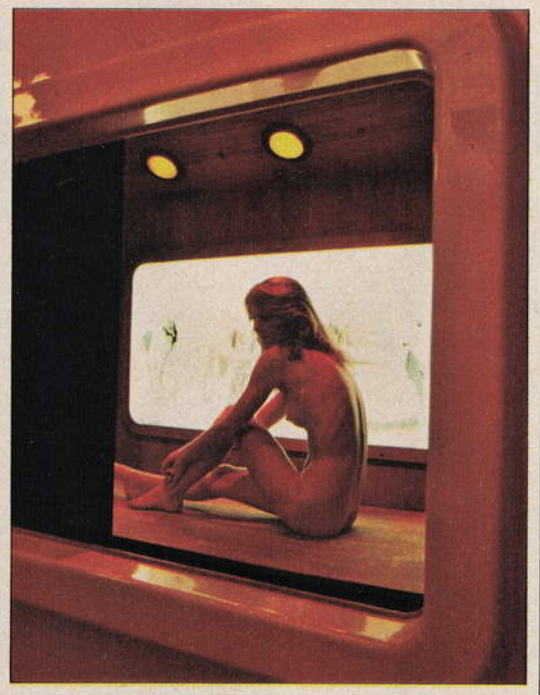
Modesty. Just because you've indulged in a tub or two, don't mock the first-timers when they fidget with their zippers—just turn the lights down. By the time everyone's eyes have adjusted to the darkness, you'll all be in the water. If people are reluctant to visit a hot-tub establishment when you bring up the idea, be sure to mention that the lighting is adjustable. Once you are cozily scrunched together, all naked and slippery, the tactile pleasures tend to take precedence over visual thrills. A little innocent voyeurism is an accepted aspect of the hot-tub process, but the unspoken rule is to be discreet about it. Besides, it's perfectly reasonable to bring bathing suits.

Hygiene. Public-bathing establishments have to maintain strict health standards in order to keep their licenses. The water at a public emporium is probably cleaner than it is in most private tubs for the simple reason that emporiums have people on duty to monitor the chlorine level and the effectiveness of the filters. It hardly needs to be mentioned to a sophisticated clientele but, obviously, nobody should indulge in group bathing if he or she has open sores, vermin or venereal disease. A somewhat more subtle point of hygiene is cleanliness: Wash yourself in the shower provided for that purpose *before* you get in the tub.

Sex. Whatever else you do, don't come in the tub. A few million sperm aren't going to hurt anybody—the little critters don't live long enough in hot chlorinated water to do any damage—but they can leave a tell-tale ring around the collar. In social bathing, it is considered uncool to immediately come on to a woman you meet in a tub. Discreet underwater maneuvers are permitted and, if you want to retire to the sauna or to the resting deck for some sweaty gymnastics, that's OK, too . . . but two people thrashing about in the water with three or four spectators does not constitute a legitimate orgy.

Recreational substances. If you are mildly inebriated or terminally hungover, a hot bath is a supreme rejuvenator if you remember to drink plenty of water or fruit juice. If you are *too* drunk, hot water can be dangerous. If massive quantities of vodka or Quaaludes are the dominant theme of your party, a bath party could be a very hazardous place . . . but then, when you get yourself in that condition, *anyplace* can be a hazard. If you are only lightly buzzed, just be careful when you walk on slippery surfaces, and make sure your buddy doesn't stay underwater too long. ■

San Anselmo, California's Shibui Gardens, private outdoor bathing in garden atmosphere (above and right); Just for the Health of It, an environmental room that supplies Baja sun, spring showers, jungle steam, tropical rain and Chinook winds (far right).



FOR MORE INFORMATION ON HOT TUB EMPORIUMS, TURN TO PAGE 108.

B. STAVRINOS

A Wide-Eyed Look at BLIND DATES

It's always a gamble, but there are ways to keep the odds in your favor.

ARTICLE BY HANK NUWER

A bad blind date is like a kidney stone; it won't pass quickly enough. My first blind date weighed over 300 pounds, possessed the personality of a Scrooge and tried to convert me to the Mormon Church. What's more, my best buddy came along in *my* car with *his* blind date—a stone fox who believed oral sex should be performed immediately in celebration of a first kiss. The event we attended was a college computer-dating dance and, to top off the evening, I was awarded a giant dog biscuit for my dubious achievement that evening.

Since that time, I've braved another dozen blind dates. A few were fantastic, most were great and only one was of the C-plus variety. See, I learned one invaluable lesson about blind dates that horrible first time: The only one who should go into a blind date *blind* is your date.

KNOW THY MATCHMAKER

When someone says, "I've got the perfect girl for you," a gong should rattle in your skull. Had you been offered the perfect used car, investment or real-estate deal, you'd be warier than a worm in a trout farm, wouldn't you?

If your matchmaker is male, immediately ask why he isn't dating the young lovely. Unless he's already spoken for, related to her by blood, gay or impotent, your matchmaker is probably offering you more of a living nightmare than a dream. If a female tries to set you up, be equally cautious, especially if she gives to charity or collects stray cats. She's using you to perform a good deed for some needy beast.

Fortunately, there are exceptions. Who among us likes to think that he let even one Slinking Beauty escape unmolested? You can demand from your matchmaker a photograph of your date, of course, but pictures are often about as accurate as a Pentagon body count. Even Cheryl Tiegs occasionally takes a bad snapshot, while dumpy Erica Jong almost always looks dazzling in Kodachrome. Besides, the photo of your intended might have been retouched more times than da Vinci's Last Supper; therefore, you'll have to find more reliable ways to protect yourself. Here are some things to consider.

What is the matchmaker's mate like? If the person setting you up lives with someone resembling Phyllis Diller, you'd better spend the evening in question watering your

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE STAVRINOS

Ginkgo tree.

Find out why the matchmaker believes you'll hit it off with this date. Answers like "She's as flaky as you are" and "You have the same dermatologist" foretell a shaky relationship at best.

Does the matchmaker have a macabre or distorted sense of humor? Don't accept an elevator ride, let alone a date, with anyone recommended by Jerzy Kosinski or John Waters.

Have the matchmaker compare the woman to a species of fruit instead of relying on adjectival tirades. Pears, peaches and persimmons are safe to date. Avoid melons, rhubarbs and kiwis.

Remember, too, that opposites often *do* attract, so don't interrogate a matchmaker about your date's likes and dislikes. If you're into Cheap Trick and she's into Brahms, so what? You two share a common love for music. On the other hand, if you're a pusher and she's a narc, there are limits to what love can achieve.

SNEAK PREVIEWS

If the lady still sounds interesting after your talk with the matchmaker, it's now time to make sure she meets your physical requirements. So try to talk your friend into providing a sneak peek of your date if at all possible. Nothing elaborate is required—just cruise past her home or place of work a few times.

If that doesn't work, another way is to secretly scope the lady out in a social situation a couple of days before your date is scheduled to occur. If you're disappointed, there is still time to break your rendezvous without hurting her feelings. And who cares if you've taken the surprise out of your blind date? Not all surprises are pleasant. Ask any dead body that's been trunk-stuffed. In fact, sizing up a date may provide more voyeuristic fun than the real thing, anyway. At least, that's what a Western Montana College student named Jim claims.

"My buddy set me up for a Saturday rendezvous with a girl named Barbara, who was thinking of splitting with her old man. My buddy learned that Barbara and this guy would be out honky-tonking the Thursday before the date at a place called the Disco Z. I had this friend of mine drop by for a second to point her out. I choked on my drink when I saw how she was built. Hell! I've seen bridges that weren't as firm as her tits. I found me a table in front of the stage, about thirty feet from where she was sitting with her old man.

"As the night went on, the girl and her boyfriend commenced to arguing. Turned out he wanted her to enter the bar's wet T-shirt contest, but she was having no part of it. Finally, something snapped and she gave in. Soon she's lined up with seven other girls onstage, right in front of my seat, and she's wearing this white hosed-down shirt that the bar gave her.

"The girls are all dancing in these clinging shirts, and I'm already turned on, when suddenly Barbara gets wild. All this time, she's standing a yardstick away from me, but now she's got her eyes locked on her old man's, and there's vicious lightning shooting from them. Next thing I know, her shirt and jeans are off, and I'm staring at the most bodacious set of titties you've only dreamed were possible. Then she moves her bush up to the closest guy's head—which happens to be mine—and she grinds it like a sander into my nose. Me, I starch my jeans right there, and the cowboys behind me are howling like wolves when, all of a sudden, she runs offstage for the ladies' room.

"Saturday couldn't come fast enough for me. I must have changed my shirt fifty times. When I get to her cabin, right away I see she's got no idea that I'm the guy who got his nose in her business the other day. She makes us both a couple of stiff rum colas and then cozies up to me on the sofa to talk. Before I know it, my hand reached out all on its own and jabbed in one of her nipples like it was a doorbell.

"Turned out that was the last thing I done in that house. My buddy had neglected to mention that Barbara was an aikido expert."

Jim's mistake? Giving in to the feeling that he already knew the lady, even though Barbara obviously felt he was a stranger. So if you do get to check out your date beforehand, make sure she knows that you've seen her before and where. And never, ever, make what may prove to be false assumptions about her before you meet her.

TURNDOWN IS FAIR PLAY

If the woman is simply not your type, the easiest way to break a date is to refuse to have one set up in the first place. You don't need to fabricate an elaborate excuse to hand the matchmaker, either. An "I don't want to right now" is explanation enough.

Also, should you accept a date offered by a matchmaker and afterward find out the woman is occasionally mistaken for the Abominable Snowman, you'll do yourself and your date a kindness by canceling out. There are two ways to do this: by being a creep or by being a gentleman.

A creep simply fails to show up at the appointed time or delivers a lame excuse at the last minute. Not only does a creep make the rejected date feel lower than turtle droppings, but he's put his friendly matchmaker in an awkward position as well.

The gentleman, on the other hand, uses a combination of truth, falsehood and timing to extricate himself from the date. A gentleman doesn't wait until the appointed hour to lay on some cowardly lie; his excuses are always sound. Feigning illness is one way. But make it clear you're too sick to have visitors; otherwise, your blind date may waddle into your house bearing carnations and chicken soup. Another way is to blame your predicament on school or work commitments. That way, the woman will think circumstances beyond your control have forced you to cancel.

ABORTING THE MISSION

Suppose, however, the worst happens. You are forced to accept a date with someone you know absolutely nothing about—a real blind date. You arrive with high hopes at her dorm, house or apartment and are greeted by a woman who turns out to be an Ayatollah Khomeini look-alike. At this point, a creep would run, but you, being a gentleman, handle the situation with aplomb. You must now decide whether to call off the date immediately or to make the best of the evening.

If you cannot go through with the date, one way to get out of it is to immediately offer a plausible lie. Explain that something came up that is forcing you to break tonight's date, and that you came to see her in person because it was too late to phone. At this point, nothing short of a death in the family or some similar emergency will suffice. Visit long enough to be polite, but focus the conversation on how bereaved or upset you are. And by no means tell the woman you'll call her later.

A more likely possibility is that you will be too cowardly or sensitive to her feelings to weave such a tangled web and will simply go ahead with the evening. In that case, resolve to have the best time you can possibly have with her. Remember that you're dealing with another human being; so rather than feeling superior to her (which she'll perceive immediately), why not give her a chance to show what she has to offer? One man's beast is another's beauty.

An acquaintance of mine named Glen recently invited me over to his house and agreed to talk about one of his blind-date experiences. He sat on a leather sofa alongside his adorable blonde wife and exchanged a shy smile with her.

"I was on my last day of leave from boot camp and about to have my ass shipped off to Nam," recalled Glen. "I'd kicked away the rest of the time drinking and shooting pool, until my mother asked if I'd mind taking out her boss's niece."

"What did she look like?"

"Well," he chuckled nervously, "she weighed about two-ten and her hair was real scraggly. She wore white pancake makeup and dressed like a sheepherder. To be honest, I would have preferred transporting myself into a nest of Viet Cong then and there."

"But you didn't?"

"No. This was a relative of my mom's boss—remember? Besides, she'd taken the time to make me a fantastic supper, and great smells were coming from the kitchen. My groin was sure disappointed, though. This was my last chance to get laid in the States."

"So what did you do?"

"I just said to myself, 'Whatever happens, happens.' She made me a Vietnamese dish. 'To get you used to the food,' she said. She kept me laughing throughout dinner with the funniest dirty jokes I'd ever heard. For dessert, she made this incredible carrot cake, which turned out to be her specialty. When we finished, she took me into the living room, which was covered with paintings, etchings and macrame work she'd done herself."

"Too bad she was such a Cro-Magnon slob," I said.

"Yeah," agreed Glen. "Anyway, there were also some photographs on the wall of some gorgeous girl, including a dynamite nude portrait. 'Who's this girl?' I asked. 'That's me . . . under all this,' she said, grabbing at her flesh as if she hoped to tear it from her body. I knew something bad had happened to make her bloat up like that, but I didn't ask what just then. All I knew was that I wanted to kiss away those tears in her eyes and that I was scared to death myself about going to war. Next thing you know, we're in bed, crying and talking and balling till morning. She wrote me four letters a week while I was in the service, and she greeted me at the airport when I came back with shrapnel in my legs. Only she wasn't fat any longer. She'd lost ninety pounds as a surprise for me, and she was the same fox she'd been in her pictures."

"Christ!" I marveled. "What ever happened to her?"

Before Glen could answer, Cindy waltzed in with a loaded tray. "Anyone for carrot cake?"

PLACE VALUE

Put a little thought into where to take your date before it's time to go. Since your blind date may know nothing about your financial position, tastes and habits, you're putting her into an awkward jam if you ask her to pick a place. One Santa Monica, California, friend of mine always meets his dates at parties. He insists it eliminates unpleasant, uncomfortable meetings, gives the two of them plenty of fodder for conversation and provides a handy escape for both of them.

My specialty is to pick a dark, out-of-the-way romantic place for rendezvousing. If I hit it off with my date, I've practically got my toes tucked in her bed. Should I somehow wind up with a girl who has the personality of a duck, there's less chance I'll run into a business colleague or friend who may not understand my sudden change of tastes.

FROM HERE TO SECURITY

But what happens if your blind bombshell turns out to be the hottest number since Adam peeled off Eve's fig leaf? How do you keep those insecurities within you from taking over?

Just remember that women are always less concerned with appearances than men are. Even if your looks won't send Burt Reynolds sniveling behind his mirror, don't despair. Your receding hairline is on a collision course with your bald spot? Never fear. Your date is more interested in what's inside your head. You're not too short, too fat, too nub-cocked, too skinny or too Polish. In fact, probably the only thing wrong with you is that you're too paranoid.

Not that a woman isn't interested in what you look like. But what you sound like is more important to her. A beautiful woman can always be hooked with a good line. Just make sure the bait's tasty enough.

However, unless your name is Merriam-Webster, there are times, no doubt, when you're at a loss for words with a woman—especially one you're attracted to. Your mind occasionally turns to pudding, and you find yourself spewing out more banalities than Ronald Reagan. The situation is triply frustrating if your freeze-up occurs on a blind date, when you feel that you must impress the one you're with. One way to shatter the ice is to tell her the truth. If you're nervous as hell about the date and the woman, admit it. Chances are, she'll admit having a few apprehensions herself. By the time your confessions are made, you're already 20 minutes into the conversation, and your next obvious topic is a subject that you both know you have in common: the matchmaker who set you up.

Keep your fears at bay and you'll do fine. No matter what your views and opinions are on any subject, remember that the purpose of all this yakking is not only to show yourself off, but also to learn about her. If you are delivering a four-hour monologue, you probably lost her attention three hours and 55 minutes ago. If she wanted a lecture, she would be out right now with John Kenneth Galbraith. Also keep in mind that this is a conversation, not an inquisition. "Ever have an abortion?" "That your *real* nose?" and "What's your toot dealer's name?" are unlikely ways to get her chatting merrily away.

By the same token, refrain from becoming too intimate too quickly. What business is it of hers if your sister averages four love affairs an hour and your mom puts away Jack Daniel's as though it were Metrecal? Other taboo topics are complaints about your health (yawn!), insults about local yokels ("That's my uncle you're talking about!") and attempts to convert her to your pet views.

See, once you've stuck your foot in your mouth, there ain't gonna be room for her tongue. ■

BLIND DATE ETIQUETTE

If you have no idea what your date is like, resist the urge to take her a present when you pick her up. Presents, like buying her an expensive dinner, may suggest an economic obligation that she may not want to fulfill and that you may not want to have fulfilled. Besides, if you find that you really like her, you can always stop at a florist's sometime during the evening.

If it's obvious to both of you that you have been mismatched, be honest about it right away. Most women are used to going out and enduring dull dates, so she probably won't say anything to you—but why keep yourself in that awkward situation? Simply say, "It's clear to me that we're not suited to each other, so do you want to call this off right now or shall we just go on out and have a good time, anyway?" If she chooses to call it off, fine with you, right? You're not going to be offended, because you didn't really want to be with her, anyway. But if she decides to continue the evening, you'll probably have a good time since you are both now aware of where things stand.

If you take her bowling, pool playing or to some such competitive event, don't beat her to death. It's only a game, so be gallant enough to win by only a few points. Should *she* win, do not throw your bowling ball or crack your cue stick in two, no matter how pissed off you are.

Limit yourself to three drinks. Unless she is also a lush, it won't impress her to meet the man who outskunked W.C. Fields.

Let the lady pay if she insists. Many women on a blind date do not want to feel the least bit economically obligated in case they wish to extricate themselves early from the situation.

Always insinuate to your date that you'll ask her out again. If you two hit it off, of course you'll see her again. But if you consider her a complete dud, don't let her know that. Instead, imply that you'd like to see her again, but give yourself an out—an extended business trip upcoming in your near future and a shaky relationship with another woman are two situations a woman understands, so she won't feel rejected if you don't call.

Whatever happens, always thank the matchmaker. Why be a good guy and sit through an unbearable evening only to inform the matchmaker what a dog you think his friend is? Besides, your comments will only get back to the woman. So thank the matchmaker, adding in a gentlemanly manner that you don't think the relationship can go anywhere.

Resist any perverted urge you may have to hand your date a flea collar should you be unhappy with her looks. If she, on the other hand, tosses you one, Emily Post says it's OK to let loose a low growl and bite her.

—H.N.

Karen Densmore

A Sense of Beauty

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEFF DUNAS

"I've always been visually oriented. I guess you could say I'm aware of beauty."

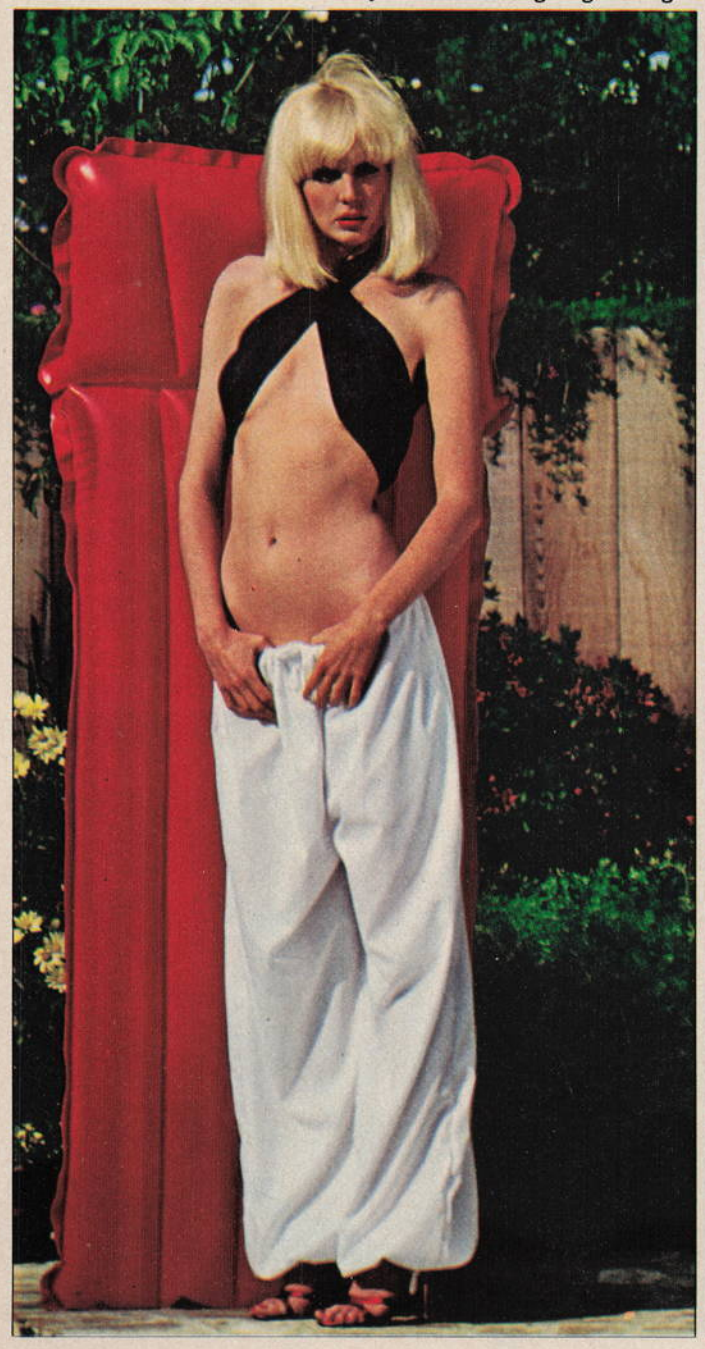
Karen was born in the East and has traveled most of this country. But she finally found happiness and creative fulfillment on the West Coast, where she's able to participate in a wide spectrum of the visual arts. "I love to model, and I'm proud of the way I look in front of a camera. But this is just one aspect of my interests," she told us. Besides modeling, Karen is a painter, a makeup artist (recently completing work on the film *Fade to Black*), a photographic stylist and a production manager. But her ultimate desire is to be a cinematographer.

"I've always been visually oriented, partly because I grew up in the television generation, but also because of a deeper sensitivity. I guess you could say that I'm aware of beauty. Cinematography seems to be the natural progression for me. It's a combination of all the visual disciplines." We asked whom she admired in motion pictures. "Definitely Stanley Kubrick. His work as a director is brilliant because he understands the visual aspects of the medium. I'm the only person I know who has seen *Barry Lyndon* ten times. I've seen *The Shining* five times, and I have no idea how many times I've seen *2001* and *A Clockwork Orange*. I can't help it. I learn something every time I see each film. For me, his work represents the highest achievement in

"I didn't want to be a passive model. I wanted each shot to be a reflection of me."

cinema—to make every square inch of the screen, every second of the film, impart some sort of meaning."

Because of her experience, both as a model and an artist, 27-year-old Karen took an active role in her photo sessions. "I didn't want to be a passive model. I wanted each shot to be a reflection of some part of me, whether it be an emotion, a thought or a fantasy. I didn't want to be just a piece of furniture." And is she happy with the results? "Oh yes, I am quite pleased. I think there is something special in each picture. Some show my innocent side, while others, well, I don't even want to tell you what was going through



"I want a man who is self-assured enough to give himself completely to me."

my mind in that bathtub. I'll leave that to your imagination."

We asked Karen how she fills her spare time, and her answer provided us with more insight into her personality. "The truth is, I don't have any extra time. I already have the feeling that life isn't going to be long enough to accomplish everything that I want, so I try to use all my time productively. I really feel driven to improve myself. I want to make the most out of my potential. Although this might sound like I'm always active, there are some days when I can get a lot done just by sitting and watching the ocean. I don't consider being immersed in thought a waste of time. Besides, the peace I find contemplating might later manifest itself as an idea or an inspiration to create something."

And what kinds of men inspire Karen? "I don't have a particular type that I prefer. I can't say something like 'blue-eyed and blond' or 'dark with big shoulders.' To me, looks aren't as important as who the man is and how he feels about himself. If a man isn't sure of himself and doesn't like himself, why should I want anything to do with him? I want a man who is self-assured enough to give himself completely to me. Of course, once I find this mythical man of my dreams, I have a few fantasies that I would like to act out with him." Oh? And what kind of fantasies? we asked. "Well, I'll give you a hint," she replied with a smile. "It has to do with bathtubs."

oui
OCTOBER 1980

A CONVERSATION WITH

DOM DeLUISE

The jocular Dominick the Great talks openly about his weight, food, sex, food, women, food, the state of comedy, food and what it's like to be Burt Reynold's second banana.

Dom DeLuise is not your typical manic-depressive comedian. Take, for instance, his appearance on Johnny Carson's anniversary special: "That was the night that Johnny put a soft-boiled egg inside the front of my pants and squashed it. All of America was watching me trying to cover up this huge stain on my crotch. Then Burt Reynolds came out, opened the front of Johnny's pants and shot shaving cream in them. Johnny then squirted shaving cream on the front of Burt's leather pants and started rubbing it all around. We all looked like kids who had been to our first porno movie!" OK, so Dom may be manic, but he's almost never depressed. There's no reason why he should be, after all—except maybe about his weight. But that's exactly what has kept the Brooklyn-born actor/court jester rolling in dough for 20 years.

As a perennial sidekick to everyone from Dean Martin on his old variety show to Burt Reynolds in *Silent Movie* and *The End*, Dom thinks he might be best suited as "a second banana." Ann Bancroft didn't think so, though. She felt Dom was getting too big to be a mere co-star, so she chose him for the hefty leading role in *Fatso*. Typecasting? Perhaps. But Dominick the Great is the first to acknowledge his, um, greatness: "I told my parents I wanted a pet compatible with me. They tried to get me Moby Dick."

Well, he never got a whale to play with, but in his latest movie, *Smokey and the Bandit II*, Dom does get a chance to fool around with an elephant. A pregnant elephant. A *stolen*, pregnant elephant. Stolen by no other than—who else?—Hollywood's leading banana, Burt Reynolds.

As interviewer Craig Modderno put it, "It seemed that no matter what we talked about, Dom's conversation always got around to Burt Reynolds. Burt this, Burt that." When Modderno asked him why, Dom replied: "Well, Burt and I are close friends, so I probably shouldn't mention this. But every time Burt and I flipped a coin to see which of us would get the romantic lead in our movies, three times in a row Burt won. Can you believe such luck? The man's giving me an inferiority complex."

OUI: Do you really think you have a weight problem?

DeLUISE: No. I just put weights on my ankles so I don't float in the air like a blimp. Of course, I have a weight problem! I wasn't born this big and beautiful. And contrary to popular belief, the Pillsbury Doughboy is *not* my son!

OUI: So, do you ever diet?

DeLUISE: All the time. I've tried all the diet and Weight Watchers groups. It's one of my fantasies to be a normal-looking person sizewise.

OUI: What do you consider to be a normal-looking person sizewise?

DeLUISE: Someone who, when he walks down the street, never hears: [shouts] "Step aside, folks. Here comes a fat person!" People always meet me and say, "Hey, you're thinner than I thought" or "Too much pasta, Dom." Or they do this [pinches his cheek] and say, "I'd love to make some soup for you." Sometimes, complete strangers even pat my stomach and say, "How are you doing down there?" They never comment on my other attractive features—like my willingness to talk to strange men from dirty men's magazines like yourself. People make you aware that you're not normal!

OUI: This seems to upset you.

DeLUISE: Sure. If you're abnormal for any reason, people point you out as if you were carrying the plague. I don't mind if people say I'm the sweetest person they've ever met, but I don't like being called chunky. That implies I'm some kind of candy that people can eat. I'm not thrilled by the notion of strangers wanting to eat me . . . at least without being properly introduced first.

OUI: Didn't you have to *gain* 20 pounds to play *Fatso*?

DeLUISE: Yes. And it took me a long time . . . about an hour.

OUI: What are your favorite foods?

DeLUISE: The only thing I don't eat is tripe. But if I was drunk, I'd even eat that. I eat everything. I have given up sugar, unless it happens to fall into my mouth while I'm sleeping.

OUI: Do any other members of your family have a weight problem?

DeLUISE: No. My wife's an actress, and she's working all the time. My children are all athletic. They're not fat at all. They jump and hop and skip and take tumbles. They eat when they want to. I'm not sure whether my dog's problem is weight or drugs, but he always lies asleep in the yard, even when someone's robbing the house.

OUI: In the past two years, you've starred in *Fatso*, *The Last Married Couple in America*, *Wholly Moses!*, *Smokey and the Bandit II*, *The End* and *Hot Stuff*, which you also directed. Why does Hollywood suddenly think you're so wonderful?

DeLUISE: I don't know. I'm only in some of these movies briefly, but people seem to remember me from those films. Perhaps it's because, as you so brilliantly articulated, I'm so wonderful. [sings] "I'm in the mood for love, simply because you're near me." [points his finger] You're not supposed to get so excited! I was singing that song for my fans around the world. Look at you!

PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHY BY GARY HEERY

You're in enough heat to mate with my dog. Where were we? Ah, yes. *My Film Career*, by the wonderful Dominick. I literally worked only one day in *Blazing Saddles*. People see my brief roles in pictures like that, and they think that I work a lot. I only worked one day on *Wholly Moses!* with that funny guy—what's his name?—Roger Moore.

OUI: You mean *Dudley* Moore. Roger Moore plays James Bond. You acted with Dudley Moore.

DELUISE: Of course. I love him. I loved *"10"*. It's hard to tell them apart with their foreign accents.

OUI: How have you avoided being typecast?

DELUISE: I guess because I'm somebody who works well with a lot of different people. I hope I'm that kind of actor, because I know I'm that kind of person. When I'm supporting Burt Reynolds, I'm happiest, because Burt Reynolds is the star of a movie, and you go and do your part and love him, glad to be his second banana. That's funny. Imagine me being Burt's second banana!

OUI: Many women must envy you.

DELUISE: A lot of men, too. As a result of my supporting roles, I'm getting offers to write and direct my own films, but the Peter Principle might destroy me. Who knows? I might be best as a second banana. In movies, that is, not in my personal relationships.

OUI: Why do audiences relate to you on the screen?

DELUISE: I don't question my appeal on the screen. Cary Grant said it took him 50 years to discover that he was Cary Grant. There's something in that. We are all in love with this man's screen image, and he had to look in the mirror and ask himself if that was really him. "Am I faking it, or am I acting it?" So you can't make a distinction. I don't know what it is that's appealing about me in particular. I know that I'm spontaneous and that people think I'm friendly, which is very nice, but it's not calculated. If it's not calculated, then I can't really label it easily. I just react favorably to the warm reaction that I get from the public, and I think some of that affection follows through me into my work.

OUI: Do you enjoy the recognition you get from people?

DELUISE: It's very nice. I was once on a street in New York, and somebody was in a cab who turned out to be David Wayne. He said, "I'd like to talk to you sometime." I turned to my wife and told her how nice it was that he recognized me. It's thrilling to meet celebrities. I have to remember that there's a little part of me that they're enjoying, too. It's nice that the public wants me and that I also want them.

OUI: What do you discuss with the celebrities who want to meet you?

DELUISE: Well, I spent three hours talking to Mae West once. We were doing *Sextette* together. She talked to me about Johnny Carson a lot. Most of the stars talk about their beginnings, their families. I met Barbara Stanwyck, and she told me that I made her fall out of bed the night before . . . meaning that I made her laugh so much that she fell out of bed.

OUI: Were you at her place at the time?

DELUISE: You have such a dirty mind for a clean young man. I didn't even know that the great movie idol Barbara Stanwyck knew who I was. That's kind of naïve, I know, but I was truly thrilled that she had seen my work.

OUI: Speaking of Carson, is it difficult for you to be yourself on *The Tonight Show*?

DELUISE: Do you want a funny answer or a serious one? Did I ever tell you the joke about the two Jews who got off Mel Brooks? No, seriously, there is always the feeling that exists in a person that you can't perform. "Oh, God, I'm gonna fail." The reality is you'll go on *The Tonight Show* and people will think you're great, wonderful and witty. But you have the feeling that you're not going to succeed because that's the Hot Seat in America. The truth of the matter is that Johnny Carson is much too short for his height.

OUI: How do you feel doing the other talk shows?

DELUISE: They're easier. *The Tonight Show* is a wedding; the others are engagement parties. I can get up and walk around on *The Mike Douglas Show*. Once, they brought out a monkey, and I thought it was Mel Brooks. I was blindfolded, see, and I thought the monkey was shorter than Mel Brooks but he shaved better. Carson's show is so specialized that any conversation must be cherishable. People must say, "Did you hear what DeLuise said on Carson last night?" Mike and Dinah are easy for me to do. When I did Mike, some lady asked me if I had ever picked up a French fry with my fingers. I said, "Yes, but I was drunk at the time." Mike and Dinah ask you to take your shoes off and touch spaghetti with your feet and tell them what it is.

OUI: Do you like television?

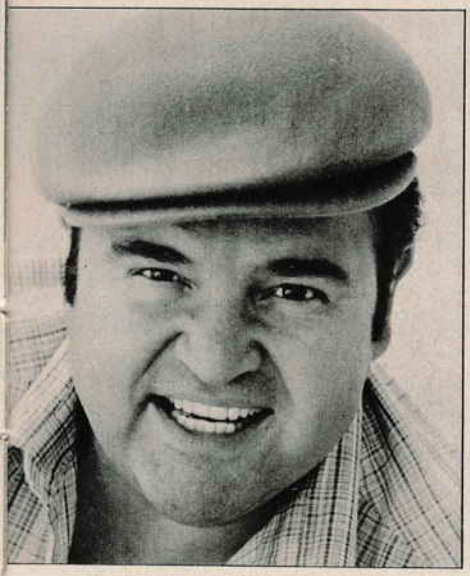
DELUISE: It goes from wonderful to inane. Some shows I think are terrific. I know this sounds crazy, but I love the one with all the car crashes. What's it called?

OUI: *The Dukes of Hazzard*.

DELUISE: Yeah. If you like *Smokey and the Bandit*, you'll love that show. To the general public, cars flying through the air is entertainment. I love watching news things on television, too. Hearing about people getting raped and watching open-heart surgery is thrilling to me . . . I'm just being free with my head now. Once, there was a man on television who had been struck by lightning a lot of times and he was talking to David Frost. I thought that was funny. Here was a guy who had been struck by lightning 16 times, and he thought it was tapering off now. That made me laugh a lot. What irks me, though, are the inane TV series that copy good movies, like *Animal House*.

OUI: Do you ever go disco dancing?

DELUISE: Sometimes, and I enjoy it when I do. Once, I went to Studio 54. It was OK, but it seemed you had to watch all these things going on. There was an 88-year-old woman dancing with a seven-year-old boy. The place was quite loud. There was a guy



Cheek-to-cheek with Dom DeLuise (from left): *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother, Silent Movie, The World's Greatest Lover, Fatso* and roasting on *Dean Martin's Comedy Hour.* Says Dom of his image: "Sometimes complete strangers come up to me and pat my stomach and say, 'How are you doing down there?' No one ever says to me, 'I'd like to sit on your face.' "

in leather, and there were people dancing with bananas that had been dropped from the ceiling. It was all a little mixed-up for me. I don't like discos where everyone acts so theatrical. Besides, the only reason I got into Studio 54 was because I said I was a personal friend of Burt Reynolds.

OUI: Since you seem to be close friends with Burt Reynolds, maybe you can tell us: Is he going to get married soon?

DELUISE: As soon as I find out, I'll come and tell you. I think that he's afraid of getting married. But he's not afraid of saying hello a lot.

OUI: Where did you first meet him?

DELUISE: I met him on *The Tonight Show.* We were both guests. I implied that we looked alike. We got a lot of laughs just sitting together on the couch and talking with Johnny. The next day, I got a hand-delivered note from Burt. I opened it excitedly, and it said, "Dear Dom: Please leave me alone. Love, Burt." That was the beginning of one of the screen's great romantic duos, because the next time Burt saw me, he thought I was Sally Field.

OUI: I can't wait to see which one of you he chooses for a bride.

DELUISE: Neither can Burt. Before you ask me another sex question about the world's favorite male actor, let's get back to Burt. The feeling with Burt is that he's always been a friend. Because he took the time to write that note to me, it meant, in essence, "I want to be your friend." He's an easy man to be around. I enjoy him a lot and respect him immensely. Our relationship just gets better and better. There have never been any bad moments between us.

OUI: Do you and Burt ever double-date?

DELUISE: Sure, when I can get him a girl. That's a joke, Burt. I love you. Please don't cut me out of your movies until I can pay for my children's education. Actually, Burt and I do get together and laugh a lot. We laugh in the car going to the restaurant, we laugh in the restaurant while we're eating, and I hope he's laughing when he reads this. He likes to play games at home. Sometimes he has a party with the most wonderful guests you can imagine. People like Sally, Robert Preston, David Steinberg, Orson Welles, Betty White and her husband, Allen Funt . . . Lunt . . . Bunt . . . What's his name?

OUI: The password is Ludden.

DELUISE: That's him. Mel Brooks, Anne Bancroft, Carl Reiner.

OUI: Are those just the people Burt has in the kitchen?

DELUISE: Exactly. I want to mention Bert Convy also, because he needs the publicity. I know this is name-dropping, but I don't give a fuck. Dirty Harry is there, too. What's his name? Help me.

OUI: Clint Eastwood.

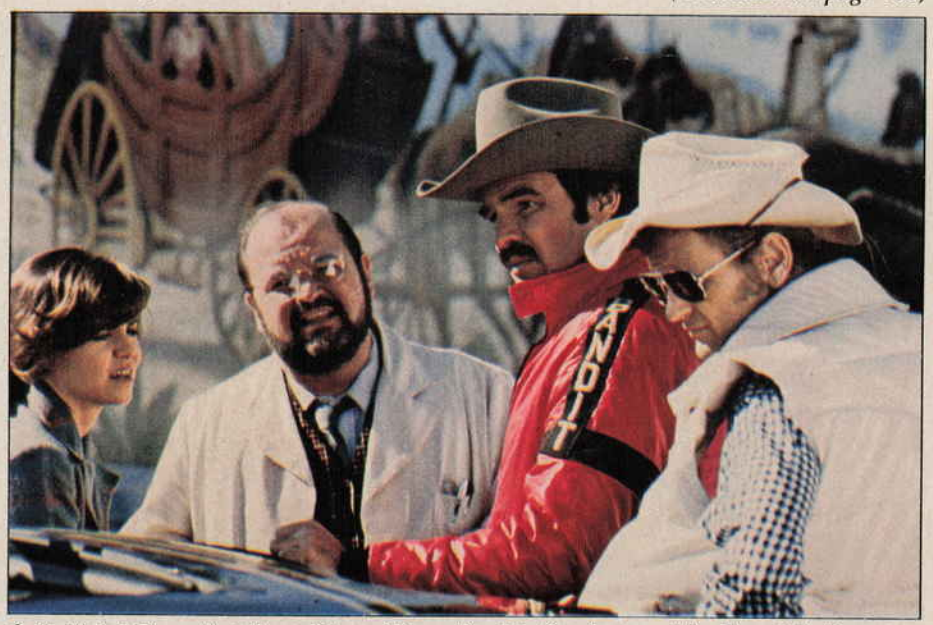
DELUISE: Of course. So, here you are playing charades with this group of people. It's pretty wonderful. It really is a unique thing. But there's also the Burt that you see when you're just sitting down and talking about serious things. When I directed him and Carol Burnett at his dinner theater in Jupiter, Florida, we worked very hard to make *Same Time, Next Year* the best it's ever been. When Burt's in charge of a movie, he's very calm and very much a father to everyone. He gives a lot of responsibility to a lot of people and is very grateful for their help. Some directors have this "Big Daddy is looking and I'm the only one who knows best" attitude, and that's stifling. But Burt thanks people personally whenever they contribute something to his films.

OUI: Does Burt have any bad habits?

DELUISE: He's very hard on himself. He overworks, doesn't eat properly, has a bad knee and never puts "rest and play" on his calendar. Burt finishes a movie on Tuesday morning and invariably begins another picture on Tuesday night. As a friend, I worry. I don't want him to mistreat his instrument.

OUI: Is it hard being in Burt's presence

(Continued on page 108)



Sally Field, Dom, Burt Reynolds and Jerry Reed in *Smokey and the Bandit II*: "I met Burt on *The Tonight Show.* I implied that we looked alike. The next day, I got a hand-delivered note: 'Dear Dom: Please leave me alone. Love, Burt.' "

THE OUI SEX SURVEY

Sexual liberation to liberated sex education. Teacher's pet to petting the teacher. The birds and the bees to B&D. Are today's undergrads more enlightened about sex than their parents were? How far has sex ed. progressed in the halls of higher learning? After an exhaustive study, herewith some surprising results about the state of...

College Sex Ed. Courses

Article by Sal Manna

COED dorms. The big bang of the Sixties and Seventies. Free-for-all sex. The birth of sexual liberation. So who needed sex ed. when a bevy of bounteous and beautiful young students were doing their thing on the fourth floor of your dorm? After all, wasn't sex what coed dorms were made for? Sex education was something for uninformed adolescent high school students—a course they took along with metal shop and home economics so by the time they reached college, they would know how to fix everything from carburetors and quiche Lorraine to broken vibrators and frigid girlfriends.

Yeah, right. If you believe that, then you'll believe Howard Cosell is a graduate of the Columbia School of Broadcasting. Forget *The Harrad Experiment*. That book is about as accurate a portrayal of the sex lives of college students as *Different Strokes* is a realistic representation of the typical American family. College students *need* sex education. How do we know? We asked.

"I had never heard of a clitoris before," admits one 19-year-old female student. "Before I took my school's sex ed. class, I always thought *down there* referred to all female genitalia." Adds a 22-year-old male student: "I'm now more open-minded about many things, such as homosexuality and masturbation. I'm surprised at how much I really didn't know about sex."

Author and professor Richard Hettlinger (*Human Sexuality: A Psychological Perspective*) has long maintained that "some people express surprise at the idea of a need for sex education at the college level, but despite the plethora of books on sexual anatomy and the fact that *The Joy of Sex* was at the top of the campus best-seller list for over a year, student ignorance is widespread and appalling." He cites a recent survey of freshmen women; half of those questioned reported that they were amazed that orgasm could be achieved through petting. Many coeds still feel that masturbation as a teenager reduces sexual gratification in marriage.

After polling the students of sex education classes at several major universities, OUI discovered that Hettlinger's premise is indeed accurate. Sexual myths—such as the belief that there is a direct relationship between the size of a girl's mouth and the size of her vagina and the spurious idea that the measure of a man's penis can be determined by the size of his hands—still circulate as fact among college students. Even though they may have perused the *Kama Sutra* from cover to cover (and illustration to illustration), young adults are obviously not as knowledgeable as we may think. In fact, after taking a college-level sex ed. class, an overwhelming number of students said what this 21-year-old student did: "I found out that everyone felt the same way about sex as I did: embarrassed and confused."

DESPITE protestations to the contrary, teenagers just do not get reliable, honest information about sex from their parents. Of the 185 students we surveyed, well over half said their knowledge about sex came mainly from their friends and not from their homes. A 1979 survey conducted at Syracuse University by noted psychologist Sol Gordon asked the question: "Before you came to college, how often did you ask your parents about sex?" The result: Over a third replied "never," and another third answered "three times or less." Furthermore, over 40 percent said that they were not satisfied with the answers.

Says Lorna Sarrel, a Yale University in-

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK HESS

structor, "Sex has existed on campuses for a long time, but colleges and universities have been loath to acknowledge its existence . . . . In its role of 'surrogate parent,' the college tended to perpetuate the conspiracy of silence begun in the average American home. Sex was seldom, if ever, mentioned by name, but there was a palpable, if vague, aura of disapproval emanating from most housemothers, deans, campus clerics and 'hygiene' courses."

WAY back in 1963, according to an article in *Atlantic Monthly*, there was no American college course at that time devoted entirely to sexuality. Burgeoning efforts in the early Fifties by psychologist Lester Kirkendall at Oregon State and, later, by Warren Johnson at the University of Maryland helped stimulate academic interest. The sex classes that were offered in colleges prior to World War Two were hidden under the auspices of biology departments or nursing schools, which spoon-fed their students physiology and anatomy and used their classes to disseminate conventional church-influenced morality and Vanderbilt-type etiquette.

Maryland's Warren Johnson affirms: "During the early years, women who were brave enough to take my course had to have the written approval of their advisors. The administration thought there was something wrong with women wanting to learn about sex."

But in the fall of 1970, the Sex Information and Education Council of the United States (SIECUS) questioned 35 major colleges and found that 83 percent listed some type of course on human sexuality. A larger survey of 213 institutions by the American College Health Association disclosed that 41.8 percent offered at least one sex ed. course and 46.5 percent offered some type of sexual instruction in the form of clinics or noncredit seminars. Of these, three-quarters had been initiated by 1968, and a whopping one-third made their grand opening in 1973.

"I greatly enjoyed the time of the Sixties," Johnson reminisces. "It had a maturing effect on students and brought about a remarkable change of attitude concerning the teaching of sex education on campus. The kids seemed to be saying, 'Let's not waste our time. Let's have it.' They were very serious." So serious, in fact, that college administrators had to sit up and take notice. Johnson notes that even though there was some backsliding in the Seventies—in the form of giggling, blushing students who attended his classes—the general outlook of these courses now proves promising. Resistance in the academic com-

COLLEGE	COURSE DESCRIPTION
Auburn University Auburn, Alabama	Family and Human Development, Department of Family and Child Development; seminar.
California State University Northridge, California	Human Sexuality, Home Economics Department; films (some sexually explicit), guest speakers, lectures and discussion groups.
University of Colorado Boulder, Colorado	Human Sexuality, Psychology Department; lectures and group discussions.
Dartmouth College Hanover, New Hampshire	Human Sexual Behavior, Psychology Department; lectures, films, guest speakers and group discussions.
University of Houston Central Campus Houston, Texas	Human Sexuality, Psychology Department; lectures, films and group discussions.
University of Iowa Iowa City, Iowa	Human Sexuality, Home Economics Department and Education Department; lectures, films and group discussions.
University of Maryland College Park, Maryland	Fundamentals of Sex Education, College of Physical Education, Recreation and Health; lectures and films. (Group discussion is limited due to the large size of the classes.)
University of New Mexico Albuquerque, New Mexico	Fundamentals of Human Sexuality, Department of Health, Physical Education and Recreation; lectures and regular group discussions.
New York University New York, New York	Introduction to Human Sexuality, Department of Health Education; lectures and group discussions.
Pennsylvania State University University Park, Pennsylvania	Biology of Sex, Biology Department; lectures and films.
University of Tennessee Knoxville, Tennessee	Human Sexuality, College of Home Economics; lectures and group discussions.
Washington State University Pullman, Washington	Human Sexuality, Psychology Department; lectures, films, guest speakers and optional workshops.

FEATURES	CRITIQUE AND STUDENT COMMENTS	GRADE
The subject matter under this course heading changes every semester. One semester, it was entitled the Psychological Aspects of Human Sexuality; in another, the course was called Mate Selection. Auburn offers no general sex education course.	The most attractive aspect of this course is that it is "an easy credit," "a crib course." "After taking the course," remarked one student, "I still don't know how a woman gets off. I mean, how can you 'select a mate' if you don't know how the opposite sex works?"	B–
A basic course that touches upon the biological, social and psychological aspects of sex while exploring the students' own insights and understanding. Includes lectures on anatomy, intimacy and love, birth control, pregnancy and birth, relationships, and sexual behavior and dysfunction.	Adequate yet unexceptional. Students felt the course failed to enlighten them about communication ("How do you tell a woman how to give head?") and interpersonal relationships. One respondent admitted, "I've become orgasmic for the first time because of this course." Obviously, it was beneficial to some.	B+
Almost all the historical, sociological, biological and psychological aspects of human sexuality are presented in what the students call an "interesting" manner.	An "excellent" elective with an imaginative instructor. The students came out with well-rounded and balanced views on sex. "Some things that I thought were sexually deviant I've learned are very commonplace." "There were many surprising statistics on masturbation." "I now feel comfortable about my own sexuality."	A+
Covers anatomy and physiology essential to the understanding of reproduction, contraception, venereal disease, etc. Also deals with current trends in sexual mores, sexual attraction and the role of sex in relationships, sex and society, and sexual behavior and expression.	For a course that attempts to teach the student everything he needs to know about sex, this one accomplishes its goal well. "I realize now what turns on members of the opposite sex and what turns them off." "I discovered that a lot more people at Dartmouth are having sexual relations than I thought."	A
Stresses the psychological side of sexuality and focuses on sexual relationships. Sexual lifestyles are examined; communication, sexual development and identity, sexuality and personality, marriage and sexual dysfunction are also discussed. So are basic anatomy and physiology.	Student reaction suggests that this course was a bit weak on the physical aspects of sex. However, as one student put it, "I got some good ideas on how to have a more exciting sex life, and the movies are real good!"	A–
Emphasis on widening students' perspectives on sexuality. Course includes the influence of sexuality on behavior, the physiological aspects of sexuality, the similarities between men and women, and sexuality as an integral part of personality.	As one student remarked, "This was a great course, but it wasn't long enough. Kind of like great foreplay with an interrupted orgasm." Nonetheless, every respondent was completely satisfied. "Believe it or not, I never knew that females can have wet dreams." If anything was needed, it was "more about sexual-arousal techniques."	A
Offered for 25 years, this popular course uses preventive psychotherapy, applying the concepts of Albert Ellis' Rational-Emotive Therapy (RET) while covering sex ed. basics. Students are taught to deal with sexually related emotions, as well as other life experiences. The class motto: "I yam what I yam."	An easy, informative class that most students enjoyed. "I learned some sexual techniques I did not know." "I often left the class feeling good and, sometimes, sexually stimulated." "I learned I was definitely heterosexual." "I finally saw what an uncircumcised penis looks like!"	A
The psychological aspects of human sexuality are stressed. Topics covered include abortion, sexual preferences, sexual arousal and response, sex roles, dysfunction and therapy, sex and love, sex and the law.	Even though 80 percent of the respondents were pleased with the course, the rest felt that it was too basic. "All I learned was a new vocabulary." "I was made to sit in a class full of giggling people and listen to things I already knew." "I didn't learn enough about sex with dogs!"	B
Fundamental and current data are presented on such topics as V.D., birth and population control, sexual function and eroticism, and contemporary issues of human sexuality, such as abortion. The most basic of all the sexuality courses offered in NYU's extensive program.	So much time is spent on examining the student's own sexuality that discussion of relationships and marriage is limited. But in general, the students learned a good deal about human sexuality. "I learned to take a deep look into myself."	A–
Of all the sex-related courses offered at Penn State, this one best fits the definition of a sex ed. course, despite its emphasis on biology. The instructor also includes a good deal of information on the psychology and sociology of sex.	For what is basically a physiology course, the respondents felt that it was very thorough, and the professor was highly recommended. "The films were the best I've seen since *Behind the Green Door*." "I found masturbation can be quite a relieving experience."	A+
Covers the essential areas of sex education, including love and attraction, techniques of arousal, and sex and age. Students are also required to present a verbal critique of some aspect of media treatment of sexuality (e.g., "*Charlie's Angels*: The Role of Tight Pants in Television").	Many students enrolled "to be able to disregard or validate all those myths that are tossed around." Positive reactions like "The course is great!" and "Now I feel that sex isn't bad" indicate that it succeeded in fulfilling the students' expectations. "Before taking this course, I thought I knew a lot, but I didn't . . . and I'm married!"	A+
Focuses on personal, cultural and biological influences on sexual behavior, sexuality and personality, fertility and reproduction and sexual-arousal techniques.	Individual topics were not covered in enough detail and, except for the optional workshops, there is little opportunity for group discussion. Some students described the course as "a waste of time." As one student put it, "The only thing I learned was that other people are having considerably more sex than I am."	C+

munity is weakening as sex education is recognized more and more as both a necessary and legitimate subject matter. The remaining pockets of administrative conservatives, suggests Johnson, "are afraid that the sex education we would offer would be like what they had when they were students—a P.E. teacher or a nurse or some such cluck who'd stand in front of the kids and stammer."

But are these newly formed sex courses effective? Recent studies show that the students' sexual knowledge has indeed increased. However, while their attitudes have become more liberal, their behavior has not. In fact, one analysis found that students have actually become *more* conservative about the subject of extramarital relations.

Our own survey supports these hypotheses. The sexual behavior of college students seems to be relatively conservative. Of those questioned, 75 percent of the males and females who were not virgins said they had had no more than three sexual partners in the previous year. Fifty-nine percent felt that they were "somewhat sophisticated" in sexual matters before they took a sex ed. course, and only 29 percent felt they knew as much about sex as their peers. After taking the course, however, 84 percent characterized themselves as "very sophisticated." Of all students surveyed, only a mere 4 percent felt that they didn't learn much more about sex from the course.

"The new sex education has to do more than inform the student about sex and its joys," says Richard Hettlinger. "It has to help the young adult to integrate sexuality and life, to relate responsibility as a sexual being to other persons and to contribute to a healthier society in which the new freedom can be celebrated without destroying the perennial human values."

Unlike the "birds and the bees" sex lectures of the Fifties, these courses cover every imaginable topic (as our accompanying chart demonstrates). They include class lectures, group discussions, outside projects, films and guest speakers, including local religious leaders, directors of local rape crisis centers, prominent homosexual citizens, Planned Parenthood members, lawyers, psychologists, abortion activists and sex therapists. Some campuses employ not only sex education courses, but a comprehensive program of counseling, health clinics and outreach programs that include leaflets and dormitory lectures. (Yale, in 1971, was one of the first in the nation to put together such a comprehensive effort.) The result of college sexuality courses has been a lower instance of campus-related pregnancies and venereal disease.

COLLEGE SEX ED.

Not all professors agree that sex courses should include such topics as homosexuality and foreplay.

Surprisingly, it was not only student demand, but the publication in the last six years of many college texts on sexuality that provided the impetus to establish college-level sex courses. James Leslie McCary's *Human Sexuality*, the result of his pioneering lectures at the University of Houston, spread the academic doors wide open by providing accepted course guidelines. Yet, despite the obvious success of these courses, they are still considered the new kids on the block; some are continually involved in a gang-bang with the older, more traditional departments. Our own research was occasionally hampered by professors and instructors who were fearful that their deans and school alumni would discover that their courses are actually a bit more titillating than the dry rendering proposed in the college catalogues. Even H. A. Katchadourian, the Dean of Undergraduate Studies at Stanford University and author of *Fundamentals of Human Sexuality*, one of the major textbooks on human sexuality, went so far as to say that a "survey outside the realm of academia serves no good purpose." Obviously, some professors refuse to recognize that physiology and sexual attitudes can involve discussions and explicit films on homosexuality, foreplay and sexual positions.

As more and more courses dare to slip away from the strictly biological approach to sex and begin dealing with such material as sexual-arousal techniques, sexual deviances and sexual pleasuring, there is a distinct paranoia that a backlash may occur—as if by taking sex courses, students will naturally become more sexually promiscuous. On the contrary, college students want—no, *yearn*—to learn all about their own sexuality. Case in point: Within the first few years of his course, McCary saw his student enrollment jump from 250 to 1200 students. Similarly, Johnson, during one semester, lectured a class of 2000 students.

While these courses are usually offered in various departments—from biology and psychology to nursing—a growing number of colleges have developed separate disciplines. There are now two universities—the University of Pennsylvania and New York University—that offer a Ph.D. in human sexuality.

New York University, the nation's first university to treat sexuality as a separate discipline, must be credited with the finest, largest sexuality department in the country. Its Department of Health Education offers an introductory course, three advanced classes—including one on how to teach sex education—and innovative independent studies. The program leads to either a master's degree or a doctorate. NYU is also committed to cross-cultural and international aspects of human sexuality. Each summer, their department conducts a session for professional sexologists and graduate seminars abroad. In previous summers, students have visited Sweden, Kenya, Japan, Denmark and, this past year, Bangkok, Thailand. While in these countries, students speak with national leaders who influence the sexual practices of their people, visit the countries' schools and document the sexual climate of the host countries by closely examining the red-light districts and pornography.

The graduates of this program and of other less ambitious ones across the country add more water to the well of knowledgeable sexology teachers in elementary schools, high schools and universities. Johnson proudly proclaims that many of his students from the past three decades are now conducting courses of their own from coast to coast. They intend to alter social activist Jane Addams' contention "that the child growing up in the midst of civilization receives from its parents and teachers something of the accumulated experience of the world on all subjects save that of sex. On this one subject, each generation learns little from its predecessors."

The accompanying chart, using the students' own comments, analyzes the dozen college courses we surveyed. We should also mention that many other institutions of higher learning offer sex education classes in an academic environment.

Twenty years ago, psychologists and educators Robert and Frances Harper wrote that "a frank and honest facing of the intimate, practical problems of the sexual aspects of life is rare to the point of nonexistence in American classrooms, from elementary school through college." Those days seem to be passing quickly. The number of schools which do not offer sexuality courses is dwindling slowly but steadily each year. Collectively, our universities and colleges are teaching students what no one ever taught them before: that, as one 21-year-old female student put it, "To be sexual is to be human, and to be human is to be sexual." ■

The Classic
CLOSET

Back-to-Basic Fashions that Won't Break Your Bank

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP DIXON

Fashions come and fashions go, but some things *always* remain the same. Check out an old graduation-class photo, say, circa 1930: Argyle vests, tweed jackets, pleated wool trousers. Half a century later, those same threads are still going strong. Although they're being touted now as the "preppie look," good ol' campus clothes are what they are: clothes you put on when you enroll and take with you when you graduate—traditional toggery that's tailor-made for mixing and matching, for football-game bleachers and Friday nights on the town.

Life's a whole lot simpler if you own a suit. And for fall and winter wear, nothing travels better on your body than some venerable tweed vestments. The single-breasted suit by Cricketeer, $200. Sleeveless cardigan by Jockey International, $24. Pinstripe long-sleeve shirt by Van Heusen, $17. Knit necktie by BBB Together Crafts, $6.

V-neck pullover by Henry Grethel, $50. White long-sleeve shirt from Geno by Gene Ostro, $20. Orange chamois tie by Vicky Davis, $11.

If you never learned to cope with shoelaces, penny loafers are your ticket through life. Even if you *can* tie a knot, loafers are a tradition not to be sneezed at. Dark-brown leather, hand-sewn penny loafers by Timberland, $72.50. Gray wool trousers by Pendleton, $50. Leather belt with brass buckle by Lejon, $12. Argyle socks by Interwoven, $2.50. And for those rainy days and blustery nights, a tan, all-purpose Stratford coat with zip-out lining and button-off collar, by Misty Harbor, $165.

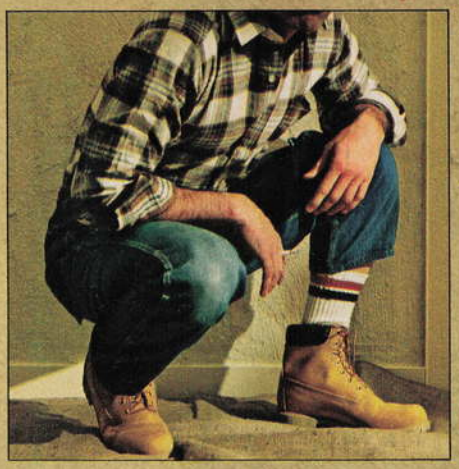
The jacket is integral stuff in any self-respecting wardrobe. It can be worn with a shirt and tie for dress to-dos or with a T-shirt and jeans for that natty casual look. Glen-plaid jacket, sleeveless V-neck pullover and camel wool/polyester trousers, by H.I.S. Clothing, $165. Windowpane plaid button-down shirt by Van Heusen, $17. Necktie by Vicky Davis, $13.

Pinstripe shirt by Van Heusen, $19. Knit necktie by BBB Together Crafts, $5. Wool-flannel trousers by Cesarani, $52.50. Belt by BBB Together Crafts, $10.

Saddle up with some classic footgear. Taupe suede and perforated-leather saddle shoes by Dexter Shoe Co., $39. Corduroy trousers by New York Sportswear Exchange, $40. Socks by Interwoven, $2.50. Draped over the chair: wool checked jacket by Pendleton, $155.

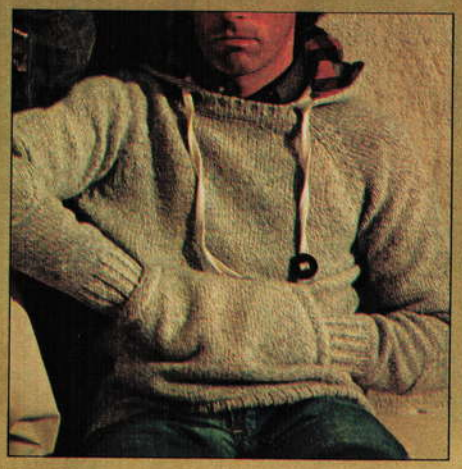
Life isn't all work and no play. For those restful weekends and country drives, some easygoing raiments are in order. Multicolor checked button-down shirt by Gant, $26. Cotton khaki trousers with self-belt, for Basco Sportswear by Gene Pressman, $45. Brown wool/nylon reversible jacket with convertible hood by Adolfo for Stratojac, $150.

Nothing fights back those cold shoreline squalls better than a fisherman's crew-neck sweater by Jantzen, $31. And to keep your legs warm, a pair of thick corduroy trousers by New York Sportswear Exchange, $40.



If you want to adopt some woodsy, countrified airs, first you have to have a plaid flannel shirt like this one by Aetna Shirt Company, $24. A pair of blue jeans is also standard fare, as are the mandatory shit-kicking boots.

Military-inspired garb was part and parcel of the fashion world long before pea jackets and commando jumpsuits became the rage. For a little of that ready-and-able, fit-for-a-fight look, try on a heavy-duty U.S. Air Force flight jacket by Aeronautica, Ltd., $65. Burgundy and gray, polyester/cotton crew-neck pullover by Made In Paradise, $28. Prewashed cotton-denim baggy jeans, Made In Paradise, $32.



For that hooded look, a beige tweed sweater should do the trick. By Gant, $57.50. Beneath it: a pinstripe button-down shirt by Career Club, $15.

Put your best feet forward in a pair of classy, two-eyelet brown-leather Oxfords by Sperry Top-Sider, $55.95. For ankle accompaniment, green, tan and blue Argyles from Interwoven, $2.50. And to top off the bottom half, turquoise and green cotton corduroys by Munsingwear, $34.

FASHIONS AVAILABLE AT FINER DEPARTMENT STORES AND CLOTHIERS IN MOST METROPOLITAN AREAS. PRICES QUOTED ARE SUGGESTED RETAIL AT TIME OF PUBLICATION.

THE ABCs OF COLLEGE FINANCE

Some Straight-A Tips on How to Get Through School Without Writing Home to Dad

Article by Chris Barnett

Erik Cutler is sweating school. He's not worried about flunking out of college—just paying for it. He's headed for Georgetown University, but his old man never listened to those TV commercials, never bought a "piece of the rock," never kicked in on one of those college-endowment policies that pays four years of tuition, books and room and board.

Even if he had, the cost of college today, coupled with inflation, would have pulverized that nest egg. Ten to 15 years ago when that insurance salesman collared your dad, four years at an Ivy League school ran maybe $12,000. Today, it's $32,000–$40,000 for the works. Nowadays, even a state university can set you back $3600 a year or more. New Jersey students, for example, pay $4500 a year to attend a state university.

But lack of bucks is no reason not to get a good education. And no, you don't have to settle for a two-year sheepskin from some community college, nor do you have to slave at three jobs, sleep in your car or live with your great aunt in order to scrimp and save enough to pay your way.

There is a mind-boggling mother lode of grants, scholarships, loans and work-study programs available today that can help you finance your college education. And you don't have to be a sharecropper's son or a straight-A physics major to get your fair share of the booty, either.

Still, some faucets are tightening up. Congress has just passed a $140 million cut in the Federally funded Basic Educational Opportunity Grant. This is going to reduce the amount of each student's grant by $50, says Eduardo Wolle, legislative director of the United States Student Association, a student lobby group in Washington. USSA has been fighting these cuts.

However, Jim Nolan, vice-president of Educational Advisory Services International, a Philadelphia counseling firm that helps get students into hard-to-crack colleges, says, "There is plenty of money around for most students—if the need is there."

Nolan stresses that a single grant or loan rarely underwrites the cost of four years of college today. He talks in terms of a "financial package." But the question is, of course, how do you structure one? How do you sniff out the various funding sources and squeeze out the most cash while running up the fewest debts? One thing is clear: Anything you borrow now had better be repaid later, or you're going to ruin your credit rating at a tender age. It's that simple. And if your parents co-sign the loan, they'll be on the hook if you welsh on it.

If you haven't settled on a school yet, remember that a good student with top grades can land a merit scholarship. "This is based on the student's academic ability without regard to his financial needs," explains Nolan. Or his family's net worth. Everyone knows the red-carpet treatment a superstar jock will receive. If you're a crack cornerback or a 9.1 sprinter or the budding Bjorn Borg of your high school tennis team, chances are some college scout has already rushed you with a treasure chest full of free tuition, books, a high-paying campus job, pocket money and a foxy tutor. But if you are a cerebral powerhouse, you'll most likely have to go looking for scholarships. And you should realize that the richer the school and the fatter its endowment portfolio, the greater your chance of snagging a scholarship will be.

HOW MUCH?

Assuming that you've either settled on a school or have already enrolled, head for the financial-aid office and meet the man or woman in charge. A first-rate financial-aid officer is a cross between a banker and a coach. He wants to see you win, but he is no rube. So play it straight. Be candid. Try to stroke or con him and there's a good chance you'll walk out broke.

The financial-aid officer can give you a good fix on what it will cost you to attend your chosen institution of higher learning. This is where you set up a budget. Figure your tuition, fees, room, board (20 meals a week), miscellaneous expenses (books, laundry) and travel (transportation home if you're going away to school). This doesn't include entertainment, car expenses and various other indulgences that can drain your wallet before you even feel the pain.

Just make sure your budget is very realistic. But be circumspect. If you look like you're going to be partying for four years or you're going to need the grant to support your Porsche, you'll get little financial sympathy. Be humble but honest. What the counselor is looking for is your *financial need*—the estimated cost of attending the college *less* the amount you and your family can kick in.

That's right. You have to pay part of the freight. Forget those summers at the lake—unless you're working there. A student eligible for financial aid is expected to earn at least $600 during the summer and to work ten to 12 hours a week on campus while attending school, according to Kenneth Kohl, director of financial aid at Georgetown University. Kohl and his wife, Irene, have authored a fact-packed paperback entitled *Financing College Education* (Harper & Row, $5.00), and it's recommended reading for anyone paying for school.

Almost all outside money you receive must be declared when figuring your financial need. This includes any social security, veteran's or trust-fund benefits you may get—no matter how meager. (Government benefits going to your parents must also be disclosed when totaling up their assets and ability to pay.)

How much your parents have to pay depends on their gross income and total assets. There is a basic formula for computing their share, but it would take too much space here to explain. Instead, pick up the free pamphlet "Meeting College Costs" published by College Scholarship Service. You'll find it at your school's financial-aid office.

A crucial point. One way to get a huge amount of financial assistance is to be declared "independent." Essentially, this means that you are on your own and self-supporting. But financial-aid officers report that some parents use this ruse to shirk their responsibilities. If they are caught, the student suffers; he could lose a chance for *any* financial aid.

Insists George Koval, director of financial aid at the University of Pennsylvania: "We still believe it's the family's responsibility to pay for their child's education. We look for the family's ability to pay, not the willingness."

SCHOLARSHIPS

Before you visit your school's financial-aid office, find out what your state offers. You might be surprised. New York, for instance, has a Tuition Assistance Program that awards 350,000 resident students anywhere from $200 to $1800 a year. In fiscal year 1978–1979, they awarded $244 million worth of grants. New Yorkers don't have to compete with out-of-state students for scholarships or grant money, and they can use it as tuition at over 300 schools in the state. What's more, a TAP award can be reapplied for each year for up to eight years of undergraduate and graduate study.

Most other states have similar programs, although none are as generous as New York. Several years ago, Alaska had only $141,000 in scholarship money while California offered $78.9 million; Alabama had $541,000 and Illinois offered $78.1 million. Check with your state office (usually called the Council of Higher Education Assistance Corporation), and ask for an application. The money is reserved solely for students.

Millions of dollars' worth of scholarships, grants and other financial aid go unclaimed every year, unused because people don't know where to find the loot. So don't rely on high school guidance counselors or even financial-aid officers to point you toward the cash. You've got to be your own bounty hunter. Says Kohl: "Never assume you are not eligible for scholarships; there might very well be a good scholarship for you if you start to look early."

And there is help available. The Scholarship Search Company (1775 Broadway, New York City, NY 10019) has a data bank containing information on 250,000 scholarships worth over $500 million. It will cost you $45 for a search, but that investment could pay lucrative dividends. Within two weeks, you'll get a computer print-out of ten to 15 sources—funds worth $10,000–$15,000 per student, not per scholarship.

Here is a sample of some of the scholarships in the search company's data banks. Ever toss a newspaper? You can apply for the Gannett Newspaper Carrier Award for a four-year scholarship worth $4000. If one of your parents has worked for Alcoa, apply for one of the company's four-year $4000 scholarships. Is your mom or dad a postal worker? The ten E.C. Hallbeck Scholarships are good for $2000. Are you Polish? The Association of the Sons of Poland in Jersey City hands out a bushel of $500 scholarships. Are you Methodist? Investigate the Methodist National Scholarship. It goes on and on. Golf caddies, cheerleaders, glee clubbers and handicapped students all have their own scholarships.

Again, you don't have to be a genius to apply. Harvard has special scholarships available to any student named Anderson, Broden, Downer, Haven or Murphy, among others. At Yale, you get a quick $1000 if your name is Leavenworth or DeForest. (Of course, you must have the grades to be accepted.)

CONTESTS

Not every scholarship is awarded because someone needs or wants the money. Many organizations want the applicant to earn it. Kohl says one reason much of the scholarship money goes unclaimed is because students don't want to take the time or make the effort to crank out a thoughtful, well-researched essay. But hell, you write them in school for a grade. Why not pound one out for a little pecuniary advancement?

The American Legion has for years sponsored dozens of essay contests around the country. The National American Legion Auxiliary Presidents' Scholarships (371 Morris Ave., Elizabeth, NJ 07208) offers ten scholarships worth $1000–$1500 to any essayist whose parents were in any war. (They don't have to belong to the American Legion.) State American Legion chapters have their own essay contests. Some you can enter even if your parents never served a day in uniform. In Nebraska, for example, the Legion has Forgotten Children Scholarships that are open to offspring of non-vets. It's worth 200 bucks to write an essay. And if you don't win, you can always try to freelance it to your local newspaper.

GRANTS

Uncle Sam knows it costs a bundle to go to school these days. He has always handed out dough to promising students but, in the past, your family practically had to be on welfare before you were eligible. Inflation and Jimmy Carter changed all that. In November 1978, Carter beefed up the Basic Educational Opportunity Grant program so that now students from families earning as much as $25,000 annually can qualify for a BEOG. To be eligible, you must be a U.S. citizen or a permanent resident, be enrolled at least half time at a college accredited by the U.S. Office of Education and have your financial need determined by that office. That's right. The financial-aid office at your college doesn't bless you on this one.

Depending on your family's income and assets, you can get anywhere from $200–

Scholarships

and other financial aid go unclaimed every year because people don't know where to look.

Grants

allow you to borrow thousands of dollars and take up to ten years to repay it.

Loans

are interest-free while you are a student; after you graduate, the rate is about 7 percent.

God help you if you try to stiff Uncle Sam on a loan—they'll come after you with a vengeance.

$1800 a year through a BEOG. It can be the cornerstone of your financial-aid package.

How do you apply? The financial-aid form of the College Scholarship Service (available at colleges and high schools) has a request box designed just for this grant; check "yes" on block 83 on page 11. Or pick up a BEOG application, complete it and mail it to the Basic Grant Program, Box A, Iowa City, IA 52240.

If the BEOG doesn't cover your basic expenses and your parents cannot make up the difference, the Federal government has SEOGS (Supplemental Educational Opportunity Grants) for undergraduate students who are really in a financial bind. It's good for $200–$1500 a year, depending on need. Here you'll have to demonstrate that you've got some real promise for carrying a good grade-point average for the next four years. Naturally, the government doesn't want to hand out money to some beer-guzzling, ass-chasing frat rat who might blow it on dope or the Friday-night poker game. The Feds saw *Animal House*, too, you know.

The SEOG application is also available through your high school or college or by writing the Basic Grant Program office in Iowa City or the U.S. Office of Education, Washington, DC 20202.

LOANS

Outright grants from the government are great if you qualify. And, of course, scholarships are also gifts; there's no need to repay them. But in most cases, the money you get from these sources (if you can get it) will not cover all of your expenses. And unless you are a trust-fund baby or your family is well-heeled, you're going to need more cash. One option: take a part-time or full-time job and use your paycheck to offset expenses. Then again, few bosses take kindly to a request for a Friday night off because you want to attend the football game or for a full week off in order to study for finals.

Now, if you work and hit the books, you can get through college without owing anyone a nickel, especially if you get a healthy BEOG grant and a scholarship or two. But if you can't cut it working, you can borrow up to $7500 for four years through the Guaranteed Student Loan program. You can put your education on the cuff—charge it—with a loan guaranteed by either the state or Uncle Sam. Nine months after you graduate, you start making payments—a minimum of $30 per month. And you have ten years to pay it off.

Under the GSL program, any student is eligible for a loan. You can be a Getty, a Rockefeller or a Hunt and still borrow. Your family income is not a criterion. For one thing, you are not borrowing from the college or even from the government; you're borrowing from a bank. The Feds or your state is merely guaranteeing the loan. If you turn out to be a deadbeat, they pay the bank off. But God help you if you try to stiff your Uncle Sam on a GSL. Today, they're coming after stiffs with a vengeance.

To get a Guaranteed Student Loan you first have to be accepted at an accredited educational institution. It can be a college, a university, even a vocational school. Then you go to a bank or a savings-and-loan institution and apply—even though the bank is not risking its funds (the loan is guaranteed, remember), the money isn't yours for the asking. This could be your first serious credit transaction, and it could be the start of a banking relationship that may prove quite valuable in the next few years—when you want to finance a car, for example.

"Student loans are a profitable business for us, and we like being in profitable businesses," says a Chase Manhattan spokesman. He says the bank, the nation's third largest, has a "very good record on repayments" and, for that reason, makes loans during good times and bad. (Your state office of higher education or student assistance can give you a list of banks near you that make student loans.)

Loan approval takes about six weeks, but the earlier you apply before a semester starts, the better. Once granted, you'll have to buy a credit-insurance policy that names either the bank or the government as beneficiary. That way, if you get injured or die, the insurance company will repay the loan. It's known as credit insurance and usually costs $20–$60, depending on how much you borrow.

Kohl recommends that you first check with the bank or savings and loan your family does business with. Chances are, the lending officer will be receptive. If not, shop around. Despite the erratic money situation today, some banks are making more student loans than others. Giant Chase Manhattan Bank in New York, for instance, is making more student loans in California than Bank of America, in spite of the fact that B of A is headquartered in San Francisco and Chase doesn't even have a branch in the entire state.

These loans are interest-free while you are a student. After you graduate, you'll pay interest, but the rate now is only about 7 percent, about half of what you would pay if you made a straight-cash loan from a bank. (The Senate has recently passed a bill that, if made law, will abolish the interest-free loan. Students will be required to pay any interest that has accrued while they were still in school.)

Some organizations will loan cash to promising students who are eyeing particular careers but, in these cases, you must demonstrate some financial need. The American Fund for Dental Health will loan one graduate or undergraduate student up to $17,500 to supplement other loans or grants. The United Student Aid Funds, which gets money from private and corporate sources, offers $2500 a year. The organization will loan undergraduates up to $7500 and grad students up to $15,000 at 7 percent interest. Medical students can get up to $5000 a year. Write United Student Aid Funds, Inc., 6610 North Shadeland Ave., Box 50827, Indianapolis, IN 46250. Comic Bill Cosby and Crest toothpaste have joined forces to loan up to $10,000 to any dental student whose family makes less than $15,000 a year. Check out your field of study to see if any company or group is lending at a reasonable interest rate.

A National Direct Student Loan, however, may be one of the choicest available. It's made to you by the Federal government through the college, and the interest rate is a scant 3 percent. Plus, you have a decade to repay it. The problem is, not everyone is eligible. Unlike the GSL, you have to demonstrate financial need. Your financial-aid officer makes the decision on how much you are entitled to borrow.

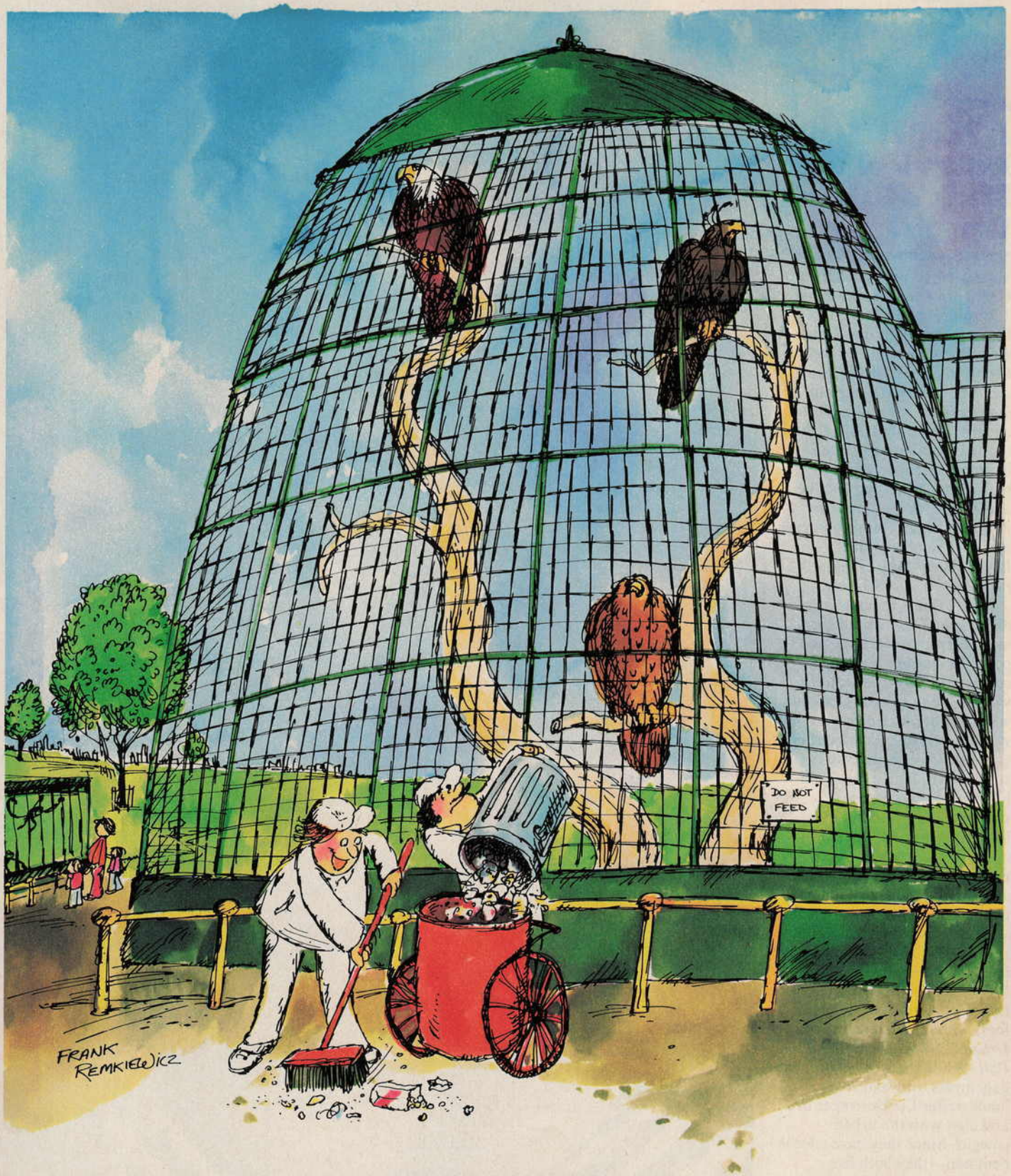
On an NDSL, you used to be able to borrow up to $2500 during the first two years, or $1250 a year. No longer. Once you complete your first two years, you can borrow up to $5000 for the final two years. If you transfer in as a junior or senior, you can also get $5000. Grad students can borrow up to $10,000, less what they borrowed as an undergrad. Again, you don't pay interest on the money while you're in school, and you don't have to start paying it back until nine months after you graduate. If you miss a payment or two, the college can, by law, demand you cough up the entire loan repayment in a single lump.

There are legitimate ways of avoiding repayment, admits Kohl. The government will forgive the debt if you teach full time in a public elementary or secondary school for handicapped children. If you teach in a designated poverty- or ghetto-area public school, your student loan will be forgiven. But you can't just teach a semester and skip out. Your debt is erased only after five years on the job.

What's more, if you enlist in the service and pull duty in any area that qualifies for special pay, the government will forgive half the student-loan obligation. You can erase the debt entirely by becoming a full-time staff member in an Operation Head Start preschool program.

Suppose you apply to the University of Oklahoma and, just for kicks, Harvard University—never thinking for a moment that you had a chance of getting in. Harvard accepts you. Tuition and costs: about

(Continued on page 129)



"Today the eagle shits!"

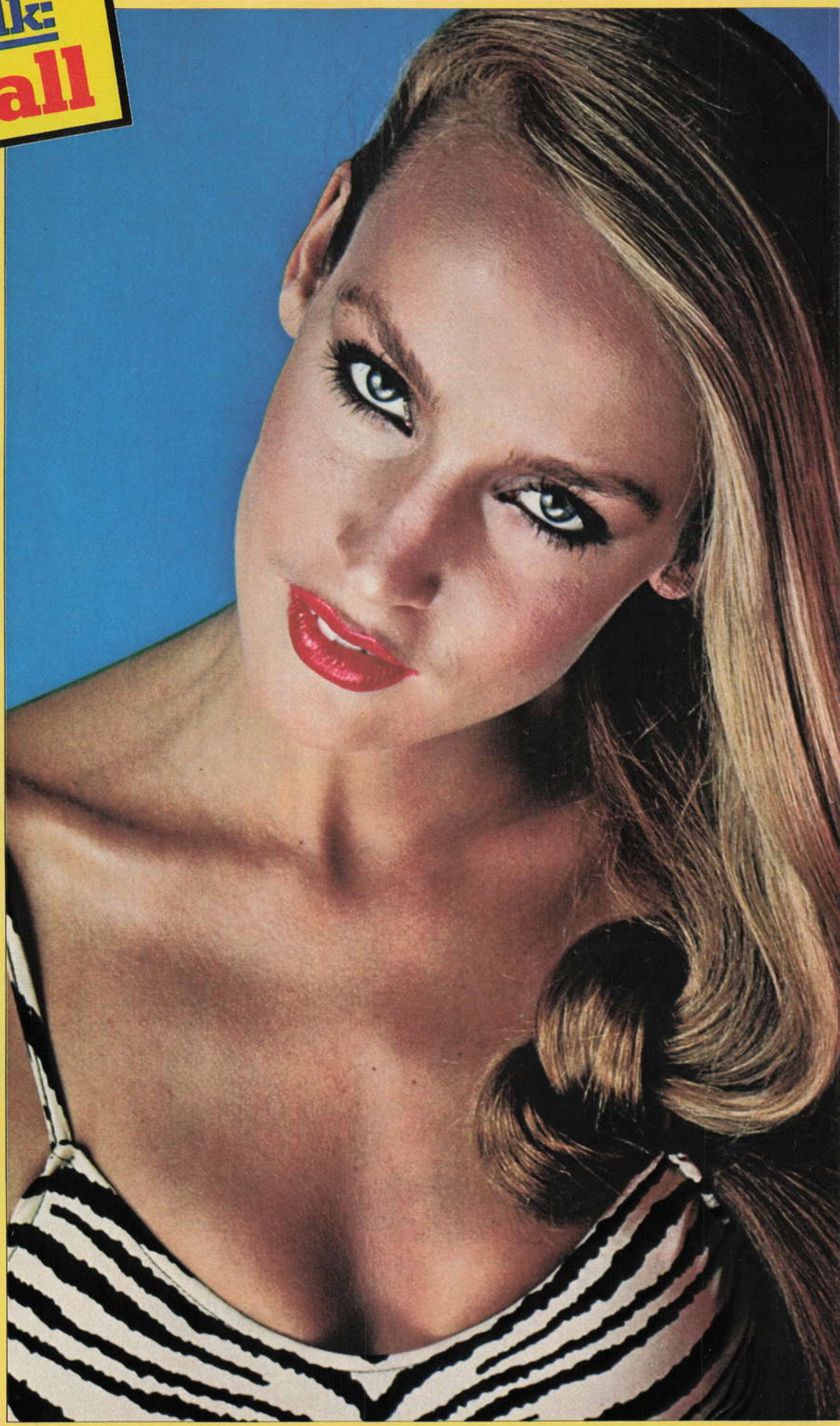
Small Talk: Jerry Hall

A Model Interview with Mick's Urban Cowgirl

Twenty-three-year-old Jerry Hall is your basic down-home Texas girl, like Farrah Fawcett and the Dallas Cowgirls. But you see, Jerry doesn't *look* like a down-home Texas girl. She looks like the glamorous model that she is. Yet, underneath all that hair, Jerry is a true bronc-buster—witness her most recent roped-and-tied quarry, Mick Jagger. She and The Mick have been an item for the past few years, ever since her romance with Bryan (Roxy Music) Ferry rocked itself into oblivion.

Funny thing, though. Jerry didn't even like rock till she met Ferry four years ago and posed for one of his album covers. Country-and-western was her thing as a 16-year-old, when she flew to Europe and was not only discovered but uncovered. Though she was still jailbait, famed fashion illustrator Antonio Lopez stamped Jerry with her own brand of sensuality. The rest is not only history, it's also documented in the pages of almost every major magazine in the world.

These days, the youngest of the five Hall sisters has supplemented her already-successful modeling career (and her rather prodigious modeling fees) with film debuts in both *Urban Cowboy* and *Willie & Phil*. While she was between engagements, OUI sent free-lance writer Liz Derringer to sit and chat with the urban cowgirl. Since they have a lot in common—they both live with famous rockers—it's not surprising that Jerry felt comfortable enough with Liz to open up and disclose her thoughts on rock, Mick, drugs and even her first orgasm.



OUI: There's been a lot of interest in modeling lately. Even on the recent television show *Beautiful, Baby, Beautiful* . . .

HALL: I thought they took the piss out of modeling.

OUI: Why?

HALL: Well, they said all this stuff about the models: [drawls] "glamorous top model, international jet setter." The way it was done wasn't very hip.

OUI: Well, aren't you a glamorous, elegant top model?

HALL: When you're wearing expensive clothes and expensive jewels at fashion shows, you just can't help but be elegant. I mean, you couldn't exactly walk down the runway and then start yelling, "Eeehaa!"

OUI: I see the Texan is still in you. Was it a big change for you to move from Texas into the fashion world?

HALL: For sure. I can't believe it. When I think that I used to work all summer as a babysitter and had to clean the house and the dirty clothes and sit around bored to tears for $19 a week . . . I mean, *no* money. Saved it up to buy shoes. Now I can go and buy ten pairs of shoes. It's like a dream. In the beginning, I really got carried away with spending money.

OUI: Are you getting more frugal now?

HALL: Oh, yes—even though I'm spending a lot on my ranch, getting it together. You know, fences and all that are so expensive. And breeding horses, racing them and training them. It's wonderful. Horses are my favorite hobby, really. The little foals are so cute. I name them after everybody. There's a Rebel Mick and a Jerry.

OUI: Women and horses *are* very seductive together . . .

HALL: Yes. The first time I became aware of sex was with horses. We went out to feed the horses, and there was snow on the ground. I was 12, maybe 11. Really young. I was leaning against the horse, and it was terribly cold outside. I put my coat against the pony, and I was rubbing against it. I didn't really think about it, but then I had an orgasm. I had on tight jeans. So after that, I started thinking more about it.

OUI: Was it surprising?

HALL: Yes. But it was great, so I started masturbating.

OUI: Did you know about sex? Had your mother told you all about it?

HALL: No, I was really shocked. You know how I found out more about it? I had heard about fucking and everything, but I thought it was just something dirty people did. I thought that you had babies when you were married to someone—like you just *had* a baby. You got married and had a baby. I didn't know babies came from fucking. And then I found out from *Family Affair*, the TV show with Jody and Buffy. Buffy was asking something about sex, and the father explained about how you had a baby. I was really shocked. I asked my mother and, when she told me, I cried. I couldn't believe *she* did it. So I said I would only do it to have babies. Of course, I've changed my mind completely now.

OUI: Jet-set model back on the ranch. What was it like growing up in Texas and hanging around at rodeos?

HALL: We used to go to rodeos every Friday and Saturday night. Me and my twin sister, Terry, and our best friends. We were like a gang. We called ourselves the Try Everything Once Club.

OUI: What did you try?

HALL: Well, we just dared each other to do stupid things.

OUI: How stupid?

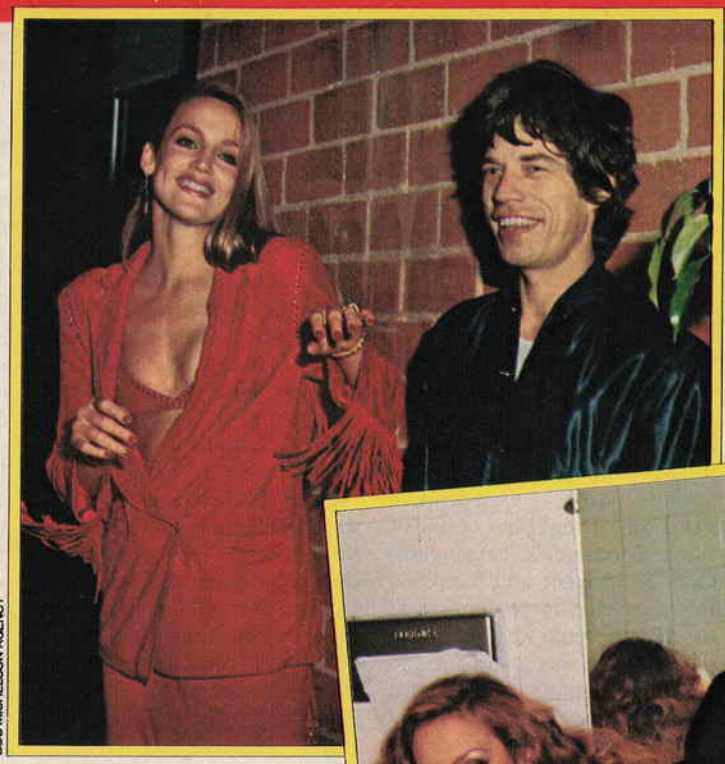
HALL: Oh, we used to fill our saddlebags full of really horrible wine and beer and ice, and then we'd ride for a few hours. It was quite a way to the rodeo. We'd start off in the afternoon, and we'd get there in time for the grand opening. By the time we got there, we were so drunk—you know, we were scandalous at 14—we were so drunk, we were falling off the horses.

OUI: The men must have gone nuts with all you Hall sisters.

HALL: I know I had a reputation among the guys before they ever met me. It was all because of my sisters.

OUI: Because you were the youngest?

HALL: Yes. I didn't think about that but, when I went to the rodeo, everyone would know me. They'd say, "Are you Cyndy Hall's sister?" Cyndy's one of my older sisters. Now when we're in New York, people say to Cyndy, "Oh, you're Jerry Hall's sister." I guess that's what sisters do—they always help each other. I remember that every



BOB MICHELSON AGENCY

HELMUT NEWTON

BARRY McKINLEY

The unpredictable Jerry (left) hamming it up with Mick at Beverly Hills' Mr. Chow; (below) getting seductive just for OUI, and turning on the Texas charm for a European fashion show.

month, me and my sisters used to look at Frederick's of Hollywood catalogues. That was when I first started thinking about fashion.

OUI: Did you like that sexy clothing?

HALL: Yeah. I got real inspired by it. When I first went to Paris—at 16—I was just going to spend the summer there. I took a backpack and a sleeping bag. My mother made me two dresses from a Frederick's of Hollywood design. One was red satin; it was skintight down to the knees, and then it flared out at the bottom. The other was satin and snakeskin at the bottom so my legs would show. When I started modeling that summer, Antonio [Lopez, fashion illustrator] used to make fun of me about those dresses. But I really like the image of sexy glamour.

OUI: We should talk about Antonio, because he's been an important person in your life. He's discovered many beautiful women, hasn't he?

HALL: Yes. Patti D'Arbanville, Pat Cleveland, Donna Jordan, Jane Forth—lots of girls. I posed for Antonio for two and a half years, and I used to always complain that his pictures didn't look like me. But as I grew older, I started to look like the pictures. It was really weird.

OUI: Did he teach you how to pose, or were you just naturally sexy?

HALL: He told me I was naturally good, but he did help me a lot with posing. I used to pose like I was straight out of one of those Frederick's catalogues: One leg in front and hands on the hips. Going to Paris and meeting Antonio was like being on a cloud. I was going out and meeting famous people. I'd never met anyone famous in my life, *never*. I had only met Larry Mahan, the world-champion bull rider, and I had met some football players from the Dallas Cowboys 'cause my sister Rosy was a cheerleader.

OUI: Were you ever a cheerleader?

HALL: No. I tried out in high school and didn't make it. They said I was so much taller than all the other girls and it would've looked funny to have one big one.

OUI: Did you hate being taller than other girls?

HALL: I remember once, when I was 12, I was going to a friend's birthday party, and all the boys were going, too. I had this really nice dress, and I wore my sister Rosy's cone bra—you know how they had those cone bras that were hard? I had no titties at all then, and Terry had big titties—they grew when she was about 11. So I went to this party with this cone bra, and I felt like a debutante coming out. But all these kids screamed, "Ha! She's got on falsies—Jerry 'Tall' Hall!" They were horrible to me. I ran home crying. When my mother came home and found me in her bed crying, she said, "If you don't stop crying and straighten yourself out, you're going to be nothing but a flat failure." I said, "I'm already a flat failure. Look at my titties."

OUI: Well, having small breasts didn't hinder your success. You did two movies this past year—*Urban Cowboy* and *Willie & Phil*. Is acting much different than modeling?

HALL: Yeah, it is. I was very lucky to have those good experiences. Cyndy and I are both in *Urban Cowboy* with John Travolta. We play these girlfriends he's picked up at the beginning of the film, and we wind up in bed with him.

OUI: What was it like working with John Travolta?

HALL: Oh, he's really nice—a very sweet guy.

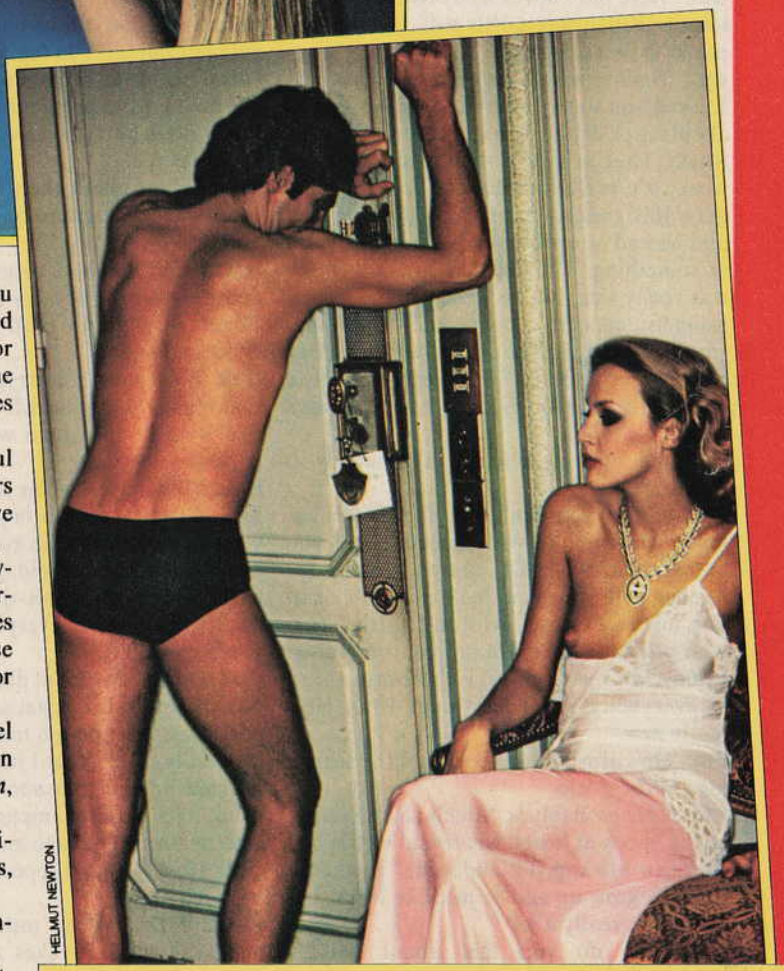
OUI: Was it hard to be in bed with him and not be turned on?

HALL: Well, we were like three giggling children. All these people were under the covers—it was really silly. Me and Cyndy were really having a big laugh because we have this mental

As a child, she cried, "I'm a flat failure. Look at my titties!" But grown-up Jerry—although still a bit flat— is an international success.

BARRY McKINLEY

Little-known fact: The uninhibited Jerry Hall posed for an exclusive Helmut Newton/ OUI pictorial, *Sleep Tight* (below), in May 1975. We're told that after the shooting, the boys slept real tight that night.



HELMUT NEWTON

telepathy—with a sister you don't have to talk all the time.

OUI: What about *Willie & Phil*?

HALL: That was great. The guy I played with was Ray Sharkey, and we had a bedroom scene in that, too. I'm the "bedroom-scene girl." I had to say all this really silly stuff about how sex is so great and you don't have to be in love and all that. Real Sixties and funny.

OUI: Do you personally believe what you had to say?

HALL: Mmmm. No comment.

OUI: Well then, do you believe in monogamy?

HALL: I don't think so. Not totally. It's hard because I've been in love with two men at the same time. Not now, but I know it's possible.

OUI: Now that you've tasted acting, do you want to get more serious about it?

HALL: I think it would be nice to get into movies—I'd love it. But the thing is, you have to wait around for hours and hours, and you're always with the same people. With modeling, it's different people and different countries every couple of days. Like on Saturday, I'm going to Japan for five days. Then I come back here for five days. Then I go to Italy for three days. So I don't want to quit modeling. I never take off more than a month at a time. When I don't work, I get so crazy. I wake up early in the morning and start washing the windows.

OUI: How has your life changed with your celebrity status?

HALL: It's terrible. Once you start to get well-known, you find that all those nude pictures or cheeky shots that you did in the past start popping up in all types of magazines.

OUI: But you've done beautiful nude pictures before. The covers of *Stern* and *Vogue*, and you've done sexy fashion shots for OUI.

HALL: Yeah, with Helmut Newton. But I think it's pretty terrible that some other magazines steal pictures of me just because I had my tongue sticking out or something.

OUI: You were the first model ever to expose your breasts on the cover of *Cosmopolitan*, weren't you?

HALL: Oh, that was an accident. I had on this lei of flowers, and my nipple was showing.

OUI: It was kind of a small scandal, wasn't it?

HALL: I like scandals like that. I like to shock people.

OUI: Speaking of which, let's talk about your shocking life. What about the time you went to the White House and met Jimmy Carter?

HALL: Don't you think it's sort of like telling on the President?

OUI: No.

HALL: OK. Mick and I went to an awards dinner at the Kennedy Center in Washington. We sat in boxes not far from President Carter. Then afterward, we came out and there was a whole big crowd. The President had his bodyguards and all these people around him. They all sort

of made their way over to where we were, and President Carter said, "Hi, Mick. Great to meet you." Then Mick said to the President, "Hi, how are you?" So funny. Mick introduced me, and I said, "Oh, hello." And the President said, "Oh, I've been admiring your beauty all evening." I said, "Oh, thank you." I met Rosalynn, too. She was very nice. When I called my mother and told her, she said, "I'm not surprised."

OUI: You've met the Queen of England, too, right?

HALL: No. I met Princess Margaret and Princess Anne.

OUI: Were you impressed by royalty?

HALL: Well, it was a little stiff. But it's supposed to be a privilege.

OUI: You live with a very famous person. If I asked you to say anything you wanted to about Mick Jagger, what would you say?

HALL: That he's such a professional in his work; it's really incredible. You know, he gave this concert once for 80,000 people, and he had a terrible temperature—the flu or something. The doctor was there. Mick was really sick, but he went out and gave a fantastic concert . . . you know, jumping, leaping in the air. That's really the mark of a professional, isn't it? He's really fun. He's constantly teasing everybody. He always makes me laugh.

OUI: Is it difficult living with somebody so famous?

HALL: Well, you don't feel like they're famous when you're with someone and you know them well. Of course, you're reminded of it, but you don't think about it. You just feel relaxed with them. It's like if your brother was real famous or something. I think Mick is a genius. He's always ahead of everybody and does things first. He's really new.

OUI: He's also considered one of the sexiest men in the world.

HALL: He probably is. Mick's also eternally young, a boy at heart. My friend's little boy once saw Mick on TV and said, "You know, I wanna grow up and be just like Mick, because he's really a kid."

OUI: How do you feel about Mick's groupies?

HALL: I understand groupies. They want to see their idols. It's fun for them, and I don't want to stop anyone's fun. Besides, if we're at a party and they're there, Mick's good at handling aggressive people.

OUI: Do you get jealous if Mick looks at another pretty girl?

HALL: When I see a pretty girl walking down the street, *I* look at her. I look at her clothes, and I say, "Wow, she is really sexy." So if a guy doesn't look at a pretty girl, he's got something wrong with him.

OUI: Mick's pretty sexually uninhibited, isn't he?

HALL: But he really gets along with girls. We'll be sitting around with my sister, and she and I will be talking about makeup and boyfriends and this and that, and he gets right into the girl talk. Few men can do that.

SMALL TALK

I think I have a preference for Englishmen. I can't believe how weird and dirty Mick is.

OUI: Do you think part of your attraction as a couple is the fact that the both of you are such show-offs?

HALL: Are you calling us hams? I bet more people would like to feel free enough to act silly. One of the secrets to staying young is not caring what people think. Just to go to a fancy-dress party in jeans and a T-shirt and act crazy.

OUI: Tell us about the time at the Bottom Line when you came onstage with Bryan Ferry.

HALL: Oh, that was so great—my singing debut. I was on Bryan's record *Let's Stick Together*. I didn't really sing, I just did hoots and hollers.

OUI: Is it your country-girl background that makes you so health conscious? Didn't you want to open up a whole-wheat pizza parlor?

HALL: That was when I was really on a kick. I didn't have a boyfriend then, so I went to the health club every day, ate really healthy foods, never did drugs, went to bed early, didn't smoke or drink—and nowadays, I do a bit of everything. And it's so much more fun.

OUI: Do you do a lot of drugs?

HALL: No. I always get so sick and feel so horrible after I do too much of anything—especially coke—that I just don't want to do it again. Plus, I have such a good time just drinking a bit of champagne. All that stuff is such a waste of time and money.

OUI: How do you suppose other people do so much of it?

HALL: I think they must have so much energy. I think it takes tons of energy to take drugs.

OUI: Mick calls you a terrible groupie. Is it because you don't do many drugs?

HALL: No, it's because I never know anybody's name, and all these rockers are famous from the Sixties.

OUI: Do you have any favorite music groups?

HALL: The Rolling Stones, obviously. Hank Williams, Chuck Berry, Willie Nelson, Jerry Lee Lewis, Bryan Ferry and Roxy Music.

OUI: Do you like the rock-'n'-roll lifestyle?

HALL: I think it's a lot of fun. It's great to make your own hours, be creative and do what you like.

OUI: What about the men? Is there any particular kind of man you like?

HALL: Well, I think I have a preference for Englishmen.

OUI: Why?

HALL: They're really so . . . dirty. [laughs]

OUI: What kind of feeling do you get when you see Mick onstage?

HALL: It's sort of down here. [points down and laughs] I can't believe how weird and dirty he is.

OUI: But you know you're the girl who gets him at night . . .

HALL: *Some* nights.

OUI: You don't seem intimidated by other women. Do you have lots of girlfriends?

HALL: I feel like a magnet for girls sometimes.

OUI: Do you enjoy female companionship?

HALL: I love it. I love other girls. I think that girls look so pretty together. And guys watch them and go, "Oooh!"

OUI: Do you feel you're more liberated than most women?

HALL: In my job, I feel very liberated. As a matter of fact, in modeling, the girls get paid more than the men. Girls get contracts, they get covers. Men don't get many covers. But then, the fashion industry is oriented much more toward women than it is toward men.

OUI: You're lucky to be so successful at 23 years old.

HALL: Yeah, I know. Sometimes I can't believe it. I think it must have all just sort of happened. You know, I worked a lot, but I was having such a good time I didn't really feel that I did much to deserve being so successful.

OUI: Do you ever feel guilty?

HALL: Oh, no. That's the way modeling is. I used to think I'd do the job for *free*. I never thought I'd get to go around the world and get *paid* for it. It's like a paid holiday.

OUI: What do you think you'll be like when you're 40?

HALL: Gorgeous, blonde, rich, dripping in jewels and furs . . . like Marilyn Monroe. Have a big ranch in Texas and lots of "chillun."

OUI: Do you give thought to what it would have been like if you had never left Texas?

HALL: You know, a lot of times I feel I've missed something—not getting to go to college and learn all those new things you read about in *Scientific American*. I wanted to be an astronaut and work on the NASA space program. I would love to have done that.

OUI: Well, if you were an astronaut, you'd be surrounded by men . . . not that you aren't now. But isn't it hard to have Platonic relationships with male friends? Isn't it hard not to have sex with them?

HALL: Why? Can't you? [laughs]

OUI: Are there any special things you have to think about to be more sexy when you're in front of a camera?

HALL: Sometimes I think of Mick.

OUI: Why? Is Mick the best you ever had?

HALL: Yeah.

OUI: One last question: What specifically turns you on in a man?

HALL: A really big cock. ■

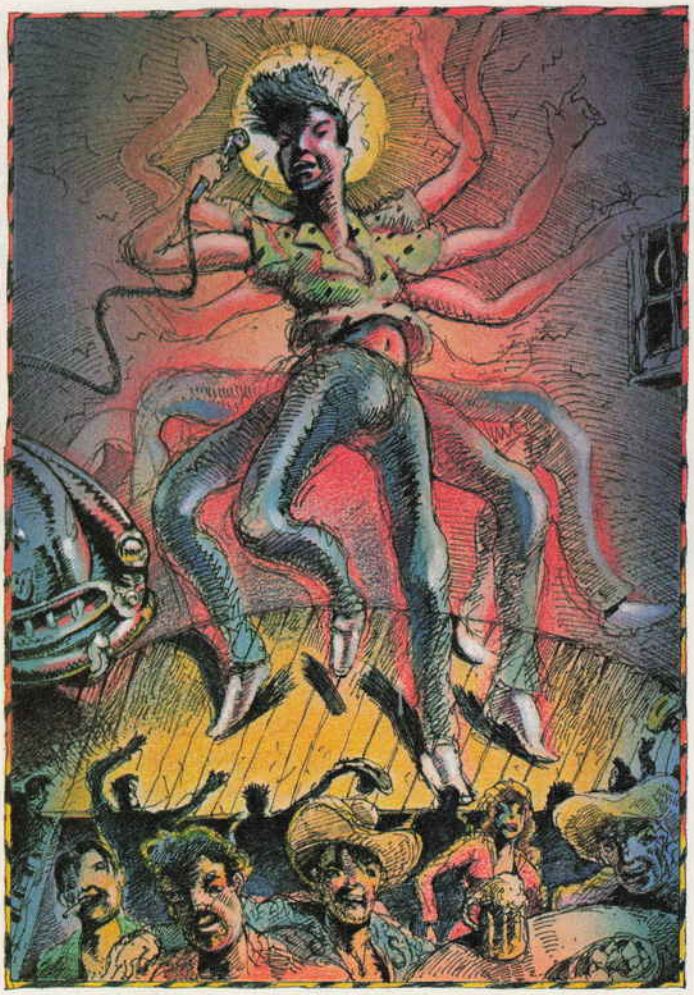
Deep in the Heart of ROCK 'N' ROLL

In which the author searches for the future of boogie and finds it in a Texas honky-tonk/Article by Rex Weiner

We are feeling pretty good as we roll southward out of the hill country on this spill of asphalt, sometime just past midnight. The lights of Austin disappeared from the rearview mirror over an hour ago and, on both sides of the highway, nothing but dark land stretches flat beneath a curve of stars. Inside the car, a minuscule bubble of light and heat vying with the vicious entropy of the universe, five of us sit tight. We're high on pot (Oaxacan); we're high on cocaine (Peruvian); we're high on beer (Pearl). We've come over 2500 miles searching for the future of rock 'n' roll.

I'd been hearing how rock 'n' roll is supposed to be dead. How disco had killed it. How New Wave is the final spasm. How it's never been the same since Buddy Holly crash-landed. I don't know about all that. I do know, however, that when rock 'n' roll ceases to be, we might as well all move to Russia. Without rock 'n' roll, America would be a grim place indeed. So I asked three of the country's foremost rock aficionados, Bloom, Nolan and Metalman, to accompany me on a quest for the perfect and true, the divine, rock-'n'-roll experience.

And now Bubba, a local boy sitting behind the wheel with his girl K.C., swears on a stack of old 45s that tonight we're going to find rock 'n' roll alive at the Club Oh La La in San Antonio.



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No way we could have started looking just anywhere. "We've got to get west of the Hudson first," Nolan had said to me a few weeks earlier. "There's too much pressure here in New York. It affects the sound." Nolan knows—he is not merely an expert on rock 'n' roll; he is a true disciple. For months, he stays cloistered in his apartment with nothing but his record collection, his typewriter and his beer, pounding out reviews for the venal press. To get in touch with higher things, he listens to ancient recordings on the Chess label. He listens to Etta James. He puts on Dr. Alimantado's *The Best Dressed Chicken in Town.* He tracks the new Clash album at top volume to test his neighbors' faith. Before they closed the joint, he'd appear at the Bells of Hell in the wee hours and teach the drunks a lesson by stuffing the jukebox with quarters and punching 88—*The Meat Man* by Jerry Lee Lewis—15 or 20 times.

"We've got to go west of the Hudson," spake Nolan. "Eat barbecue. Eat Mexican food and chili. Where there's good chili, there's good rock 'n' roll."

What happened then was one of those bizarre signs from above that is liable to kick off a sacred pilgrimage. Nolan, Metalman, Bloom and I each received plane tickets in the mail. Destination: Tulsa, Oklahoma, and the Tulsa International Country Music Festival. We had been bidden to attend at the promoter's expense. Among the performers scheduled to appear: Tammy Wynette, the Oak Ridge Boys and the great Ray Price.

"It's a good place to start," said Nolan. "And anyway, it's free."

On a Wednesday afternoon, I stepped off the plane in Tulsa and checked around the airport for Metalman and Nolan, who had taken an earlier flight. The gift shop was loaded with Indian souvenirs. Suddenly I heard weird sounds. Were they native chants? No. It was the Ramones doing *Rockaway Beach.* Tracing the sound to the Hertz rental booth, I discovered Metalman entertaining the Tulsan cutie behind the counter with his brand-new Bigston

ILLUSTRATION BY EVERETT PECK

The kids were dancing the Texas rag mop all over the place.

cassette player.

Metalman wears a Beatle haircut, circa 1965. Underneath it, he preserves a vast knowledge of early-Sixties rock 'n' roll. He reveres the Monkees, the Dave Clark Five, the Searchers, the Zombies, Gerry & the Pacemakers, the Beach Boys, Jan & Dean, the Kingsmen, the Troggs, the Animals, the Hollies and Paul Revere & the Raiders. Music most people despise, he loves. When he isn't pontificating for rock magazines, he teaches the gospel twice a week in college. Often, he can be found worshiping at the cut-rate bins in Woolworth's, where salvation lies in such gems as *Alvin and the Chipmunks Teach Math* or *Gene Pitney's Greatest Hits*.

Metalman's tastes are a reflection of his perpetually cheerful and optimistic personality. But at that moment, he looked awfully hurt. The girl behind the counter was making a sour face to her friend across the way at the Avis counter.

"She doesn't like the Ramones," he sighed, switching off the Bigston. He shook his head sadly. About this time, Nolan came slouching across the terminal, puffing his eightieth Lucky Strike of the day. He squinted at us in the bright sunlight and yelled, "Let's go."

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Tulsa was one sweet two-day scene. We heard Tammy Wynette sing, got shitfaced on beer and whiskey and went dancing with some local talent at Cain's Ballroom (where the floor is built on springs and where they turned off Roy Clark's guitar because he refused to stop pickin' at closing time). There was plenty of music, but there was no rock 'n' roll.

Come Friday noon, we were driving south on highway I–35 in a hunk of rented, beige scrap metal. Bloom drove with the sure hand that all psychos seem to acquire behind the wheel. Metalman was chucking cassettes into his Bigston portable hi-fi stereo/radio/TV/tape player. With the Mod Frames wailing *Still Smiling Today*, we passed Ardmore and Lake Murray and at last bridged the Red River into Texas.

Somewhere south of Fort Worth, it got dark. We pulled over for fuel at a little place off the main highway. It was a country gas station with a pinball machine and a freezer full of beer and Big Red soda pop. A crew of kids were hanging out. One had a Fender Stratocaster plugged into a Twin Reverb and was picking out a tune. Bloom stuck a quarter in the pinball machine. I picked up a six-pack. Metalman and Nolan went over to the kid with the guitar.

"You in a band?"

"Not yet," replied the kid.

"What kind of music you like?" asked Nolan.

"Oh, you know. Rock 'n' roll, I guess."

"Like the Ramones?"

"Huh?"

"Ever hear the Ramones?"

"Nope."

Metalman brings the Bigston out of the car and sets it up near the cash register. The kid helps plug it in. He slots the Ramones and out comes *I Wanna Be Sedated*. The other kids gather around; it's New York punk meets Texas funk.

"That's neat," says one.

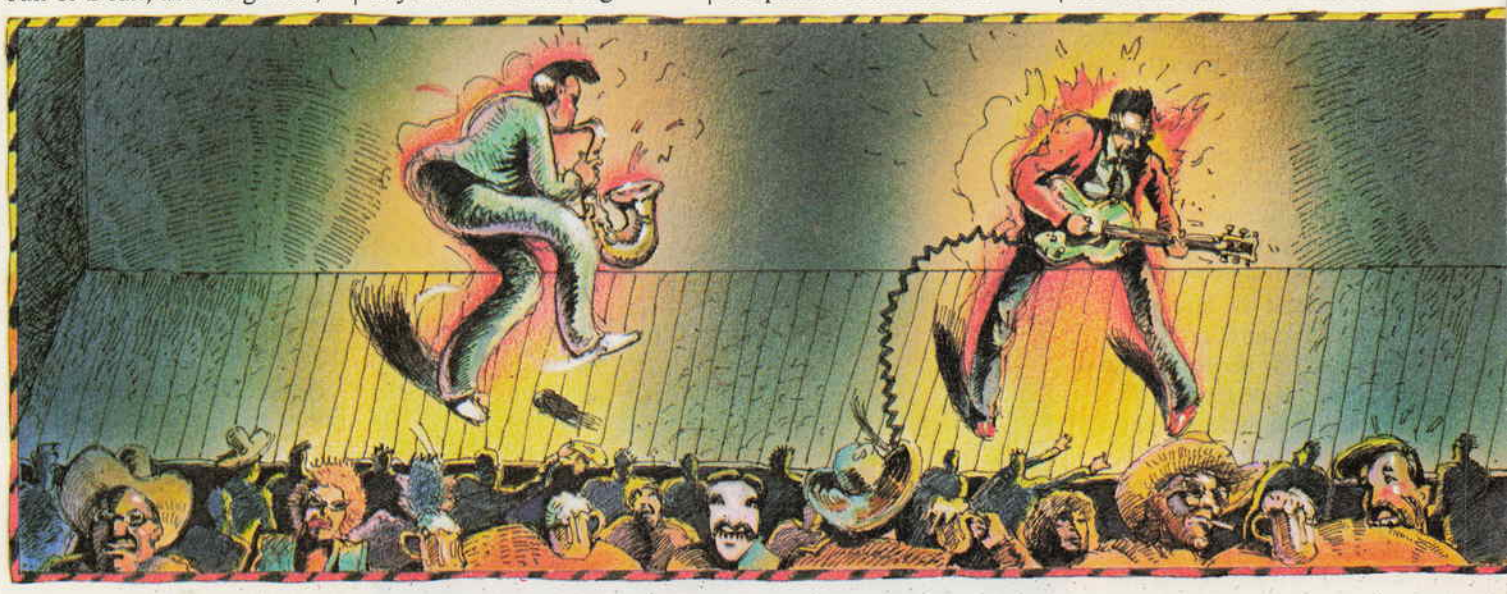
"I like it," says one of the girls, causing Metalman to beam.

Next thing we know, there's a dance party going on. The kids were dancing the Texas rag mop all over the place. Someone broke out a joint. I passed the beer around. Cars kept driving up to the pumps and honking for service. Too bad, buddy.

"We're getting closer to it," declared Nolan later in the car as we neared Austin.

"Yeah," said Metalman. "Listen to this." He had the radio tuned to KMAC out of San Antonio, playing nonstop heavy metal. For the next hour, Nolan, Bloom and Metalman listened intently to every song, trying to guess what group was playing. They debated the Canadian sound versus the British sound, the German influence versus the West Coast tendencies; they contrasted Led Zeppelin with Blue Oyster Cult and argued the merits of Queen, Heart and Bad Company. The radio was turned up to full volume. The windows were open, and the rain washed in. Bloom leadfooted the accelerator. The dome of the Texas Capitol glowed in the distance. We roared into Austin, guns ablazing.

The first stop was Bubba's house. Bubba is an old pal of Nolan's and the local music expert. He writes a regular column for *Texas Monthly*. The wall of Bubba's living room is



Radio up, windows open, rain washing in, we roared into Austin.

covered with old posters advertising various past concerts:

CALLING ALL BLUES! SOUTH OF THE BORDER SAMMY AND HIS FABULOUS ERECTIONS! HORIZONTAL SHUFFLES, MAMBOS, AND OTHER NASTIES TO KEEP YOU ON TOP!

THE NEW BLUEBIRD NITECLUB PRESENTS IN PERSON BLUE ROYAL RECORDING ARTIST, ROBERT ELAY & THE DRIFTING HEARTBREAKERS, SHUFFLE KINGS OF FORT WORTH. HOT DANCE TUNES, BEER, CIGARETTES, WINE, FIGHTS, AND DANCING EVERY FRIDAY AND SATURDAY NITE. YOU BETTER HURRY UP AND KNEW IT.

LOOK OUT LADIES, IT'S MR. MOTION IN PERSON, T.V. OWENS, THE MAN WHO NEVER STANDS STILL, AND HIS FABULOUS ERECTIONS. SAMMY SAYS "IT'S FAT." PLUS THE CUPCAKES, ROCKIN' DOPSIE & LAKE CHARLIE, L.A.

THE SIAMESE TWINS, YVONNE & YVETTE, QUEENS OF GOSPEL, PLUS FIVE BLIND BOYS.

He was out on the porch when we drove up.

"You guys are just in time," he said.

"What do you mean we're just in time?" asked Bloom.

"You'll find out tomorrow," Bubba answered cryptically.

Next day, over steaks at the world-famous Hoffbrau, just a block from Bubba's house, he explained that he had arranged for us to be featured speakers at a symposium that night at the University of Texas. We are each to receive substantial honoraria.

"We could use the drinking money," agreed Bloom. "What are we supposed to talk about?"

"The subject is 'Is Rock Dead?' "

After a good hour of laughter, we returned to Bubba's house, got drunk and stoned and laughed some more.

That night, we showed up at the Cactus Connection in the Student Union Building. By 8:30, the hall was packed with students. We took our places at a long table. Someone was considerate enough to place five pitchers of beer before us. Joining us on the panel was Sterling Morrison, ex–rhythm guitarist for the Velvet Underground, who, oddly enough, was teaching chemistry at a nearby high school. The music professor, under whose auspices this affair was being run, had a long beard, glasses and an avowed passion for the music of Frank Zappa. He gave a long-winded introduction. The kids looked itchy and mean. The professor put the question to us: Is rock 'n' roll dead?

"Yes," says Bloom. "It's been dead since 1968. It came alive again briefly when the Sex Pistols were in the States in '78. Now it'll probably be dead again for another ten years."

The kids go nuts. What about Bruce Springsteen? What about the Talking Heads? What about Devo and Blondie and the Grateful Dead? What do you call that? What about Elvis Costello?

"Sophisticated adult entertainment," declares Bloom. "The problem is, you kids were all born after Elvis was on *The Ed Sullivan Show*. You don't have the slightest idea of what rock 'n' roll is all about."

The room explodes in an uproar. People start throwing things. The professor pleads for calm.

"What's your favorite song?" someone asks Nolan.

"My favorite song is a duet between Conway Twitty and Loretta Lynn called *You're the Reason Our Kids Are Ugly*.

More confusion.

"Sterling, how come you gave up rock 'n' roll and now you're a chemistry teacher?"

"My motivations," drawls the enigmatic Morrison, "are beyond your comprehension."

Pure riot. It continues unabated for an hour and a half. Then we take a break and huddle in the bathroom with the door held shut, tooting up.

"If we get them mad enough," says Bloom, "maybe they'll forget everything they know and learn something."

Back inside for the second round, the room grew thick with pot smoke, beer sweat and insults. It was a kind of Zen battle to the death. How can you talk seriously about rock 'n' roll? The decisive moment came when, at long last, a kid stood up and asked what, in our sincere opinions, rock 'n' roll really is.

"Fun!" we hollered, pounding rhythmically on the table. The chant went up. "Fun! Fun! Fun!" Bubba grabbed the mike and announced that the symposium was over and that "any-

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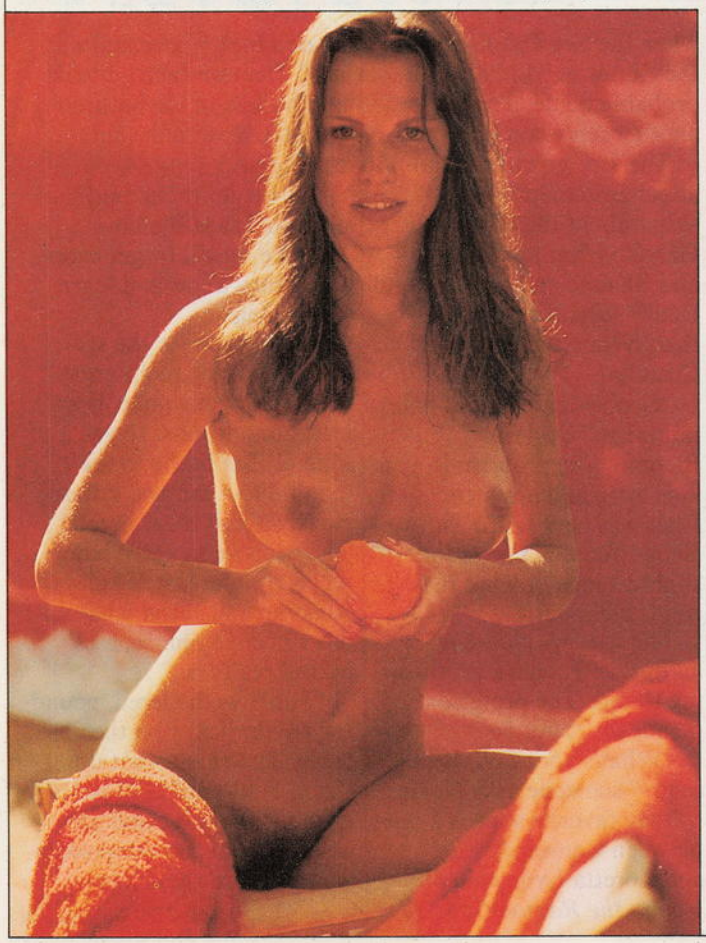
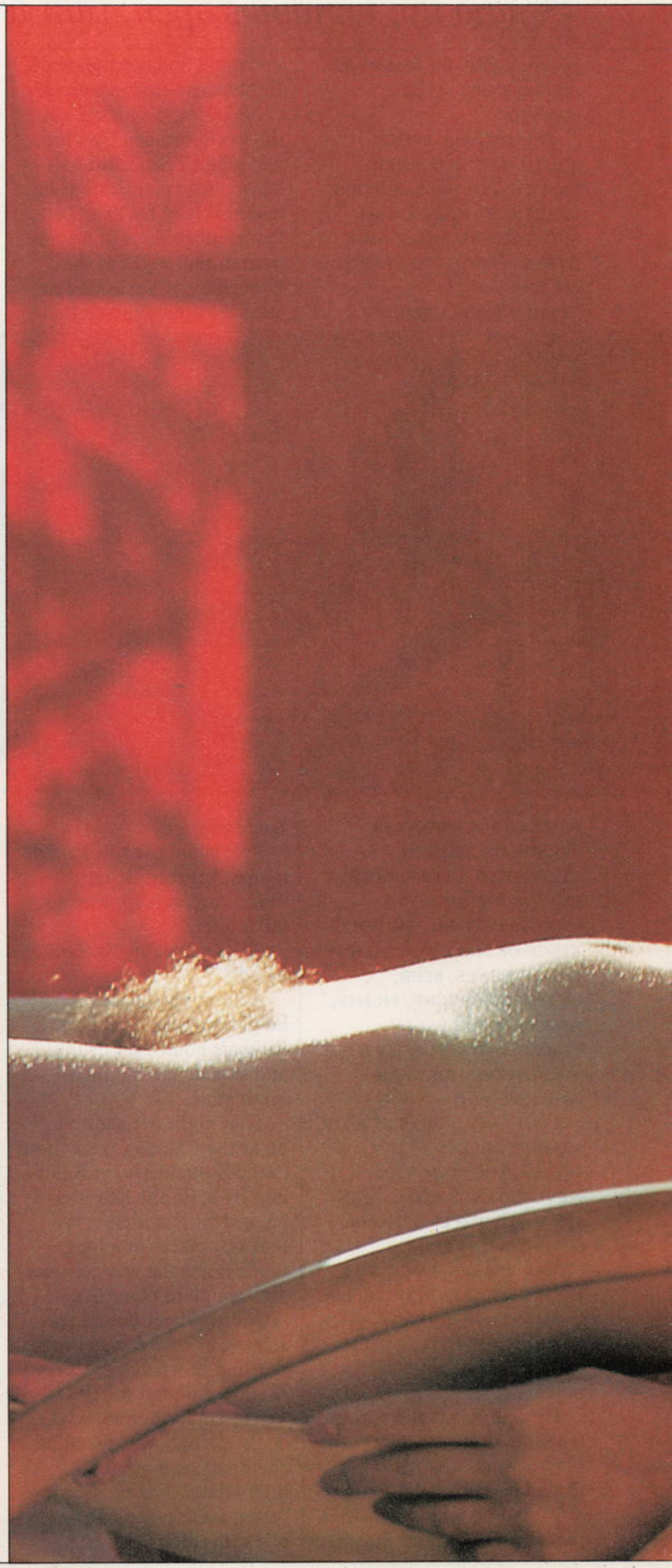
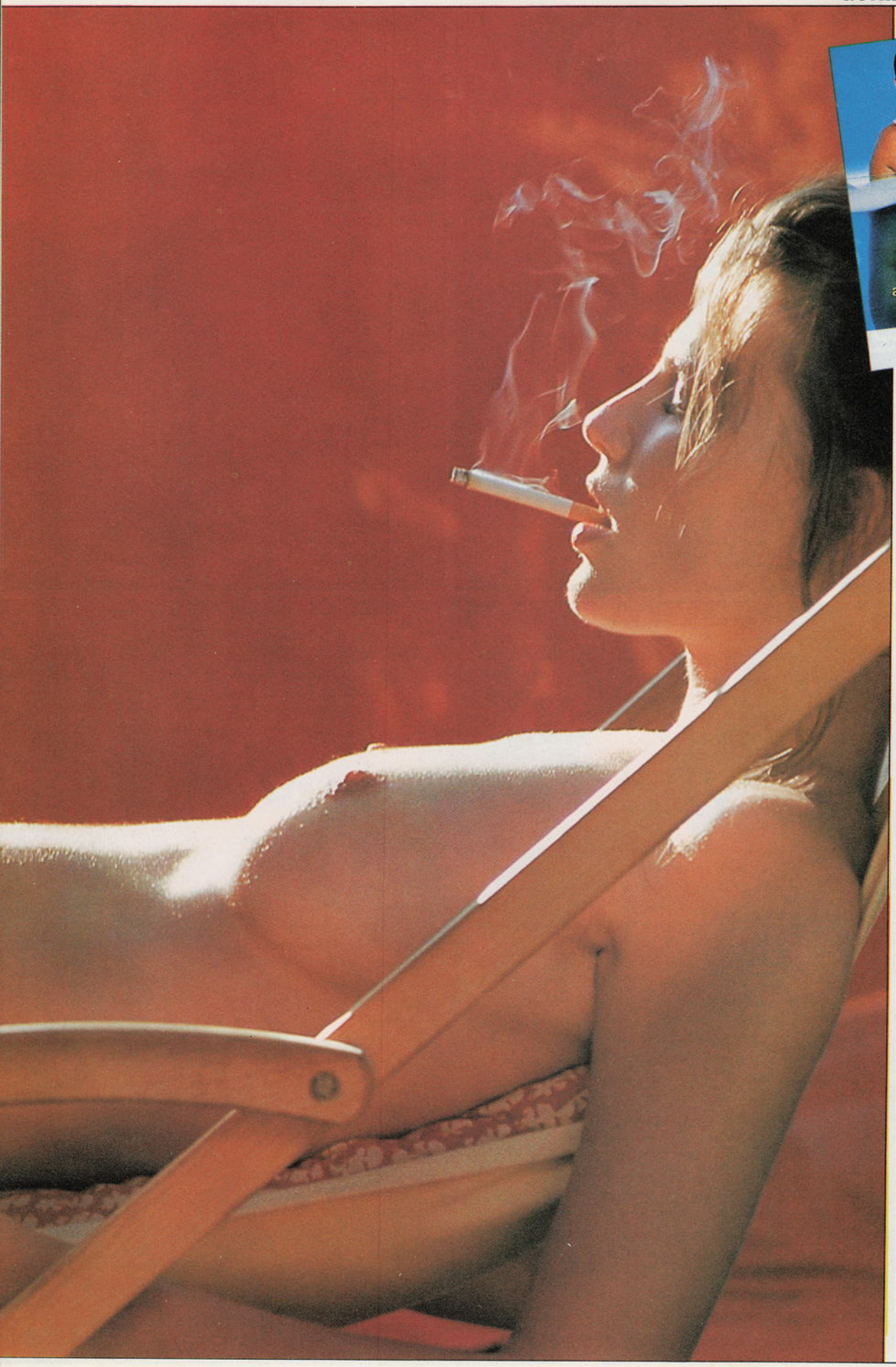
For these sexy and talented ladies, an appearance in our pages was the start of something beautiful.

OUI's Red-Hot Reunion

It's our birthday and we're having a party. In the eight years since OUI first burst onto the scene, hundreds of the world's most beautiful women have graced our pages. And many of our models went on to distinguish themselves as cover girls and fashion models throughout America and Europe. Several have even begun promising careers in television, film and the music world. To celebrate their accomplishments *and* our anniversary, we've invited seven of our favorites back for a pictorial party. Allow us to reintroduce you to our guests. You couldn't ask for more charming—or more talented—company.







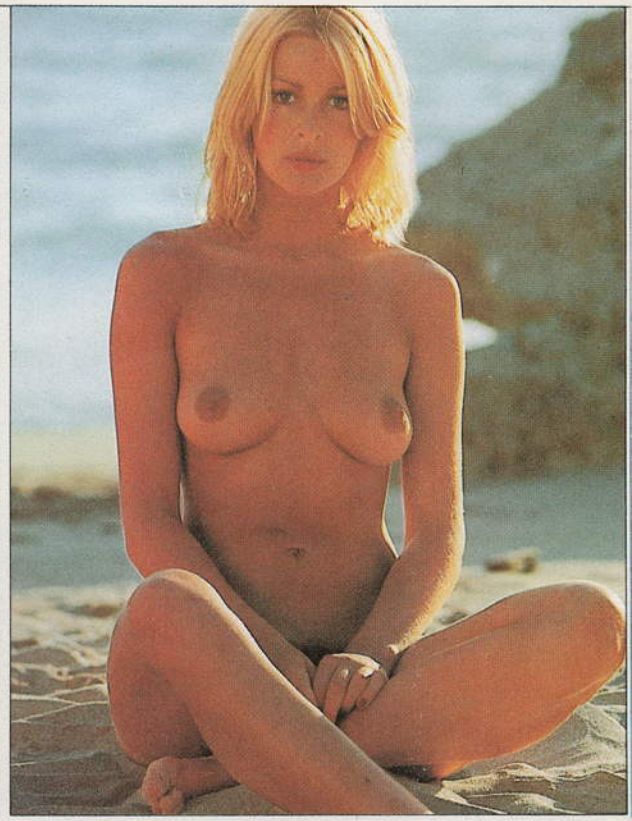
A country girl from a tiny Swedish village straight out of Ingmar Bergman's films, Gunilla (*Goo-NEE-la*) gladly left what she calls "the idiocy of rural life" for the cosmopolitan ambience of Paris, where she posed for our September 1973 issue.

After fending off the usual land-of-the-midnight-sun jokes and upholding the reputation of Swedish girls ("We are not promiscuous. We just have very healthy attitudes"), Gunilla became one of Europe's most visible and desired models, as the current advertisement (above) for a French bath oil shows.

In the tradition of great Nordic beauties such as Greta Garbo and Britt Ekland, Gunilla plans to make the big leap from modeling to acting very soon. "But I worry all the time that other women are more attractive than me," she confides.

By the way, in Swedish, *Gunilla* means "little one divinely fresh." OUI couldn't have said it better ourselves.

JILLY JOHNSON



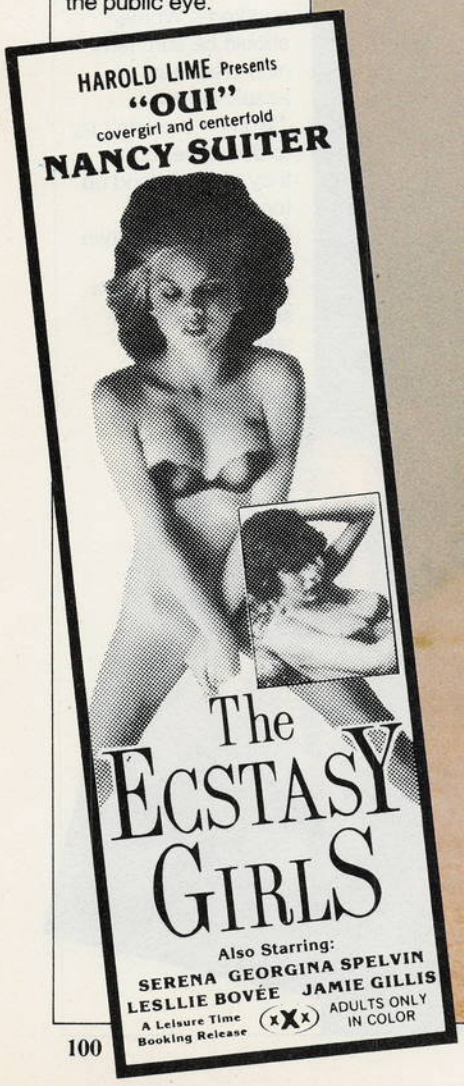
I'm obsessed with the idea that somewhere out there is my twin," Jilly Johnson told us when she posed back in February 1977. Time and chance brought blonde, aristocratic, 5'8" Jilly together with blonde, aristocratic, 5'8" Nina Carter, another English lass who had appeared in OUI less than two years earlier, in June 1975. Beginning with tandem fashion spreads in newspapers and magazines, the British birds branched out into the recording world as Blonde on Blonde, a sort of double-vision Deborah Harry. The Bee Gees penned *Subway* for the disco duo, a single that zipped to the top of the charts in both Europe and Japan. Following up their triumph in the Far East, Nina and Jilly cut another record, this time in Japanese. Their second hit, *Wansaka Musume* ("Dancing Lady") became a huge success, and won for them the coveted Cherry Blossom award when they performed it at the Tokyo Music Festival. When we asked them if they realized that the word for "lady," *musume*, also means . . . er, the female genitalia, both blondes smiled. Double meanings are to be expected, it seems.

Not surprisingly, audiences can't always remember who is Nina and who is Jilly. "We're exactly alike," Nina (or was it Jilly?) explained. "That has

a mesmerizing effect on men. Sometimes our boyfriends can't tell us apart—even when we're nude!" Maybe not, but it sounds like fun.

Their photo careers continue with enticing cheesecake shots in the British tabloids, as well as on album covers. "Modeling nude is just a job," Nina said with a toss of her head. "We're not trying to rely on our sexy images." "In one of our pictures, we've got dog collars around our necks; people might think we're into punk, but we're not," added Jilly. Both Jilly and Nina have an unstoppable drive to reach the top, but neither hides the fact that they like to be cuddled. "Women should be soft, feminine creatures," asserted Nina. "Women shouldn't try to dominate, but they *should* stand up for their rights." Obviously, these two talented, outspoken ladies won't settle for a double standard.

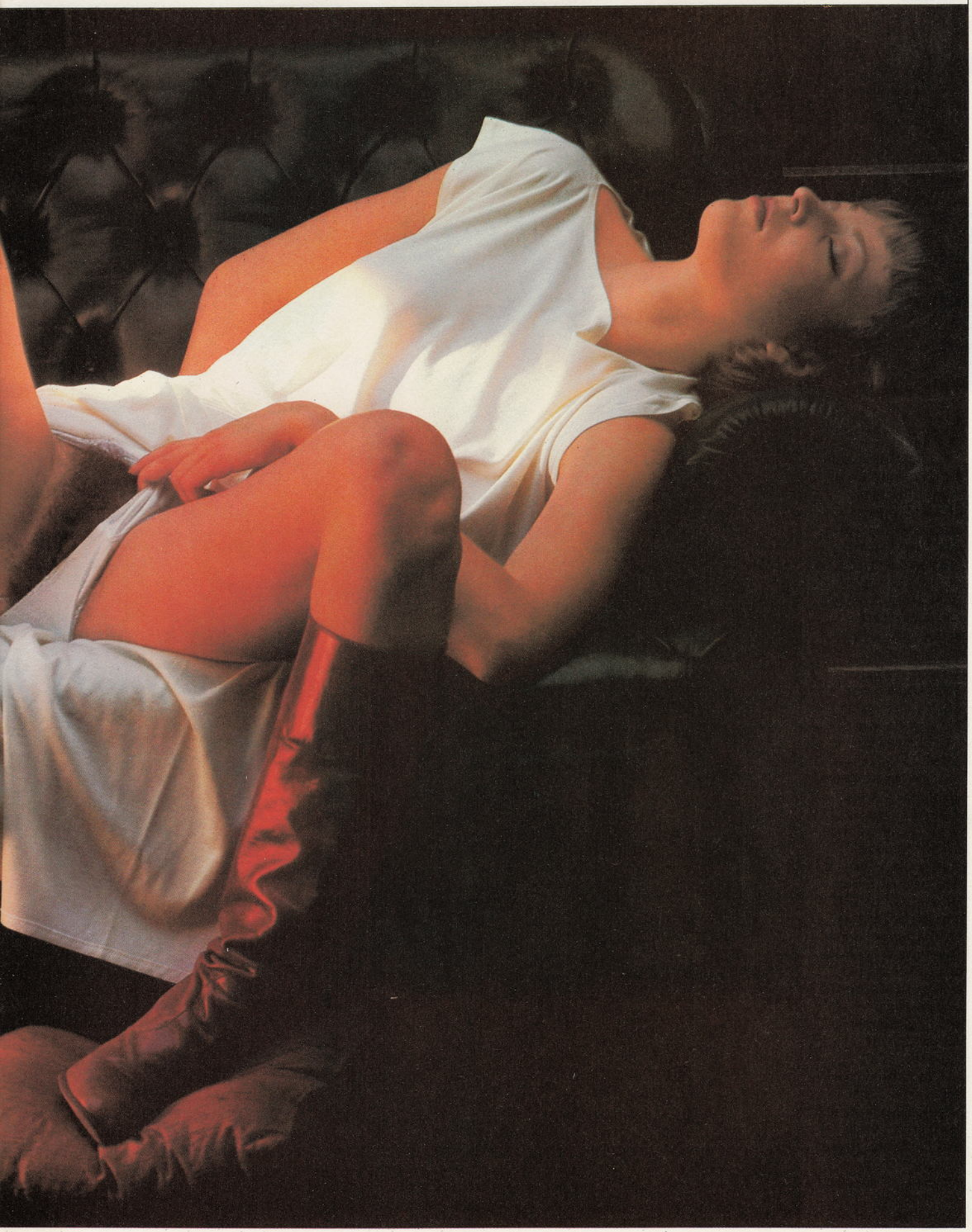
Soon after her October 1978 centerspread, Nancy parlayed her angelic face and voluptuous figure into an acting career in erotic film. Acting in her first feature, *Taxi Girls*, she convincingly portrayed a bored housewife, an antic comedienne and a hard-line, hack-driving hooker. *800 Fantasy Lane* followed, establishing Nancy as a hot box-office draw. In the big-budgeted extravaganza *The Ecstasy Girls*, Miss Suiter became a genuine star. Having conquered the lusty imaginations of male admirers everywhere, Nancy Suiter has voluntarily vanished from the public eye.



Beautiful Briton Quinn Cummings first posed for OUI's May 1979 issue, revealing a face and figure that inspired heady, sophisticated fantasies: a drive upriver to the country in an open-top MG; a quiet drink at the manor house; a whispered conversation on the terrace as the sun goes down. Soon after her debut in OUI, editors and photographers on both sides of the Atlantic were clamoring for Quinn's services. By the time she returned to our magazine for an encore in February 1980, she had already become an international figure. Her doelike features and lithe form had been seen in ads for furs, fashions, hair styles and makeup, and on the covers of *Style*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Mademoiselle*, the British and Italian editions of *Vogue* and the French *L'Officiel*. The sun has long since set on the British Empire but, as long as they keep exporting treasures like this, there'll always be an England. God Save Our Quinn!

A true small-town girl, Eva hails from a German hamlet that she still refuses to name. "They are so provincial back home," *Fräulein* Wallen laments. "They would go *verruckt* if they knew their *kleine* Eva posed for oui!"

When Eva appeared in our February 1978 issue, she asked to be called Penny, so as not to shock the old *volks* back home. When her tender face and alluring figure showed up in our French cousin, *Lui*, she again requested anonymity, this time as Claire. But now that she has established herself as one of Europe's tip-top fashion models, gracing the covers of international publications such as *Vogue* and *Elle*, Eva has dropped the set of pseudonyms. "I'm two years older now," explains Eva, "and much more confident in myself."



When we tallied the responses to our "Girl of the Year" contest last year, breathtaking Rinah won overwhelmingly. But that didn't surprise us: Her sultry good looks, exotic beauty and magnificent breasts sent even *our* heads spinning.

Rinah, though surprisingly petite (5′4″), lets nothing stand in the way of her blossoming career.

Since her exclusive appearance in our June 1979 issue, Rinah has shown her flair for comedy in skits on Paul Lynde's ABC special, a Bob Hope show for NBC and an appearance on *The Tonight Show*. Rinah's talent can also be seen on the big screen. Movie credits include *The Baltimore Bullet* with James Coburn (above).

When asked how she reacts to flattery, Rinah smiled and whispered, "What really turns me on are unexpected compliments . . . like being told what beautiful *legs* I have."

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when he's swarmed with women?

DELUISE: Not really. I just take his seconds or thirds. Burt may be a sex symbol on the screen, but he doesn't act like that in person when you're at a restaurant. He just cuts his meat and eats it. He doesn't play with his food, if that's what you mean. I think he's a sexy man because he's kind and thoughtful and likes to touch people whenever he's talking with them. I don't think women see a sexy man as someone who's six feet, blond and has muscles. Burt is short and uses lifts in his shoes, but he has tremendous sex appeal. This is the most I've discussed sex since I was in high school, which, forgetting my kids, was the last time I got any.

OUI: I've met many women who've seen *Fatso* and now regard *you* as a sex symbol.

DELUISE: Well, what are you waiting for? Give me their names and addresses.

OUI: Do you think you're sexy?

DELUISE: I feel I am, but some women may not think I'm sexy because I'm round. People always make sexual jokes about fat people because they're easy and obvious targets. If Woody Allen is double-dating in a movie, he can always get an easy laugh having his date be either dumb or fat. In America, we don't associate being huge with being sexy. If you find a country where they do, let me know. If you changed the rules and said that fat was sexy, I might have to get thin—I wouldn't know who I was. I don't know what's making my psyche overeat. I met a girl at a fat farm; she had the sweetest, most gorgeous face you've ever seen. I asked her why she thought she stayed heavy. She said that when she was thin, she had to deal with men constantly asking her out and she couldn't handle it. Now she goes to a party and is happy because nobody bothers her. It's either become a nun or eat cookies.

DOM DELUISE

Sex is important. But don't talk to your mother about sex. You talk to your mother about meatballs.

OUI: How do you handle women propositioning you?

DELUISE: If I like them, I go to bed with them. I just say, "Lie down!" What do you mean, how do I handle them?

OUI: Do you get seductive fan mail?

DELUISE: You mean when someone writes that they would like to sit on my face? No, I've never gotten any letters like that. Are you kidding? I get recipes in the mail. Women write me: "If you want something tasty, try eating peanut butter on brown bread with onions." Toast this, try that. Put this in your toaster. They don't write, "I'd like you to put this in your pants." Burt Reynolds gets keys to women's rooms; I get loaves of bread. A woman brought me zucchini bread wrapped as a gift. She told me to give the bread to Burt, and inside it was the key to her house. I've never had a naked photo of anyone sent to me. Have you? Of course you have if you work for this dirty magazine. Have one of your models send me a naked photo so I'll feel like a star.

OUI: Why do women send nude photos and keys to Burt instead of to you?

DELUISE: Because Burt Reynolds is not overweight! Women respond to me like I'm their friendly uncle. I wouldn't regret being a sex symbol, but I know it's exhausting. You have to comb your hair all the time. You've got to be neat. You can't leave spinach in your teeth.

OUI: Do you ever feel sexually repressed?

DELUISE: I feel squelched as a Catholic. Part of my nightclub act is me talking about how I had to go to confession and the guilt I went through discussing a sexual problem. I can't imagine teenagers in confession hiding their faces because they stole a comb from a department store. It's always some sexual thing that makes them cover their faces. I like to be very liberal with my views on sex. I'd like to have sex flower in our society so we could see what it is, instead of having it grow under the sidewalk and then crack the cement. A lot of times you scream and yell because you're frustrated. It would be much better to say, "I need a hug," instead of "The beans are cold. How dare you!"

OUI: So it was the Catholic Church and not your weight problem that frustrated you?

DELUISE: Yes. They said don't have sex until after you're married. I got married when I was 31 years old. Do you know how many pimples I would have had? It was very hard to comply with the wishes of the Church. They said don't have sex until you're on your honeymoon. Well, I couldn't wait. But then, I also opened my presents before Christmas. It doesn't make things less good. You just get them earlier. I feel sex is something to experience and learn from. It's a very important part of any relationship. We have no real knowledge about how to make it an important part of our lives. Like you jog, you eat, you write letters, you go to a movie and you have sex.

OUI: Sounds like a good day to me.

DELUISE: As long as you don't necessarily do those things in that order. It would be nice if when you get a little angry, you just had a meal and got that frustration out of your system. But if you don't have sex and you're angry and *then* you have a meal, you eat too much. My physique is mostly a result of the squelching of sex.

OUI: Is society too preoccupied with sex?

DELUISE: Yeah, sure. If you brought it out in the open, I think it would be less of a problem. Comedians always tell us that you are a man if you knock off the girls. The Church says love, admire and relate to your wife and your sex life will be great. Late-night talk shows very often maintain that you should drink, smoke, snort, be loose and put handcuffs on your partner in order to achieve sexual happiness. This magazine asserts that tits and ass and smooth skin and inviting young ladies are very nice, and they are. But if you take this magazine into a church, they'll think you're a born-again pervert. You never talk to your mother about sex. You talk to your mother about meatballs. It would be nice if you could have an open discussion about sex with just anybody, instead of keeping your feelings a secret. Secrets give me a headache. If I love people, I tell them. I don't want people I love to live in fear of me or to be fearful of

(Continued on page 124)

WHERE TO RENT A TUB

The following emporiums were described in hot, steamy detail in *Spa Wars*, beginning on page 51.

BOULDER WATERFRONT SPA
BOULDER, COLORADO 4645 N. Broadway, 303-449-6714. This is a converted motel, so rooms for the night are also available.

GRAND CENTRAL SAUNA & HOT TUB COMPANY
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 15 Fell Street, 415-431-1370. Twenty-six rooms. $4.50 per person per hour before 5:00 P.M., $5.50 after 5:00. Children under 12 $1.00.

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA 1915 University Avenue, 415-843-4343.

MOUNTAIN VIEW, CALIFORNIA 170 El Camino Real East, 415-961-4000.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON 2620 Second Avenue, 206-447-9444.

HOT TUB FEVER
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 3131 Olympic Boulevard, 213-393-TUBS, 650-TUBS, 550-TUBS. Thirteen private rooms, VIP room with fireplace or color TV. $10.00 per hour per person, $20.00 for VIP room. Party catering available.

JUST FOR THE HEALTH OF IT
SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA Fifth Street and Davis, Old Railroad Square, 707-554-4510. Fifteen redwood tubs, two very large tile tubs and an environmental room complete with sound effects. Redwood tubs, $6.00 per hour per person, tile tubs which hold a dozen people or more, $24.00 per hour, environmental room, $20.00 per hour.

PORTLAND, OREGON 610 S.W. 12th Street 503-242-1879.

SHIBUI GARDENS
SAN ANSELMO, CALIFORNIA 19 Tamalpais Avenue, 415-457-0283. Three hot tubs in private settings outdoors, one cold tub. $6.00 per hour per person for tubs, $5.50 per hour for saunas, $7.50 per hour for both. Discount for groups of four or more. Massage available.

WATER WORKS
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA 1799 University Avenue, 415-548-1500. Nine fiberglass tubs with tile siding, each one with sauna. $5.00 per person per hour, kids $1.00.

ROAD RUNNERS

A bumper crop of new front-wheel-drive machines that take the corners like sports cars—for a lot less money with a lot better mileage.

Article by David Barry

One of the best things about driving in Los Angeles is a long, winding road through the Santa Monica Mountains called Mulholland Drive. With reverse-camber hairpins along unfenced

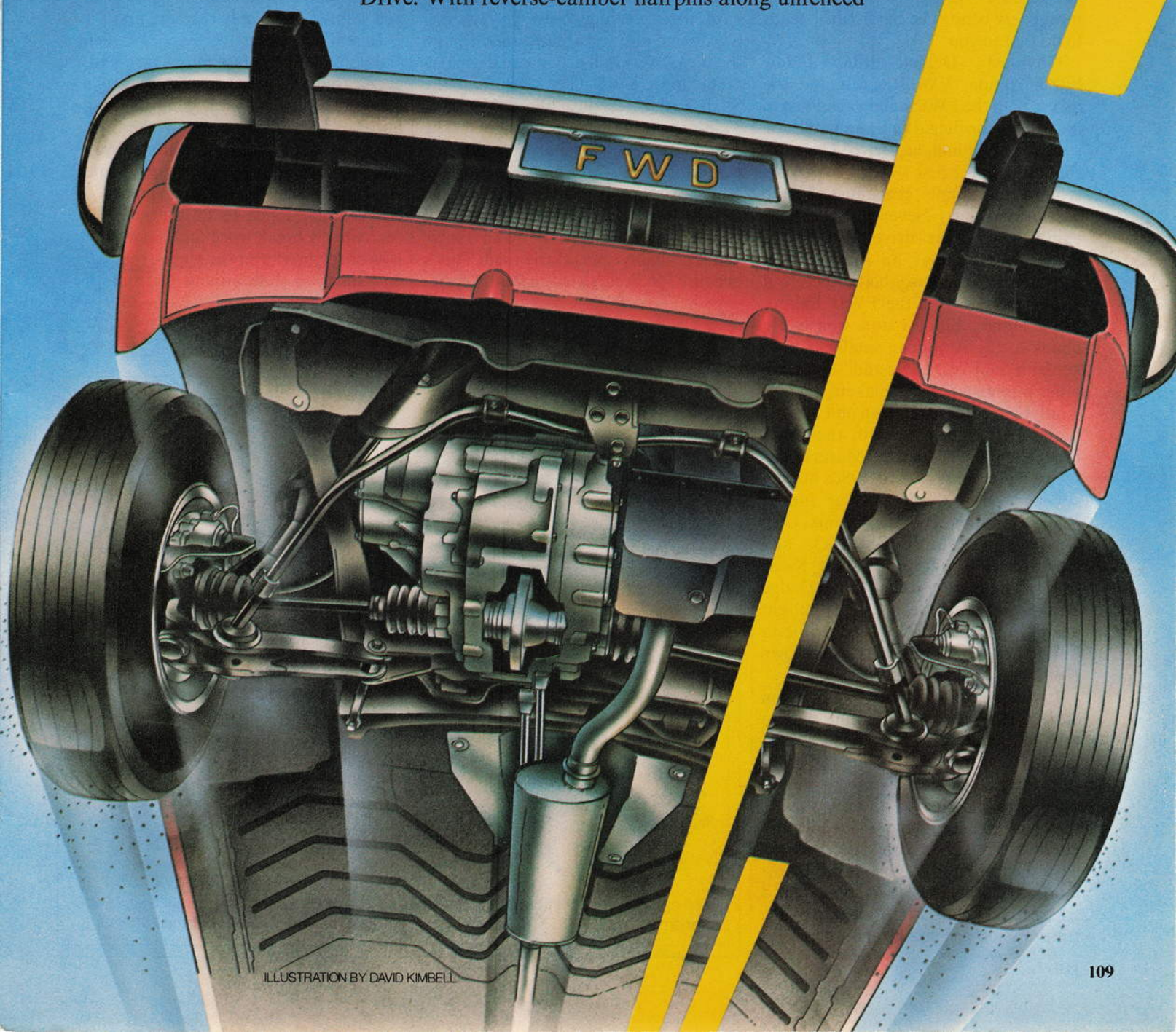


ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID KIMBELL

cliff edges, banked sweepers, high-speed chicanes and just enough straightaway for a few tastes of fourth gear, Mulholland is the place to find out what a car is really made of.

And the new breed of front-wheel drive (FWD) cars are made for Mulholland. Take the Saab Turbo, for example. Sitting on Pirelli P6 tires, with disc brakes all around and gas-pressure shocks valved for serious driving, the Saab Turbo eats up Mulholland Drive like a hungry roadrunner. It's happiest when pitched into a bumpy turn that would not only throw a lesser car out of shape, but probably over the side. With its turbo FWD, you just put the hammer down, aim the front end and then snap back into line, ready for the next turn. If you get really crazy, you'll smoke the front tires coming out of almost every bend. The Saab Turbo tends to do that to you.

Obviously, Detroit didn't follow Saab, Honda, VW, Renault and the others onto the FWD bandwagon just to make toys for illegal fun and games on roads like Mulholland Drive. The stork that brought the new wave of FWD cars is hard and simple economics. In the Sixties and early Seventies, the rear-engine, rear-wheel-drive VW Beetle became as popular an international institution as the Coke bottle, before it finally gave way to the FWD Rabbit. Then Honda bid for and won a big chunk of the American small-car market with the FWD Civic and, soon after, other foreign small-car makers, such as Audi, Fiat, Subaru, Datsun and Toyota, jumped into the race with their own models. Now General Motors has focused the brunt of their 1980s market strategy on the FWD X-car family (Chevy Citation, Pontiac Phoenix, Olds Omega and Buick Skylark), and Chrysler is bringing out their K-car family (Plymouth Reliant and Dodge Aries). Meanwhile, Ford thought enough of FWD to import the Fiesta until they could produce their own FWD Ford Escort/Lynx series.

It's all part of an effort to cut down on our caloric intake of gasoline and to cash in on the public's aversion to paying 20 bucks for a tankful. Detroit's first step to raise mileage numbers was to down-size their cars. As cars shrink, they have to become more spacially efficient to satisfy buyers who are accustomed to interiors the size of Chris-Crafts and seats as large as sofas. That's where FWD comes in. Putting engine, transmission and drivetrain together at the same end of the car as the driving wheels saves space and reduces weight. Two short half-shafts in the engine compartment replace the long, heavy drive shaft that used to run through the middle of the floorboards, cutting into the legroom and ruining the middle of the backseat. The transmission tunnel that separates the driver and the front-seat-passenger footwells in RWD cars is also gone. Without those intrusions, there's room for more comfort in a smaller passenger space. And the weight reduction allows better performance from a smaller, less thirsty engine.

A car like the Saab Turbo not only offers a solution to the fuel crisis; it's a hell of a lot of fun. It also illustrates the differences in driving characteristics between FWD cars and RWD cars. When you kick in the Turbo in the middle of a hard, tire-squealing corner, you can feel it grab and pull you around and through the turn. In normal driving on dry pavement, most FWD cars, including the Saab Turbo, feel just like RWD cars. That's the way they were designed. The differences become apparent in extreme conditions—say, when one end or the other is sliding. If you try punching the throttle in a RWD car at the same point in a turn as I did it in the Saab Turbo, you'd probably spin off the road. That's because FWD cars are inherently easier to pull out of rear-wheel slides without going into a fishtailing series of counterslides. This gives you a better shot at staying on top of a slippery situation on wet pavement, provided you also know a few basics about emergency-driving procedures.

In any car that is out of control, in either a front- or a rear-wheel slide, stomping the gas will make things worse every time. So forget about it. Just remember that FWD cars tend to understeer and RWD cars tend to oversteer. What *understeer* means is that if you try making a sharper turn than the tires can handle, the front wheels will lose their grip and slide, instead of going where you're trying to point them with the steering wheel. Likewise, *oversteer* is when the rear wheels break loose and start to come around in the direction you wanted to go, only rear end first.

In real life, understeer happens when you've plowed too fast into a turn and, even though the steering wheel's cranked all the way in, you're sliding horribly toward the outside of the turn. If you're lucky, the slide will slow you down before you go off the road and you'll make the turn and keep going.

Oversteer tends to be scarier. The rear wheels break loose and, no matter how hard you saw at the wheel, the rear end starts to slide around in front. If

The OUI Road Test: Eight FW

Honda Civic DX

2-door hatchback with 5-speed transmission and a 1500cc engine, $4849.

Scirocco 5-Speed

The glamour coupe of the VW family has a top speed of 103 mph, $8475.

Toyota Tercel SR-5

A 4-cylinder, 2-door liftback with 5-speed transmission, $5973.

Plymouth Reliant

One of Chrysler's new entries in the FWD field, this 4-cylinder K-car runs $5500.

you're not lucky, you'll spin around and kiss a tree.

You can find yourself in either of these situations in a FWD car. Let's deal with understeer first. Say you charge into a curve a little too hard. All of a sudden, you're skidding toward the outside of the turn, and the edge of the road is coming at you. It's scary, but you can get through it if you keep cool. All you need to do—and all you can do—is lift off the gas and hang on until the skid slows you down to the point where the front wheels regain their grip.

A front-wheel skid will always slow you down by itself, unless you make things worse by hitting the brakes or the gas. Remember the FWD myth about throttling your way out of trouble? When the front wheels are skidding, feeding more power will make the skid worse. You'll slide off the road faster and at a sharper angle. Hitting the brakes is a no-no in any kind of a skid. If the front wheels are skidding, braking hard will cut loose the rear wheels, putting you into a four-wheel slide that is even more difficult to get out of. Leave the pedals alone until the car is behaving normally; i.e., going where you point it. Then you can give it a moderate touch of gas.

Oversteer is harder to induce in a FWD car, but it can happen. Most likely, it'll be on wet or icy pavement. You'll feel the rear end get loose and start to come around the same direction the car is turning, trying to get ahead of the front wheels. A rear-wheel skid can easily put you across the double-yellow line on an inside turn, which can be very, very bad news if you happen to hit somebody as you cross into the left lane. The way out of a rear-wheel skid is by using the steering wheel, not the throttle. Step on the gas—or the brakes—and you'll go into a spin. To steer out, reverse the direction of the steering wheel and steer into the direction the car is skidding. This isn't as tricky as it sounds. You're basically skidding sideways, so steering into the skid means turning the wheel in the direction you want to go, rather than the one the car is pointing. Once you've turned the wheel in the direction of the skid, the rear wheels should recover their grip on the pavement. Then you can get on the gas gently and steer back on course.

Now that we've talked about how to have fun in FWD cars without getting into trouble, what about the cars? If you're a sports-car enthusiast, FWD is for you. There are several FWD cars—both domestic and imported—that do everything a sports car is supposed to (except maybe look sleek and sexy) at a lower price tag than many of the two-seaters that claim first rights to the name. I'm talking about the VW Scirocco (or the Rabbit, which is the same engine, suspension and drivetrain in a different body), the Honda Civic, the Plymouth Reliant and Dodge Aries, the Chevrolet Citation X11, the Pontiac Phoenix Sport, the Renault Le Car. And, of course, the Saab Turbo.

The Saab Turbo goes for around $13,500. Not bad for its weight class, which includes the Audi 5000, the Peugeot 604 and the BMW 320 i. Considering the Saab's versatility, the price is fair enough. But it's in the lightweight/compact category where the real performance bargains live. The VW Scirocco, like the Honda Civic, is game for fast road-running play with Porsche 924s, Fiat 2000 Spiders and Alfa Romeo 2000s and, in the hands of the right driver, it can even beat a Mazda RX-7 or a Datsun 280-ZX. Granted, neither the Civic nor the Scirocco is cheap. But they cost less than the traditional sports car, and remember, they do seat four people.

The Reliant and Aries do well in their own class, just one notch below the VW and Honda group. (The Chrysler products are a bit short in the power department.) For real thrills from under-the-hood games, the Chevrolet Citation X11 with V-6 and four-speed is a sizzler. By the time you read this, it should already be on the racetrack in a Don Yenko–prepared competition version. Which brings up another point about FWD cars. They do well on the track. Saab has been mopping up its class in production sports-car racing for the last two years. The Scirocco has been doing the same thing.

Renault has gone flat-out berserk with a mid-engine Turbo Le Car for competition only, and Saab races a 16-valve screamer in the hands of a man named Stig Blomqvist. In the course of demolishing the opposition, Blomqvist rewrote the book on driving FWD cars in competition. Blomqvist gets around the FWD car's natural tendency toward understeering by using brakes and throttle at the same time when going into curves. That way, he produces the oversteer he needs to get the car's tail hanging out, which enables him to keep the front end pointed in the direction he wants to head when coming out of the turn under full power. Blomqvist's technique is definitely not recommended for street driving, even on Mulholland. In fact, especially not on Mulholland. I drive up there myself. ■

VD Cars that Cut the Corners

Chevrolet Citation

GM's X-car offers a V-6 or 4-cylinder engine with automatic or stick, $5733.

Saab Turbo

4-door Swedish muscle car with 135-hp and 5-speed transmission, $13,500.

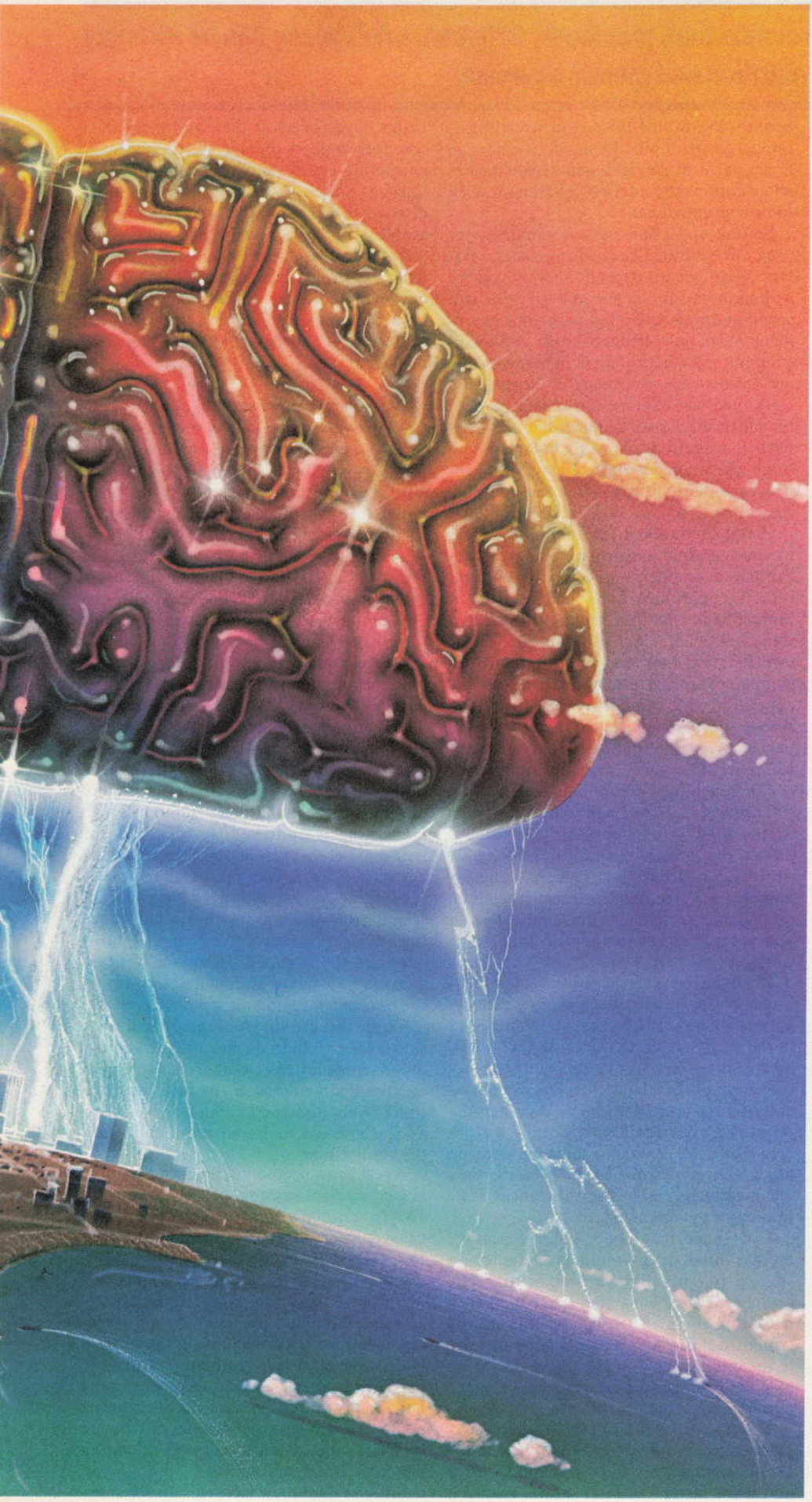
Renault Le Car

FWD with a French accent, 4-speed and front disc brakes, about $5000.

Mercury Lynx

The Ford FWD 2-door hatchback with 4-speed stick or automatic, $4500.

Stephen Harvey



BRAIN STORM

Remarkable new scientific discoveries now make it possible to boost your intelligence, stimulate your imagination and improve your memory. How to smarten up in a hurry.

ARTICLE BY HOWARD RHEINGOLD

Everybody remembers their first I.Q. test—the one given back in the second or third grade. Your teacher passed out those sealed question booklets and the answer sheets with the little bitty dotted lines. Then she told you all to open your booklets at the same time, using the eraser end of your pencil, and instructed you to mark your answers between the dotted lines on the answer sheet. You looked at the pictures of cubes and lambs and numbers and decided which one didn't belong with the others and which ones went with which other ones . . . thereby altering the course of your young life.

The teacher wasn't supposed to tell you about your I.Q. score, but there were leaks and always rumors. If you had a high I.Q., the general assumption was that you wore glasses and were bad at sports. If you didn't have a high I.Q. but got good grades anyway, they called you a "grind."

When I was in kindergarten, I led an escape from the schoolyard by climbing on another rebellious toddler's shoulders and lifting the crossbar on the gate. None of us were allowed to cross the street at that age, so we all ran around the block until they herded us back to the playground. That's when they started watching me.

In the second grade, when I resumed my subversive activities by disobeying the instructions not to look up my female classmates' dresses during the nuclear-attack drill, they called in the psychologist for a chat with me. She gave me the test. I was skipped a grade on the basis of its results and, thereafter, had the dubious honor of

ILLUSTRATION BY PETER LLOYD

YOUR I.Q. IS MUCH MORE improvable than previously believed. Intelligence can be strongly influenced by attitude, drugs, nutrition and mental exercise.

growing up with kids who were always one year older and two years larger and who called me a "brain." Nobody knows better than a brain about the tyranny of testing. When I first learned there was something abnormal about my I.Q., I thought I had a serious disease.

It took nearly 20 years for me to realize that my high I.Q. really meant that I was very good at taking I.Q. tests. Those tests I took when I was seven weren't all that much help in college. At that time, word was spreading across the nation's campuses about a consumable substance that could boost one's memory at final-examination time. The substance was magnesium pemoline and, somehow, I obtained a three-week supply of the still-experimental drug. I read the scientific literature and the *Physician's Desk Reference*, tested a small dose, then took it every day for three weeks while I wrote my senior thesis. I'm still not entirely certain about the effect that chemical had on my memory, because I've forgotten what happened . . . but my thesis did rate an A.

Because of my early experience with the power of I.Q. tests and my later experience with chemically induced brain stimulation, I have kept an eye on intelligence-enhancement technology as it's developed. When I first started to examine the matter, I discovered that the biggest obstacle to intelligence expansion is not so much a matter of scientific or technological barriers, but a matter of belief—the belief that intelligence is a fixed, innate property like fingerprints, freckles or astrological signs. It is simply not true that your mind is bounded by those marks you made between the dotted lines in the third grade. Today, because of breakthroughs in a half-dozen new sciences, a different view of intelligence is gaining ground.

Fortunately for everyone, the limits of individual intellect are not indelibly stamped in our brains at the moment of conception. Your I.Q. is much more elastic and improvable than previously believed: Intelligence *can* be strongly influenced by attitude, drugs, nutrition, physical conditioning and mental exercise. New tools are now being constructed that will improve our memories, boost our learning abilities, stimulate our imaginations and revamp our approach to problem solving.

Because many of these tools are so new, experimental and potentially controversial, the lay public is not yet aware of the coming revolution in intelligence expansion. It is my opinion that any well-informed person—with the help of expert guides—can learn to use these tools to expand his own potential. Like the scrawny guy we all remember from the back cover of comic books—the fabled 98-pound weakling—the person with an I.Q. of 98 can now go home, perform the right mental calisthenics and return to the intellectual arena to kick some conceptual ass.

Setting up an intelligence-enhancement program is a little like choosing a sound system. What you get depends on what you are willing to pay and how much time you can spend getting acquainted with your equipment. With some hours of study in a medical library, the help of an enlightened M.D. and access to a pharmacy or health-food store, you can explore the *chemical* route for a little more than a hundred dollars. The path is largely uncharted, but chemical brain alteration does have a long, if not entirely orthodox, history—from sour mash to mescaline.

If you can invest a few thousand dollars in your cerebral-expansion campaign, you can purchase a personal computer with interactive graphics and connect it to a biofeedback monitor. For a little over a thousand dollars, you can climb into your own flotation tank and tune up your biocomputer through sensory deprivation. The computer, the samadhi tank, the video screen and the biofeedback monitor are all part of a very different path from the chemical route: They form part of the *technological* approach to higher intelligence.

The good old American solutions—swallowing a pill, plugging into a computer—aren't the only ways to soup up your neocortical carburetors, however. The *behavioral* and *metaphysical* approaches to intelligence enrichment don't have to cost you a cent, although they do take more work on your part.

If you have ever ingested unusual mushrooms or mystical molecules, you already appreciate how much chemistry is involved in the way your brain works. In fact, intelligence drugs are sort of sophisticated city cousins to the first hallucinogens. When scientists first started to piece together the puzzle of psychedelic drugs, they discovered that these particular substances can do crazy things to your brain because they chemically resemble the substances your brain uses to communicate.

They found that a good recipe for an effective mind drug would be a molecule shaped roughly like the molecules that brain cells use when they pass messages back and forth. By studying the atomic structure of chemicals that occur naturally in the brain, drug designers have been able to create synthetic chemicals that trigger powerful psychological effects.

If a drug can make you see feathered serpents in your coffee cup, why not look for chemicals that can make you think better and learn faster? In fact, several research teams have done just that, and more than one drug appears to have the capability of promoting one or another aspect of intelligence. Some of these I.Q. uppers were discovered accidentally. Others were created by design. Since the Food and Drug Administration doesn't recognize the legitimacy of drugs that expand consciousness or boost intelligence, the only pharmaceutical I.Q. stimulants available in the United States are those that have other "official" medicinal uses.

Consider the case of the geriatric antidepressants. Loss of memory due to aging is one area where intelligence-expanding drugs have a legitimate place in the medicine cabinet, a situation that has spurred research in this field. Pharmaceutical chemists have created a variety of drugs for this purpose, and some of the new drugs will have the potential for increasing memory, motivation, concentration and problem-solving abilities in nonsenile subjects—meaning, one hopes, you and me.

One particularly exciting drug of this type is Hydergine. Get your friendly family physician to read "Workshop on Advances in Experimental Pharmacology of Hydergine" in *Gerontology*, 24 (1978), pp. 1–154. The chemical structure of Hydergine is similar to that of LSD, but its action is quite different from its hallucinogenic relative. Hydergine is approved by the FDA for treatment of memory loss and depression in aging patients. The factor that makes Hydergine so appealing is its apparent stimulation of a natural brain substance that can regenerate nerve tissue. It turns out that the dreaded "permanent brain damage" we heard so much about during the psychedelic epidemic may be reversible through the use of Hydergine or similar substances. Could this mean the possibility of pharmaceutical psychoreconstruction for disabled veterans of the acid insurrection? Wait and see . . . and don't throw away those old, battered brain cells until the verdict is in.

Another suspected intelligence enhancer is your natural vasopressin, which is available in synthetic form by prescription as a nasal decongestant but not as an I.Q. upper. Vasopressin is yet another type of natural chemical messenger that can be found floating around the brain, where it apparently acts as a facilitator of memory and learning. Commercially available in the form of Diapid nasal spray, synthetic vasopressin has been studied by research groups in the U.S. and in Europe as a means of restoring memory to amnesia victims and as a way to improve the attention span of aging patients.

But you might not have to wait for sinus

trouble or senility in order to benefit from vasopressin. In 1979, *Omni* magazine reported that experimentation with up to 40 units of Diapid per day had produced "amazing improvements in memory and learning." Even more provocative was the authors' assertion that "We have also experienced prolonged and intensified orgasms, an effect not mentioned in the scientific literature."

Although there may be a few side effects with Diapid, Sandoz (a name which needs no introduction to connoisseurs of mental chemistry) predicts that it could market a completely safe version of vasopressin by 1985. If you want to convince your doctor that your nasal congestion (and memory) could use 16 to 40 units per day of a vasopressin spray, you should ask him to read an article on the subject which appeared in the January 7, 1978, issue of *The Lancet*.

If your doctor is willing to go along with responsible chemical exploration, he or she will insist that your blood pressure, heartbeat, liver, kidney functions and basal metabolic rate be tested before you start taking anything. If you can't find a licensed physician to write prescriptions for intelligence boosters, you have two alternate detours on the chemical route: You can look in your local health-food store instead of your pharmacy, or you can leave the country.

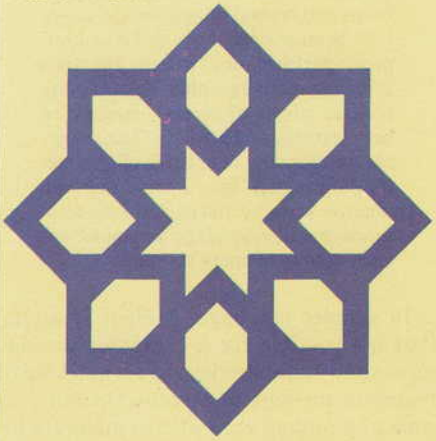
Acetylcholine is one of the most important chemical transmitters in the brain, and the level of acetylcholine in the brain appears to affect learning ability. A simple way to adjust your level of acetylcholine is to increase your intake of choline, the raw material your body uses to construct it. Choline is found naturally in meat, eggs and fish, but it can also be supplemented with lecithin, a harmless nutrient which can be found in any health-food store. There might be something to the brain-food myth, after all.

Just as you have to go to the Bahamas, Brazil or Switzerland to obtain the latest longevity potions, you may have to travel abroad to legally obtain the newest intelligence elixirs. A drug named Nootropyl, which is a synthetic variation of the neurotransmitter GABA, seems to stimulate communication between the right and left sides of the brain. Although it is apparently not toxic in humans, increased interhemispheric brain communication is far from the type of drug effect that can be licensed in the U.S. If you want it, you'll have to go to Europe or Mexico to obtain it.

Intelligence is a blend of many abilities. Attention, concentration, imagination, motivation, memory, perception and organization and communication skills are all involved in measurable intelligence. Some drugs that act on some of these aspects exist already, and it looks like more I.Q. uppers will be invented every year. Among the other substances that are currently suspected of intelligence-increasing properties:

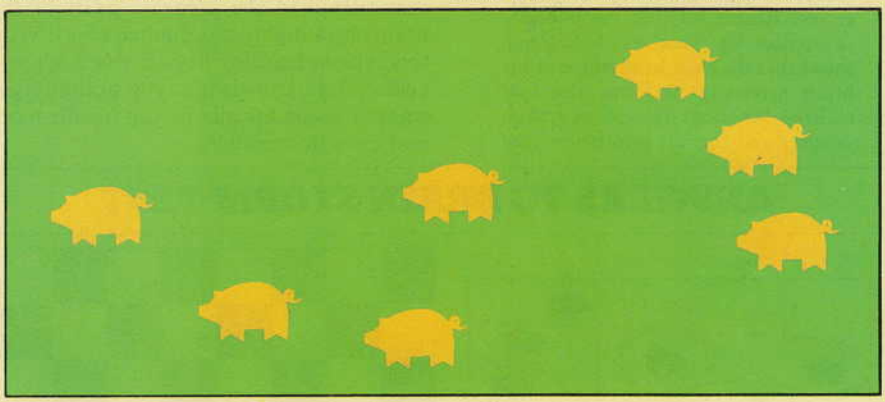
TEST YOUR HEMISPHERES

These designs, images and puzzles are meant to provide a brief, painless workout for your brain—an example of the type of exercise you can do to up your intelligence. The first two examples are strictly visual aids. Because the way you see is so closely connected to the way you think, you will actually be exercising your mind by simply looking at these pictures. You can't get any easier than that. The other exercises require a bit more than your eyeballs. Each one is designed to wake up a different part of your thinking power—your verbal, logical or intuitive talents. Just as you need to exercise to build up your body, you have to stretch your mental muscles to build up your brain. Here is a pocket-sized mental gymnasium. Go to it.

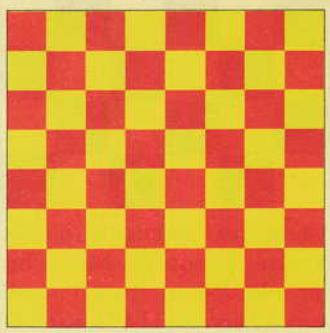


This deceptively simple design is a Sufi contemplation object. Are you seeing the lines or the spaces between them? It's guaranteed to titillate your cortex.

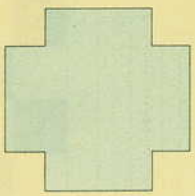
Whom do you see—the old lady or the young woman? This illustration of reversible figure-ground is important because it's your mind that flip-flops, not your eyeballs.

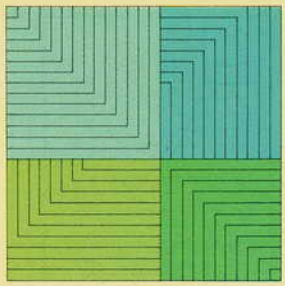


The test is to put each pig into its own individual compartment using the minimum number of lines possible. (Hint: Don't overlook simple solutions.)



How many squares on a checkerboard? (Hint: Think big! Don't stop at the conventional answer.)





The cross (above) has been slightly enlarged and hidden in the design to the right. Can you find it? Finding the solution to this puzzle requires both visual perception and the ability to think across habitual boundaries.

Answers on following page.

ACTH/4-10, RNA, phenylalanine, vitamin B_{12}, magnesium pemoline, caffeine, Metrazol and deanol.

Of course, one doesn't simply raid a pharmacy and haphazardly ingest all these ingredients in one monstrous I.Q. cocktail. A move like that could reduce your I.Q. to a permanent zero. Leave the determination of dosage to your doctor and pharmacist and you'll be more likely to live to enjoy your reconditioned thinking glands.

Although intelligence has a strong chemical component, there are other ways to tune minds. Our senses, especially the senses of seeing and hearing, are alternate avenues to the neural interior. Nonchemical means for presenting and manipulating sensory data are particularly abundant in this microprocessed, full-color, instant-replay era. We have invented machines to process all kinds of information—machines that in some ways are more intelligent than we. It's time to turn those information appliances around and use them as tools to make us smarter. Ask not what you can do for artificial intelligence, but consider what artificial intelligence can do for you.

Andrew Molnar of the National Science Foundation, in a paper presented in 1979, proposed a computer-directed information-bombardment system that could be used to increase human intelligence:

> Can systems that represent concepts in a variety of visual and auditory ways improve learning and memory and thereby enhance our cognitive processes? Recent work on the information-processing functions of the brain shows that the right hemisphere of the brain primarily performs the specialized functions related to spatial imagery and the left hemisphere processes serial, analytical or linguistic information. Researchers have hypothesized that dual coding of abstract concepts to be learned into both verbal forms and mental images would utilize both hemispheres of the brain and improve performance. Recent research using interactive graphics shows strong positive effects of mental imagery on both learning and memory. Technological systems may be capable of organizing information into a form that can improve learning and extend long-term memory well beyond the mnemonic devices used in memory training.

BRAIN STORM

By increasing the blood flow to the head, anyone can indirectly boost his brainpower for a short time.

In simpler language, Molnar is saying that it's possible for a computer, a video screen and audio speakers to act as a kind of Nautilus machine to exercise the mind. It works by forcing the brain to integrate information through both hemispheres at the same time. By *dual coding*—putting information in both verbal and visual languages—the words, sounds and images naturally lead the separate parts of the brain into a highly coordinated effort. With this type of learning device, you don't just accumulate knowledge, you actually get smarter automatically as you handle more and more information.

Biofeedback, once touted as "electronic Zen," has quietly developed into a potent therapeutic tool. Some investigators think that a type of feedback known as *cross-correlation* can also show people how, eventually, to coordinate the different parts of their brains without the help of the machine. People can learn to increase their own interhemispheric efficiency in the same way they can learn to control body temperature, blood pressure or the frequency of their brainwaves.

Instead of beeping when your brainwaves hit the specified frequency, a feedback correlator would signal you only when two or more portions of your brain are firing in synchrony. By showing your brain more efficient communication pathways, such devices could also help you think faster and deeper. By increasing blood flow to the head—a talent that can be learned very quickly through simple biofeedback—anyone can bring more oxygen to his brain at crucial moments, thus indirectly boosting his brainpower for a short time.

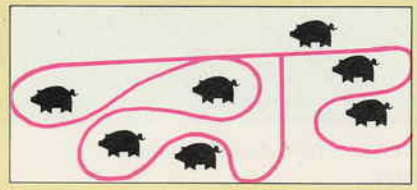
The machines we've built to extend our powers in the outside world can also help us extend our interior potential. Because of the space program and the miniaturization revolution that followed in its wake, it is now possible for intelligence explorers to purchase fully portable biofeedback units. For a little more than a thousand dollars, including several practice sessions with a qualified biofeedback clinician, anybody can set up a brain-synchronizing booth in his own home.

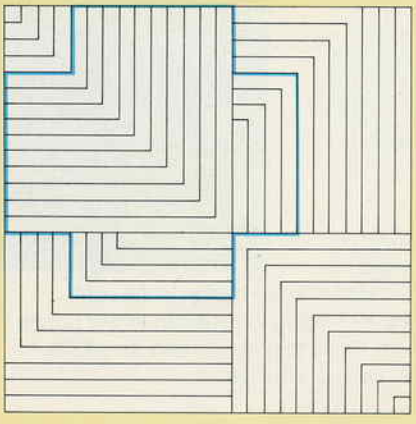
There are other ways to raise your intelligence—methods that take a little more energy than plugging your brain into an anti-boob tube. In fact, you can perform your own customized interhemispheric calisthenics with nothing more complicated than a pencil, a piece of paper and your own voice. If you insist on getting fancy, you can use a tape recorder. This exercise really works. It was taught to me by my friend Harold, who makes a bundle by teaching people how to think.

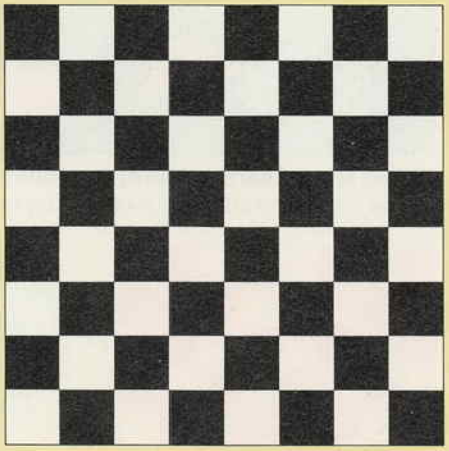
The idea of this exercise, like the dual-coding device, is to get both sides of your head—your verbal side and your visual side—working on a problem at the same time. Attack the question at hand with both verbal and visual tools. Whatever your goal may be, you will increase your chances of finding a solution to your problem by sitting down and trying to sketch or draw or doodle some visual aspect of the problem while verbally listing possible solutions to yourself out loud. You could also tape-record your lists and then listen to them while sketching. Just make sure you try this exercise in complete privacy; some people can't handle the sight of a fellow talking to himself while doodling.

This is a prime example of the behavioral method of intelligence enhancement. It's a reengineered version of the old Puritan work ethic: If you exercise your mental

ANSWERS TO BRAIN STORM TEST







There are 204 squares. The question did not specify what size the squares had to be; therefore, in addition to the 64 small squares, it is necessary to add 49 squares of 2x2 size, 36 squares of 3x3 size, 25 4x4s, 16 5x5s, 9 6x6s, 4 7x7s and 1 8x8 (the outline of the board itself).

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"I'm not what you would call handsome, but I'm not ugly either. And I have a good sense of humor. But somehow, I was never able to get that date I really wanted or to succeed with the REALLY beautiful women who turned me on. Maybe I was shy, or just awkward, I'm not sure, but I could never just walk up to that kind of woman. I'd dream about it, but I never really knew what would work. Finally, I gave up trying. I just wasn't the type of guy who picks up that really dynamite girl.

"Was I wrong! Your 7 STEPS TO TOTAL SATISFACTION has given me powers I never knew I could have with women. I don't worry about dates anymore. If I don't have one, I know I can get one at a moment's notice. Now, I'm surrounded by beautiful women all the time.

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My 7 STEPS TO TOTAL SATISFACTION does not fool around. It gets right to the point, giving you a very direct method for meeting the girls you've always wanted... no matter where they are, no matter when. Give 7 STEPS a try. Live out your fantasies NOW, while your friends beg you for the secret!

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Keep 7 STEPS TO TOTAL SATISFACTION for a full two weeks and if it takes you more than one hour to master it or 5 MINUTES to meet any girl you want, just return the entire method for a full refund PLUS an additional 15¢ to cover the cost of your stamp! I KNOW you will be delighted or I couldn't make you such an offer. So order now! Take the first step today and start to suceed!

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Address_____

City_____

STATE_____ Zip_____

"Tell her she's got great tits, great legs and I'd like to screw the ass off her . . . but dress it up a bit . . ."

muscles, they will get stronger.

My aforementioned friend, Harold, is one of those guys who knows *why* his stereo is the best, and he explains it with such dazzling lucidity that you actually understand what he's talking about. He habitually flings his I.Q. at everybody in the environment—family, friends, strangers who act stupid in his presence. He's a professional philosopher, more or less. Government agencies pay him to tell them how well they are performing—he's an adept at an esoteric bureaucratic art known as "evaluation." Corporations hire him to write instructional pamphlets for their employees—booklets on how to think better, faster and more productively. He's a con artist and a cynic. Just my kind of expert.

When I asked Harold how he teaches people to become more intelligent, he asked me to name three great problems in life. (That's how you get when you deal with government agencies for too long.) I told him that getting a date with the juicy redhead who just moved into the building next door, maneuvering my editors into raising my pay and deciding which new car to buy were the three greatest problems in my life at the moment.

"In most practical applications such as your own, improving intelligence is largely a matter of improving problem-solving skills," he replied. "The intelligence which can be measured by tests is actually a complicated mixture of twenty or thirty different behaviors . . . and any behavior which can be measured can also be manipulated, analyzed, practiced and *improved*.

"Problems are solved by ideas," Harold continued. "So what you truly want to know is how to improve the quantity and quality of your ideas. Psychologists have developed techniques to do that. That's where I come in. I take those psychological principles, look at ways to apply them and think of new ways to tell people about them. Then the vague psychological principles become concrete prescriptions for generating ideas."

The paper, pencil and tape-recorder exercise is one of Harold's prescriptions. He claimed that he invented it while watching a group of highly paid advertising-agency idea men as they were brainstorming. I applied it to a few of my real-life problems and found that it seemed to work far better with my economic strategy than with the redhead. I had germinated, seemingly from nowhere, three or four probable paths to an increased income . . . but I was no closer to meeting Maureen. I needed some very creative thinking in that domain. I went back to Harold. He told me about something he called "the new-ideas checklist."

"Sometimes the way to solve a problem is to manipulate its components. That's how witch doctors and shrinks stay in business—a little mumbo jumbo is often better than no mumbo jumbo at all. I use a memorized phrase, a memory-jogging phrase, to make sure I think of all the possible ways to manipulate the items on a list.

"One school of thought," Harold continued, "breaks down all creative problem solving into eight sequential steps: motivation, information, clarification, ideation, selection, implementation and communication. Each one of these steps depends upon an ability that can be exercised and improved."

Despite Harold's fondness for polysyllabic alliteration, all those long words can be boiled down to some pretty basic stuff. Everyone goes through each step many times a day. What is new is the sequence and the act of consciously practicing. Nobody is claiming that following these steps will turn Frankenstein into Einstein, but I found that practicing the process definitely helped me to become a more creative problem solver.

Take the problem of meeting my new neighbor, for example. Motivation was no problem; all I had to do was see her in my mind's eye to know why I wanted to meet her. Next, I found out everything I could decently find out about her and tried to put those scraps of information into a clear picture of her tastes. Then I came up with a list of ten different ways to make her acquaintance, selected the most likely scenario, put it into action and succeeded in attaining my goal. Harold's problem-solving exercise also worked with choosing a car, but that wasn't half as much fun.

Before I launched my meet-Maureen plan, Harold gave me one last mini-lesson on the nature of intelligence: "The element of intelligence that is most often neglected is also the most important. *Communication* is the secret to true intelligence, whether you are taking an I.Q. test or working out a real-life problem. You can be thinking correctly and putting your ideas in the right context and sequence at the right time, but if you fail to communicate what you know, you might as well be a happy idiot. If you know how to generate ideas and sift them toward a solution, all you'll probably need is a little practice on your communication skills."

As usual, Harold had a formula to fit the tune—another list which he called, with characteristic immodesty, "Harold's five rules of communication":

1. Decide your real purpose in communicating.
2. Consult with others.
3. Ensure feedback.
4. Read your message from the receiver's perspective.
5. Consider the consequences of your message.

If you put it all together—the idea-manipulation sequence, the new-ideas

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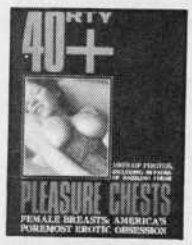

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checklist, the cross-brain exercise and the communication rules—you have the outline of a proven, healthy mental-exercise program. Harold usually gets 300 bucks from middle-management executives for essentially this advice. Take ten minutes every day to run your daily problems through these hypothetical paces and you will achieve the same kind of "training effect" that your body gets from running a mile or two a day.

The oldest, easiest and most cost-effective means of improving your brain is the metaphysical path. The regular practice of any kind of meditation will improve your blood pressure and your pulse and respiration rates, hence increasing the flow of oxygen to your brain tissue. When your brain cells receive more oxygen, you think better. If you are rich and you never use an open flame, you can live in a pressurized oxygen chamber. If not, you can meditate. With every embellishment removed, meditation consists of nothing more mystical than sitting quietly and comfortably, adopting a passive mental attitude and repeating a word or phrase like *om* or *one* in a fixed, regular rhythm. Do that for 20 minutes twice each day and you can up your intelligence without using nasal spray or brain electrodes.

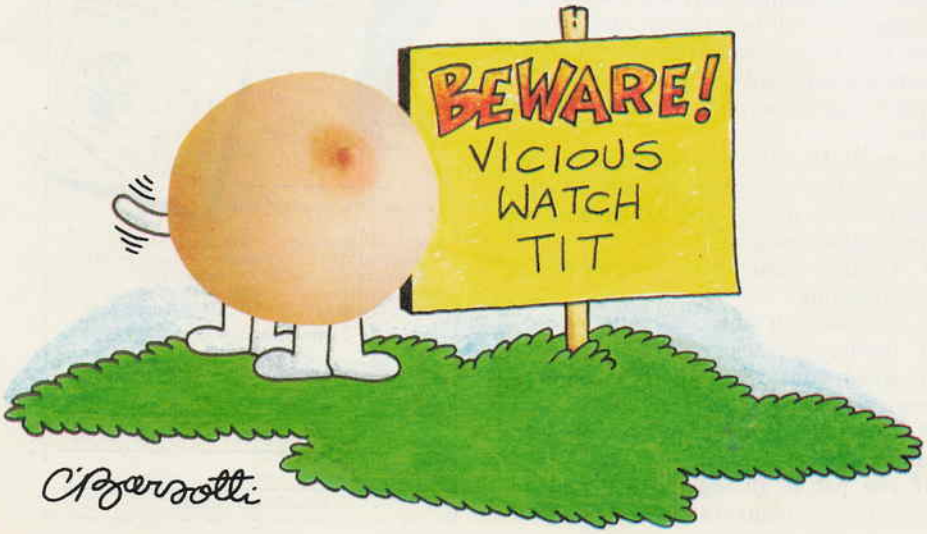
Although the act of sitting still, getting yourself quiet and letting your mind flow freely is all you truly need to learn about meditation, there are indeed more detailed instructions available. Entire libraries are filled with Indian, Chinese, Japanese, Sufi and Tibetan manuals on mind modification and intelligence sharpening. *The Yoga-Sutra of Pantajali* can be obtained at most libraries in a choice of translations—the Christopher Isherwood, Harper and Row edition is an old favorite. Fortunately, we live in a time when the wisdom of the ancients is frequently published in paperback editions. For the more literal or scientifically inclined meditator, there is *The Psychology of Consciousness* by Robert Evans Ornstein or *Altered States of Consciousness* by Charles Tart.

Another aspect of ancient meditation practices is the use of visual designs or mental-imagery exercises to alter consciousness or instruct perceptions. Modern psychologists have studied the use of visual objects like mandalas, and sophisticated guided-imagery sequences are being used in several new kinds of therapy. The Tibetan yogis who mastered visualization methods believed that the construction of visual thought-forms via meditation could give the conscious mind control over unconscious processes, as biofeedback now seeks to do.

It looks as if there may be some measurable truth to the claims of fantastic physiological and intellectual self-control by these adepts, for researchers have indeed noted remarkable feats of self-regulation in laboratory tests of these methods. In a startling new form of cancer therapy, the power of the patients' minds is being harnessed in their bodies' battles against the disease by using self-hypnotic images of the patients' own immune systems. By relaxing, using autosuggestive techniques, and intensely visualizing their own defenses in terms of potent images, these formerly hopeless victims learn to mobilize their mental resources and stimulate their bodies to fight back in a physical way.

The designs on page 115 are simple examples of mind-altering images and exercises. Don't expect to win a Nobel prize after staring at them for ten minutes, but don't be surprised if a bit of imagery practice jolts the right side of your brain.

As we continue to hurtle through space, learning how to navigate this giant, complex, perplexing planet, it might help to remember the words of Rod Serling: "We are entering a dimension not only of sight and sound, but of mind." Is there a man among us who can't use some help in navigating through the intelligence zone? ■



(Continued from page 34)

But she took her lips away and moved them upward, flicking her tongue lightly along the navel muscles. I lifted my hips off the bed, literally screaming with the painful pleasure. She tongued me harder and harder. I finally came and, after it was all over, I lay totally drained, holding her tightly, knowing that I'd had a once-in-a-lifetime experience.

Indeed, no woman before or since has been able to make me scream in pleasure quite the way she did.

J.J.T.
Carbondale, Illinois

My most interesting discovery having to do with erogenous zones occurred on my first date with my wife when we went to a movie. All through the movie I fondled her right breast. After the movie, I walked her home and we decided to sit for a while in an old-fashioned porch swing in front of her house. We started making it again, and then I began French-kissing her. I later discovered that this really turned her on.

Anyway, I put my feet up and laid my head in her lap so I could kiss her breasts which were loose under her blouse (she never wore a bra then). I hiked up her skirt to mid-thigh and tongued the inside of her knees. She immediately had an incredible orgasm.

She got herself under control and excused herself to go to the bathroom. When she returned, she asked me to come sit on the top step of the porch. She sat two steps down and proceeded to unzip my pants. Then she gave me a treat I'll never forget. She took me in her mouth and began moving back and forth.

She would bring me to the point of orgasm, and then move back and smile while she licked her lips. After she finished me off, I exchanged places with her and soon found that the panties she had been wearing earlier had disappeared. Naturally, I began to kiss her legs and soon found my way to the best part of any woman.

We've been married 28 years, and I've never regretted a single moment.

CHUCK V.
Merrill, Wisconsin

Last year, through an unusual set of circumstances, I met a wonderful, uninhibited couple who were into swinging. Steve liked nothing better than to watch his wife Linda get off with another guy, but he liked to make a game of it.

Once, he sneaked me into the shower when Linda wasn't looking, and we surprised her from both sides. There was a lot of soapy horseplay that ended in a Linda sandwich, if you know what I mean.

On another occasion, I discovered Linda's rather bizarre erogenous zone—her

toes. Steve challenged me to a bet: He promised me 50 bucks if I could excite his wife to the point of orgasm—without having any contact with her mouth, breasts, ass or genitals. I took him up on it, of course. It took me an hour of exploring before I finally zoomed in on her toes. But I knew I had her the minute I touched them. I tickled them and sucked on them and generally drove her right up the wall. Fifteen minutes later, I was 50 bucks richer and a lot closer to orgasm myself. I could really develop a taste for this treat.

PAUL H.
Beverly, Massachusetts

The June OUI is the first men's magazine I've ever read cover to cover—it's the best on the market. I'd like to share with your readers my most interesting discovery involving erogenous zones.

Last week we had a heat wave. Well, one night I got so hot I thought I'd just skip foreplay but, at the last minute, I decided to kiss my girlfriend all over from head to toe.

Needless to say, she got pretty hot and bothered, too. I caressed her hair and kissed her forehead and eyes, the tip of her nose, her mouth . . . and then I got to her ears. The second I stuck the tip of my tongue in her ear, she raised up and pressed against me with a shudder. Just like that. She took 15 seconds, then let out a deep sigh. It was incredible!

JOHN M.
Plymouth, Pennsylvania

My girlfriend and I were on a trip to Moscow when we discovered her most unusual erogenous zone. We were rolling around on the floor of our room at the Hotel Eaglet after a day of sightseeing. My girl and I are normally quite affectionate, but we'd been warned about Soviet attitudes about public kissing and touching and such. So when we were finally left alone, we reacted like sex-starved prisoners, ripping each other's clothes off and rolling around on the floor.

At some point, I decided to slow things down a bit. That's when I took to exploring my girlfriend's neck. There is this little bump on her clavicle that turned out to be incredibly sensitive to touch—especially when the touch was administered by my tongue. We eventually got it on in the usual way, but I'll never forget how incredibly excited she got from some honest-to-goodness "necking"!

T.C.B.
Green Bay, Wisconsin

PLAYTIME

It's easy to overdose on Risk or Monopoly or backgammon, but sex games never bore me. I'm a 26-year-old man, and I guess you could describe my marital status as "harem chief." Sex games got me into this enviable position. How? Well, I realized a long time ago that women can get just as bored with

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routine sex as men. I decided that if I wanted to please the ladies, I'd either have to jazz up my act or settle for less than what I wanted.

Sex games keep everybody from yawning. Usually, I come up with the best game ideas when I'm stoned and feeling really creative. One of the best games I've found is leapfrog—with everyone naked. The genitals of the leaper tend to get more and more excited as the game proceeds. When you ball afterward, it's fantastic.

Another neat sex game involves writing down a specific kinky activity on a slip of paper and dropping the paper into a hat. You shake the hat, then pass it around. Each player draws a slip of paper and then must perform the specified act alone or with someone else in the group. This is a great way to break up the monotony of your sex life or to initiate—without someone having to ask—new ways of making love.

BRIAN S.
Los Angeles, California

My girlfriend, Gail, bet me that you'd publish this. I bet you won't, but I hope you do. Anyway, I'm writing to say that I think sex games are terrific.

Gail and I play a lot of games—so many that I can't keep track. But my favorite is turning off all the lights in the house and playing hide-and-seek in the nude. It's great. Once we find each other, it's all over. My girlfriend's favorite game is called screw in flight. I know how to fly a plane and, on Sundays, I take it up to altitudes of 3000 to 5000 feet. We set it on automatic pilot; then we get it on in the fuselage. It's the most unbelievable balling experience you can ever have.

Gail and I both think that sex should be fun rather than somber, so we love these sorts of games—and we can't even imagine sex without them.

E.B.
Highland Park, Illinois

My wife and I love sex games, especially wrestling in the nude. Once, while my wife's sister Margie was staying with us, my wife and myself were wrestling on the living-room floor. We thought Margie was in bed. I guess she was, but she wasn't asleep. Something, maybe our moans and squeals of pleasure, brought her into the living room. It was a while before we even noticed her. My wife saw her first. Then I looked up and saw Margie, too. I didn't know what to say. It was an embarrassing situation, to say the least.

Margie spoke first. She asked if she could wrestle, too. After a short discussion, we decided she could wrestle with my wife, and the winner could sleep with me. Margie dropped her robe and stepped forward. I couldn't help noticing what a beautiful body she had. Her thighs were sleek and firm, her breasts rather small but very pretty. Her nipples were pale pink.

To tell you the truth, I didn't think Margie had a chance of winning, though I couldn't help fantasizing what it would be like to ball her. My wife was in good shape and accustomed to wrestling with me. I expected her to win swiftly—which she did not. The fighting was very rough, and both women used dirty tricks that shocked me. My wife and Margie, I realized, were fighting not just over me, but also over all the resentments that had built up since childhood. Finally, my wife won. She got behind Margie, wrapped her legs around Margie's waist and started squeezing her breasts. It was quite a sight.

You probably can't understand the feeling you get when two women are fighting over you unless you've had it happen in your life. I felt so sexy, so incredibly wonderful—on top of the world. I watched, fascinated, as the sisters made up after the fight. They hugged each other, crying, saying they really cared for each other.

D.G.
Edinburg, Texas

In the final scheme of things, sex games are absolutely essential to my enjoyment of sex—and for my husband's enjoyment, too. I love it when he encourages me to show off my body, especially in dress-up games that involve long, silky gowns and stockings.

But here's a variation on a sex game that I thought about as I read your *Speak Easy* column on the subject. During our vacation last year, my husband and I visited a sports resort. The area was bordered by two golf courses. One of our fantasies had always been balling—not bowling—on a green, so we decided to take advantage of the fact that the other guests went to bed early. We went walking on the golf course at night and, when we came to green number seven, we were so horny we couldn't wait any longer. We balled on the soft green grass, until we couldn't do it any longer. It was fantastic. Since our return, we still find ourselves laughing as we imagine what the other guests probably said when they came upon number seven and find a pair of bikini panties waving in the breeze instead of the flag.

My husband and I have been married for ten years, and we've never been bored with sex. Games keep sex from becoming a tired routine like washing dishes. For us, sex games are part of caring about each other.

FRANCES T.
Huntsville, Alabama

Readers with similar experiences, or who simply want to sound off on related subjects, are encouraged to write: OUI *Speak Easy, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069.*

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(Continued from page 108)

discussing anything with me.

OUI: Have you discussed sex with your three sons?

DELUISE: Many times. When my kids were born, I told them where they came from. I said, "Turn around and look now." We discuss sex very openly. My children have asked if they can watch my wife and I in action. I said, "Not now. Maybe for your birthday."

OUI: Is sexual guilt important to a comedian?

DELUISE: I don't know. I do know that a low income is important. For some reason, every comedian I've spoken to seems to tell me how they had no money when they were growing up. They also didn't have meat, just vegetables. My mother used to make stew with no meat in it. Maybe it's important to be a little guilty, because Catholics and Jews, who have the most guilt, produce a lot of comedians. Steve Martin is a WASP, but he's not a typical comedian. I don't see

DOM DELUISE

Romance and sex are not the same. I had sex seven times in one day. Of course, I was alone at the time.

his guilt, but I see his intelligence and his kooky view of life. I think a comedian has to have a distorted view of life. A weird outlook on death can be funny, too. In order to survive, you must distort your perception of life. Look at Carol Burnett. She had a terrible upbringing. Now she has a happy life because she's laughed at her miserable childhood. A comedian must see the laughter inside the pain.

OUI: Was your childhood pleasant?

DELUISE: It wasn't that happy. My family laughed. We used to make wine and tomato sauce in our basement. My father was very scary. He yelled a lot. My parents were quite strict. I was spanked a great deal when I was young. I was afraid of my father until I left the house at 18. The one thing I hated most about my childhood was dating. A girl turned me down for the prom, and I couldn't speak to anyone for a week. In fact, the memory is making me so sad that . . . Wait a minute. [picks up OUI] She's in here! Why is she running that odd-shaped machine over those pretty parts of her body?

OUI: How would you go about seducing a woman now?

DELUISE: I don't think *seducing* is a good term. I prefer *being together*. I would just enjoy her. If you enjoy someone and they know you do, that's called seduction. When you say *seduce*, it sounds like you should be wearing slippery clothes. It almost implies that she's unwilling and you should get out of there before her parents discover what a nasty thing you're trying to do.

OUI: It sounds like you're a romanticist.

DELUISE: You bet your ass I am! Romance and sex do not mean the same thing. I had sex seven times in one day. Of course, I was alone at the time. Part of the seduction is not only the sexual encounter, but the whole person that you're meeting. Do *you* think sex is just how fast you can do it?

OUI: No.

DELUISE: Is there a sentimental part of you connected to your sexual activity?

OUI: Yes.

DELUISE: Good. You passed the test. Now please remove your hand from my leg.

OUI: That's *your* hand.

DELUISE: No wonder I'm having so much fun.

OUI: Do you remember your first sexual experience?

DELUISE: Yes. I was in Paris, France, at the time. I did it with the Eiffel Tower. It was wonderful. I refuse to give you more details because it will only excite your readers.

OUI: Speaking of wonderful sexual experiences, did you enjoy taking a shower with Burt Reynolds?

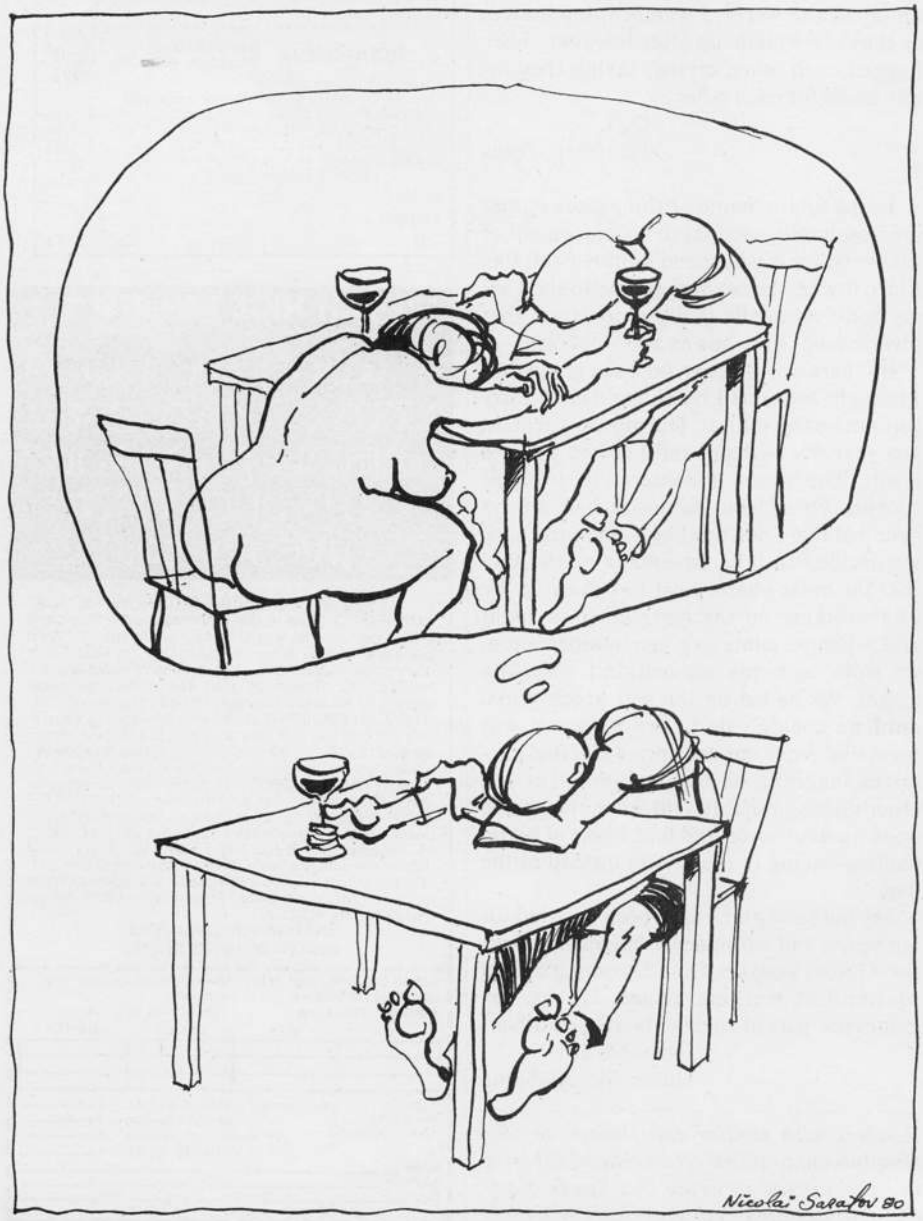
DELUISE: I loved it. He has the smallest ass in the world. I have a wallet bigger than his buns. I hope you're referring to the shower Burt and I shared with Mel Brooks and Marty Feldman in *Silent Movie*. Do you know that the four of us spent the whole day together naked? I was so nervous I asked the costume lady what I could wear in the shower with Burt Reynolds, America's favorite macho man. She gave me a Dixie Cup. You keep getting back to sex. Do you want me to fix you up with someone?

OUI: Why don't we talk about Mel Brooks?

DELUISE: You want me to set you up with him?

OUI: I'd prefer his wife. When you first met Brooks, did you ever think you'd become good friends?

DELUISE: Yes. Mel met with me for four and a half hours when I auditioned for his



film *The Twelve Chairs*. He and I talked about our backgrounds. He said Peter Sellers was supposed to do the movie and, on Sellers' name, he could get a million dollars. On my name, Mel could get two Thom McAn shoes. Used. When he told me I got the part, I asked him where we were going to shoot the picture. He told me Yugoslavia. I laughed and said, "What a silly guy." We were in Yugoslavia for six months, and it was terrible. There was nothing to do on the weekends because Tito had the car. The whole country was lit with a 15-watt bulb.

OUI: Wasn't Mel a fun guy to be around?

DeLUISE: After six months in Yugoslavia, nothing was fun. While we were there, members of the crew started making sexual passes at trees. I still have some branches between my toes. Yes, Mel is an intelligent, warm and lovable person to be with. He's an entertainer in the classic sense.

OUI: What has Mel taught you about comedy?

DeLUISE: First of all, the man's a genius. I know because he told me. Mel is very conscious of structure in comedy, so he'll tell you that although he loves comedy performers, he admires more their comedic concepts. Mel believes comedy is all in the writing. I learned concept from Mel. The basic idea is the celebration of comedy.

OUI: What comedians make you laugh?

DeLUISE: David Steinberg. He does wonderful political humor. I wish I could do it. I like Robin Williams a lot. In the early days, I picked out Steve Martin as a funny guy. I think he's changing his material now, and we'll see a whole new side of him. I'm crazy about Woody Allen. In the beginning, I liked him less. Now when I see his old movies again, I realize they improve with age. They seem to get better as they sit through the changes in our times and society. I was thrilled with *Annie Hall*. It's an amazing work of art.

OUI: Was your family happy when you became a comedian?

DeLUISE: My brother once sent someone to tell me not to go into show business. He wanted me to be in a more secure and steady profession. Face it. You can either sell vacuum cleaners or you can sell your charm. People pay a lot of money for other people's charm. Frank Sinatra got 150,000 people in Brazil to pay money and sit down and hear him sing. That's better than selling vacuum cleaners.

OUI: You mentioned political humor. Who are you supporting for President?

DeLUISE: They all seem inadequate to me at this point.

OUI: Do any social issues unnerve you, such as nuclear energy?

DeLUISE: I don't like it. I say, fuck this shit, get it out of here. I'll heat my water and my house with solar heating. I hate all the nuclear accidents. I say, enough already.

OUI: As a parent, are you ever upset with sex and nudity in films?

DeLUISE: Not at all. I took my kids to see

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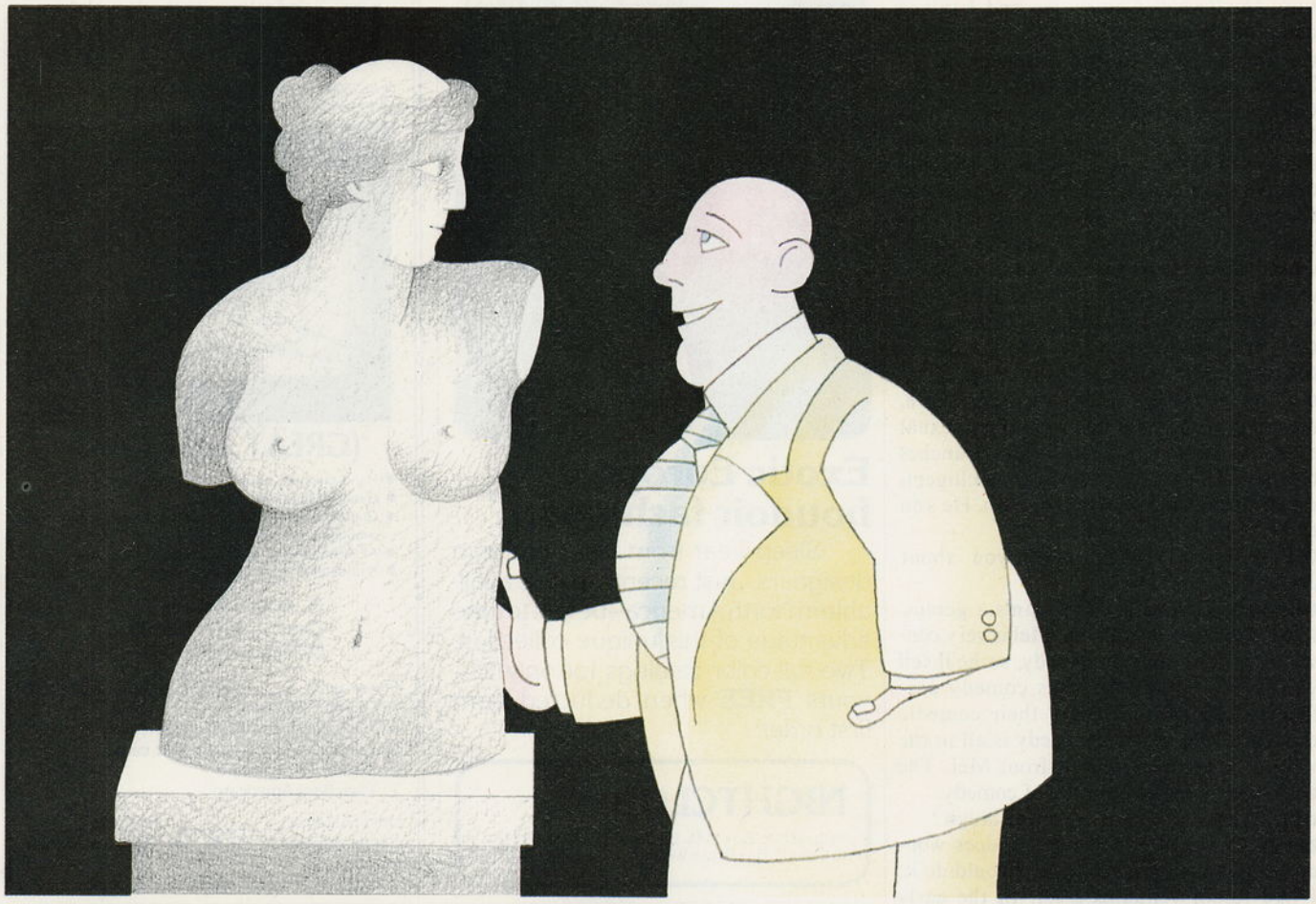

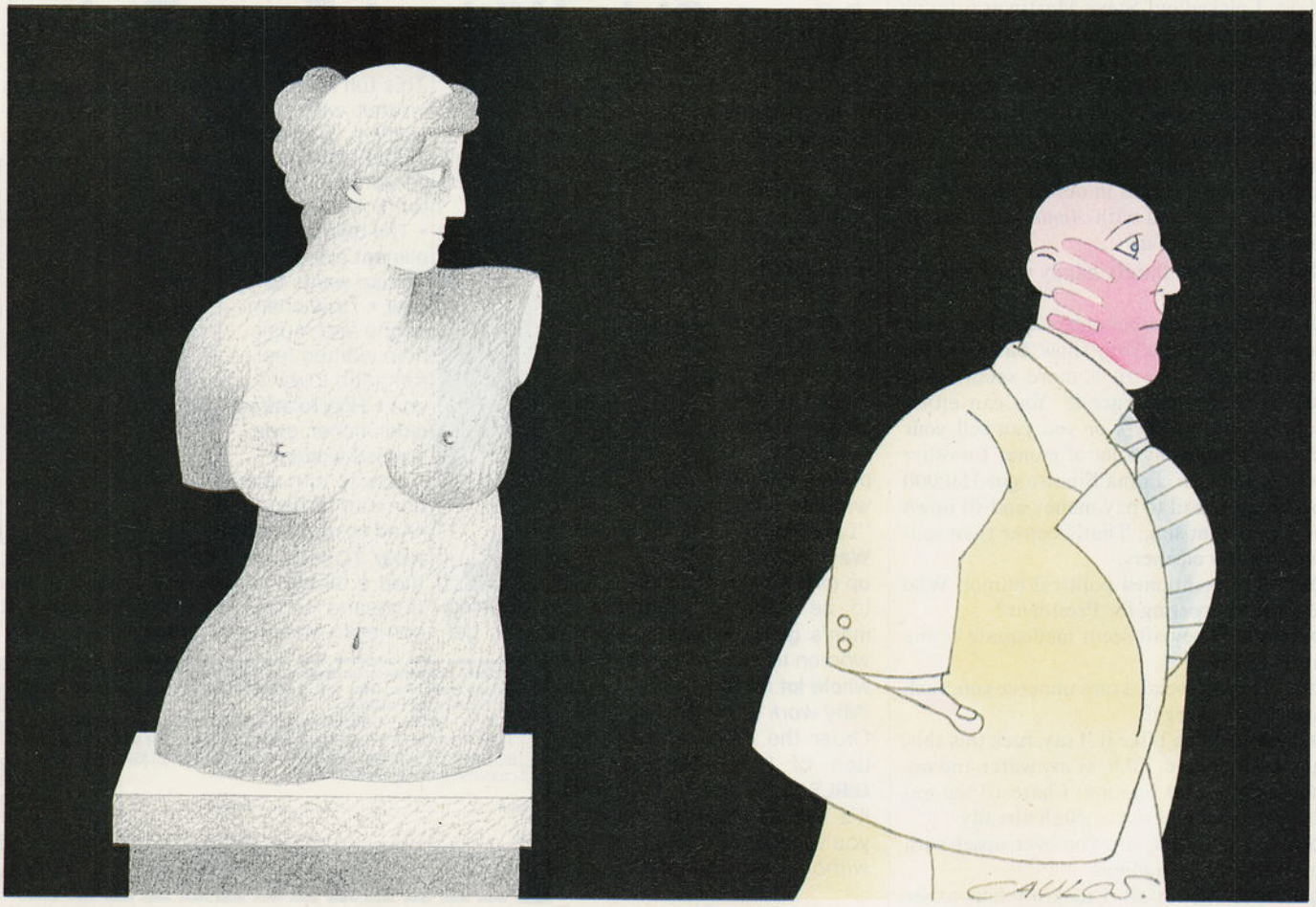
CAULOS.

DOM DeLUISE

Saturday Night Fever because John-what's-his-name was in it. You know the guy I mean, don't you?

OUI: John Travolta.

DeLUISE: Yeah. Well, there were a couple of things in it that I felt uncomfortable about—like when my son asked me, "What's a blow job?" I said I'd tell him at the end of the movie. I thought there were some things in there Travolta shouldn't have said, because he is a teenage idol. I was a little shocked at the language in it only because I was sitting with a seven-year-old and an eight-year-old. Otherwise, nothing shocks me in the cinema.

OUI: Have you ever had a UFO experience?

DeLUISE: Oh, yes. I was gone for about ten years with a UFO. I had a wonderful time. They were green people, and their breath smelled a little like angel dust. Actually, we had a prowler once. I yelled, "Get out of here!" and he was gone. I had a flashlight, but I don't think he was a UFO. Have you seen one?

OUI: No.

DeLUISE: And you dare ask me about a UFO experience!

OUI: Has the women's movement changed your opinion of women?

DeLUISE: I think so. I still like to open doors and light cigarettes for women. It's a little hard for me not to do that because I've got the idea in my head. It's harder to buy a woman dinner if you're not on a date with her. It's great that women are doing more with their lives. They've liberated men to the point where we're now allowed to do softer things—our feminine side is acceptable to display. It's easier now for a man to cry in public.

OUI: What do you look for in a woman?

DeLUISE: I like someone who's peppy and a good sport. Someone who's motivated and likes to get things done, who's helpful and supportive. Notice I didn't say pretty or thin. Someone who's fun to be with and doesn't cringe when you say a four-letter word. A woman who's good company and can laugh. What I don't like are people who are judgmental, who think that they are special and demand attention all the time.

OUI: Do you have a sexual fantasy that you haven't fulfilled?

DeLUISE: Just to have lots of hair. Tons of hair all over my body. And to have a really thin body. I would also love to have a huge, huge cock that little families could live and farm animals on. It would have to be big enough for horses to run around on. I would want it so huge that when I got an erection, I would faint.

OUI: Would it be so big that you could farm food on it for the entire world?

DeLUISE: The implication of that question is that everyone's going to eat off it. I'm not that kind of guy, fella. I'm a married man. ■

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(Continued from page 95)
body who wants to witness some real, down-home, honest-to-goodness goddamned rock 'n' roll can follow us down to San Antone tonight to the Club Oh La La." Then we escaped to the parking lot, crammed into the car and took off down the road with about ten cars chasing us.

•

Yes, sir. This is Saturday night, when all across America, cars are crisscrossing the landscape looking for a rock-'n'-roll show. You could chalk a blue-jeaned streak across the map from town to town where they're massing at the auditorium or parking out by the railroad tracks behind the place they call the Sugar Shack. They're looking for jazz rock, country rock, soft rock, hard rock, rockabilly, disco, salsa, zydeco, reggae, rhythm and blues, Tex-Mex and rock-around-the-clock rock. Whatever you want to name it, there are a thousand bands all poised to play tonight, some of them with a fortune in equipment, a record contract, a world tour, others that have practiced all week in somebody's garage.

About an hour of driving later, on the dirty side of San Antonio where the neon burns flamingo pink and the pool parlors stay open all night, we get stopped by a cop and rousted. He misses all the drugs we're holding and lets us go with a ticket for a broken taillight. We drive on and park in front of a one-story cinder-block structure with an awning over the entrance. Our caravan pulls up. We all go in. It's dark. The air is thick and hot. The walls are covered with photographs of Tex-Mex stars like Freddy Fender who've played the Club Oh La La.

ROCK 'N' ROLL

There's frenzy on the dance floor. People bouncing off walls, falling on their asses, howling.

Onstage is Benny Deuce y los Go-Getters. They are about eight pieces, including horns. As we walk in, Benny is punching out a couple of Louis Prima tunes. They do *Oh, Marie* and *Just a Gigolo*. Benny's got the moves of a boxer, and the music is plenty strong. The place is not big, and the sound is good. We take up a whole table right up front and order beer, tequila and bowls of chips and sauce. Benny rocks through a version of Bill Doggett's *Honky Tonk* while a hefty Mexican couple jitterbugs across the floor.

"Look who just walked in," says Bubba.

It's Joe "King" Carrasco and several members of his band, the Crowns. A young kid with a moon face, wearing tight blue pants and white shoes, Joe "King" is introduced to us as "the Tex-Mex answer to punk rock." He smiles broadly and shakes everybody's hands. There is a kind of innocence about him that is instantly likable.

"Are you from New York?" he asks us. "Do they have many cars there? Do they go fast? Do they have lots of crashes?"

K.C. designed the cover of Carrasco's new album. She asks, "Will you do a set with Benny?"

"Oh, gee. I don't know," he replies, almost blushing.

But Benny calls Joe onstage and hands him the mike. "Go ahead," he tells him. Joe says thanks, says hello to the crowd and then consults with the band for a moment. He looks a bit tense. Some of the Crowns crew join him.

"Just watch this," promises Bubba.

"Hit it!" cries Carrasco, and the band jumps into a fast tune. He sings about eating jalapeño peppers and drinking Big Red soda pop and how it's like love. Then he laughs and calls out, "Ay, ay, ay!" It's a song about getting blasted on mescal and driving down the road. Arms and legs all over the place, he looks like a propeller revving up. Then he takes off on a song called *Every Woman I Know Is Crazy 'bout an Automobile*. Have we at last found the Grail?

"I think he's got it," Nolan intones.

Metalman is hopping up and down. I'm clapping and stomping. Bloom is standing on his chair.

Joe "King" Carrasco gets down on one knee and croons *Talk to Me*. Everybody takes to the floor to dance this slow one. The lights dim. The sax player steps forward, and Joe yells, "Play it, Rocky!" Rocky heats up the room with an incandescent solo. All of a sudden, Joe leaps into the air and lets go with his own manic version of *Play That Funky Music, White Boy*. He's sweating and grinning like a fool, whipping his body across the tiny stage.

There's frenzy on the dance floor. We're all dancing like crazy. People are jiving on tabletops, peeling off their shirts, pitching partners in the air, bouncing off the walls, toppling drinks and chips, falling on their asses, howling.

"He's hot!" yells Metalman in my ear.

"He's brilliant!" declares Nolan.

"I told you so!" laughs Bubba.

"Watch out!" screams Bloom, dancing by with a young honey.

Watch out! Watch out! And all the saints in honky-tonk heaven surely smiled down upon the little cinder-block club in San Antonio that night, as they must do every Saturday night in the land where big cars go fast and radios play rock 'n' roll and fools like us have fun. ■

"Martha, where the hell are my drawers?"

MONEY

(Continued from page 86)

$10,000 a year. Don't panic. Kohl says there are some firms and colleges that will loan your parents money if they have reasonably good credit. Remember, they'll be on the hook, not you.

The Knight Agency Plan in Boston offers such a scheme. Your parents, though, have to buy one of those credit-insurance policies to make sure the loan is repaid should the breadwinner die. Girard Bank in Philadelphia offers its Edu-Check Plan for the same purpose. Princeton University, a rather handsomely endowed educational institution, underwrites its own Parents' Loan Plan. Check around in your community to see if there are similar plans.

If you apply for financial aid, part of your package will probably include the Federally funded College Work-Study Program. You'll either work up to 20 hours a week offcampus—flipping hamburgers or stocking groceries, or you'll work on campus as a classroom assistant, an accounting clerk, a business-office assistant or a student-personnel assistant.

But these jobs are not open to everyone. You must show financial need and prove you can hold down the job and still get good grades. Yet you don't have to be a straight-A student, either. The financial-aid office at your school usually has jobs posted.

... AND ROTC

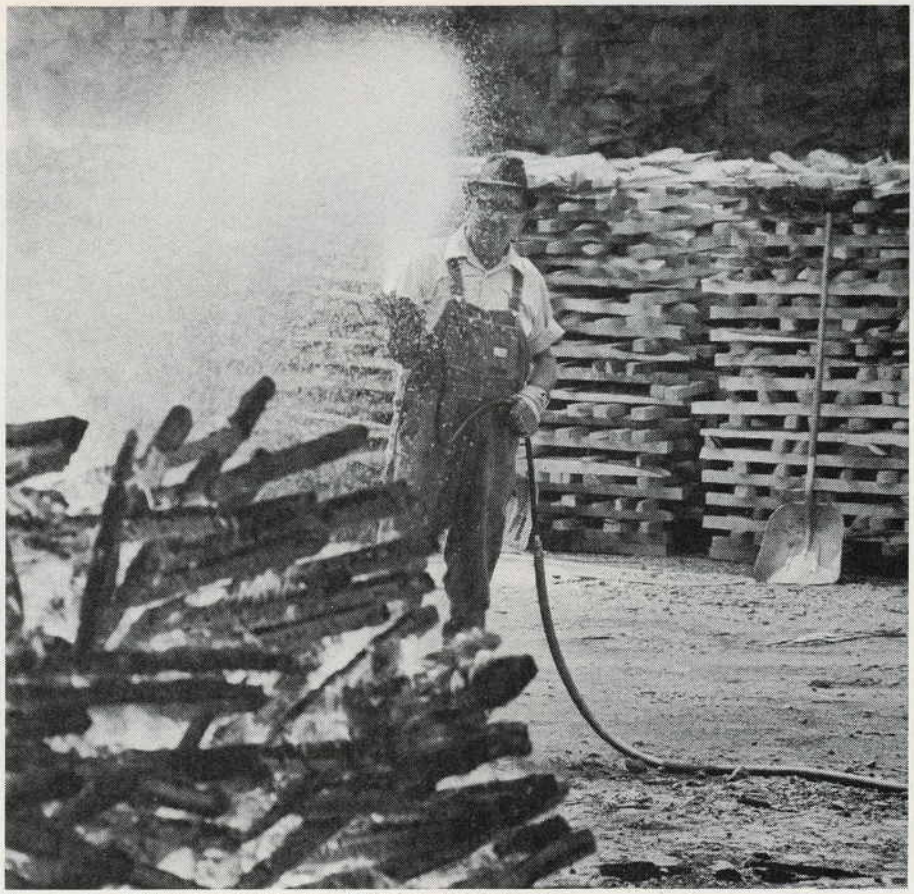
According to Ken Kohl, some of the fattest scholarships are military related. If you enlisted after high school and now want to go to college, there is a raft of scholarships you might be able to land.

Or you can shoot for the largest single scholarship of all—an army, navy, marine corps or air force ROTC scholarship. It can be worth $10,000–$33,000 over four years. The army ROTC program is offered at more than 285 colleges and universities. Some schools have catch-up classes for community-college transfer students.

All of the branches require their scholarship students to put in six years after they graduate. Generally, it's four years of active duty—as an officer—and two years reserve.

Although they differ by branch, most ROTC scholarships are granted on a competitive basis. You've got to score well on either the Scholastic Aptitude Test (SAT) or on the test given by the American College Testing Service (ACT). Your extracurricular activities, high school grades and records and athletic prowess are also scrutinized. If you're not a jock or a Big Man on Campus because you have to work part time, you'll get credit for your labors.

Thirty-three thousand dollars worth of education free if you qualify sounds enticing. But remember, when you graduate, you're in the army—or navy, marines or air force—now. Worth considering. ■



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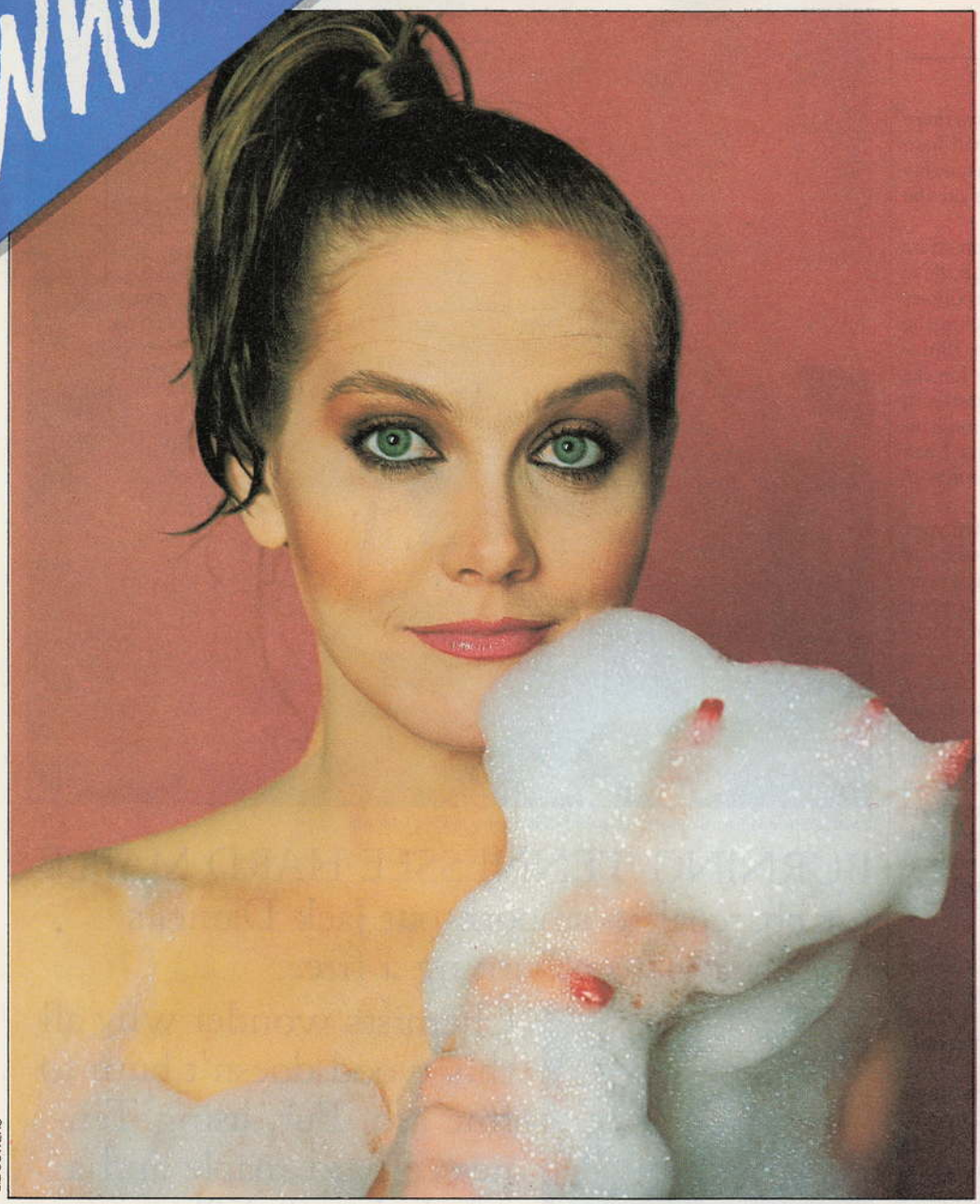


LIZ SOWERS

Ann Dusenberry

"They wanted me to take a piss in the sink," recalls 25-year-old Ann Dusenberry, "and I didn't want to." The lithe blonde is talking about her role as Stevie, Nick Nolte's girlfriend in last year's Kerouac/Cassady saga, *Heart Beat*. "The director wanted to imply that we lived in squalor. I came up with the alternative of washing my hair in a sink full of dirty dishes." Ann *does* take a bath with Nolte—a nude scene that caused her parents back in hometown Tucson some anxiety. "I explained that it was all in the context of the film, and that it's good for me to work with such great actors. I didn't want them to think I was a dipshit."

Another actor from the film, John Heard (he plays Kerouac), again co-stars with Dusenberry in *Cutter and Bone*. "He plays a one-eyed weirdo. I play a part-time nurse who has to take care of her little sister—who's a real twat—and an alcoholic mother. Then my sister gets killed." The murder mystery also features Jeff Bridges and Lisa Eichorn. Dusenberry, who lives in Hollywood, is constantly auditioning for parts (some she has landed: *Jaws 2*, TV's *Little Women* and *Captains and the Kings*), but she's well aware of the Tinseltown traps—especially those that can befall a blue-eyed beauty. "I'm really wary of all that. Anybody, no matter how careful they are, is capable of being sucked into the bullshit. But if you take advantage of the right things, like honesty and intelligence, then you'll be OK—nobody will hurt you. I'll tell you one thing, though—I don't want to be anybody's sex bomb."

—Margy Rochlin

Steve Scott

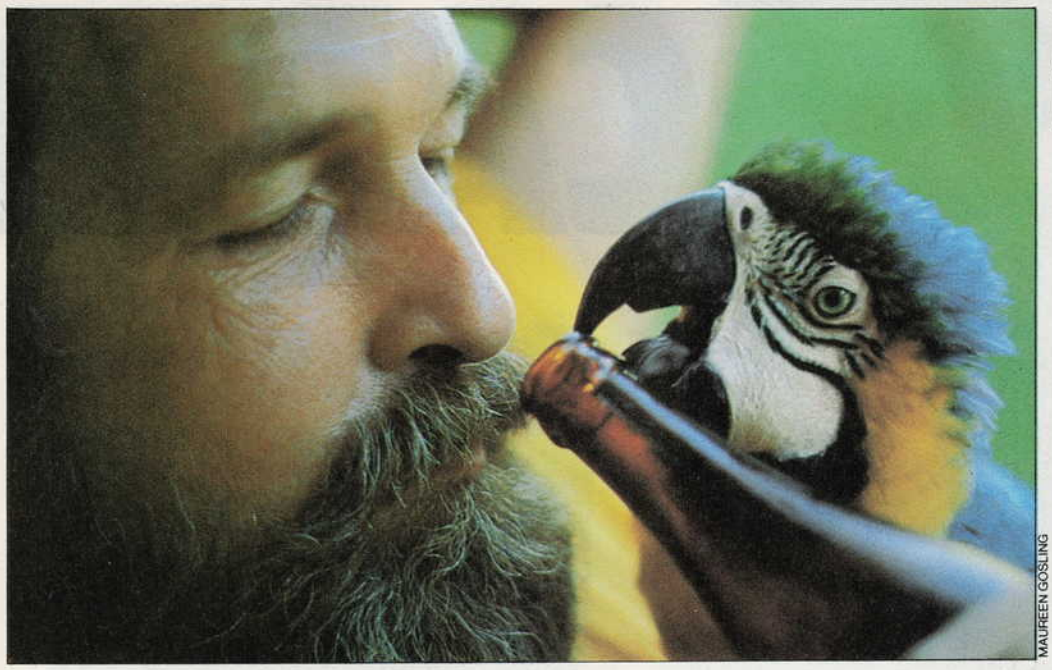
"We did the right thing," says America's top miler about the boycott that squeezed him out of the gold sweepstakes in Moscow. "But a lot more needed to be done to prove Carter was serious."

Scott has been trying to keep the Cold War out of his mind. Since the 1976 U. S. Olympic trials, where he placed a surprising seventh, the Tempe, Arizona–based miler has fought his way to the number-one spot in the nation. His 3:51.11 last year in Oslo was the second-fastest time by an American ever, and he predicts that a record-breaking 3:45 is within his reach.

That 3:45 could come against the world's top two one-milers, Great Britain's Steve Ovett (who set the world-record 3:48.8 in Oslo this July) and Sebastian Coe. That is, if Scott can track them down. Seems the reserved Brits never know if they'll make it to the track until the day before the race, bucking the usual 30-day advance notice; when Scott's there, they ain't. But he vows: "I'll catch up with them one day."

—Joe Robinson

SPORTS SHOTS



MAUREEN GOSLING

Les Blank

Film maker Les Blank has been called one of America's foremost folk biographers. His documentaries have been hailed from New York's Museum of Modern Art to the Venice and Hamburg film festivals. Blank's mini-epics are loose and lively salutes to fast-vanishing ways of traditional life. *Spend It All* is a red-beans-and-rice celebration of Louisiana's Cajun culture. *Chulas Fronteras* pays tribute to the dance-happy Mexican accordionists of the South Texas borderlands, while *Always for Pleasure* commemorates New Orleans' orgiastic Mardi Gras. "I usually screen *Pleasure* in 'smellaround,' " explains Blank, referring to a technique which entails stalking the theater aisles with steaming bowls of his own hotly spiced, homemade gumbo. Similar olfactory methods were used recently when Blank unveiled his latest tour de force, an ode to nature's "stinking rose": *Garlic Is as Good as Ten Mothers*.

—GENE SCULATTI

ROB STONER

EBET ROBERTS

When the world went glitter goofy in the early Seventies, Rob Stoner stuck with his own musical credo and formed a rockabilly combo, Rockin' Rob & the Rebels, and almost single-handedly kept the spirit of the "Sun Sound" alive in New York dives through several lean years.

Of course, a guy's gotta eat, even if he's not willing to sell out; so Rob walked his bass over to a succession of sessions for Don *American Pie* McLean and a host of others. He eventually ended up as musical director for (you can genuflect now) Bob Dylan's Rolling Thunder Revue. Dylan found the Lord, and Rob found himself back home, still determined to make a go of his unfettered style of witty/gritty real-life rock 'n' roll.

After a stint gigging with Robert Gordon and Link Wray, he found a manager in the delightful person of his new wife, former stripper and legendary go-go star Ruby Blade. "We're running the act as a family business," Rob explains. "Ruby's found you can use the same psychology on the sleazy characters in the music biz as she used on the crooks in burlesque."

Stoner's first album, *Patriotic Duty*, is a fast-paced mélange of 13 arch tracks. Included is *Too Good to Be Wasted*, a heart-rending lament in which Rob describes, in no uncertain terms, the sexually debilitating effect of some strong drink in both the refrain ("This situation's too good to be wasted, but I'm too wasted to be any good") and the monologue ("I'd be makin' love instead of makin' excuses if I had what it takes to take what you got"). Don't feel too sorry for the guy, though; he gets it up on some of the other songs and, as Ruby attests, in real life, too.

—BOB MERLIS

RONEE BLAKLEY

"I caught on fire when I was six," grins cool beauty Ronee Blakley. Caught on fire? "Yes. With a sparkler, two days after the Fourth of July." Aha, that explains everything. Nowadays, the singer-turned-actress is still hot property. Since her accolade-laden performance as a nerve-shattered country-music star in Robert Altman's *Nashville*, Blakley has worked in a steady string of films: *The Driver*, *Renaldo and Clara*, *She Came to the Valley*, *The Baltimore Bullet* and, most recently, *Hammett*, which happens to be directed by her German husband, Wim Wenders. "I love my husband. Love is a ballast. I *always* wanted to have a boyfriend and to be in love." Unfortunately, Ronee spent many years without a man that made her heart stutter-step. She was once quoted as saying that she never had a relationship that lasted longer than six months. "I did have one that lasted a year," she counters. But Ronee rationalized having less serious relationships. "If you're a single person and not in love, you have to face the facts—you don't want to remain chaste. What are you going to do? So *sleeping* with someone is important. I can't even sleep in the same bed with someone if they are not my lover." But nowadays, Ronee's sex life is strictly on a Wim.

—M.R.

JIM SHEA

What SERS CARRY

Whether your trip is strictly business or strictly pleasure, go first-class. The stylish tan canvas set with leather trim is from the Ghurka Collection by Trafalgar. Pictured: folding garment bag, $345; suitcase, $300; shoulder bag with outside pockets, $250.

Project the proper business image with a classy briefcase. Top: leather "court case" by Noymer, $230. Below: Colombian Imports' attaché case with leather trim and solid-brass locks, $270.

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Cool Cat Coolers' nylon gear bag, $28, is insulated with polyethylene foam to protect photographic equipment, a change of clothes or two six-packs.

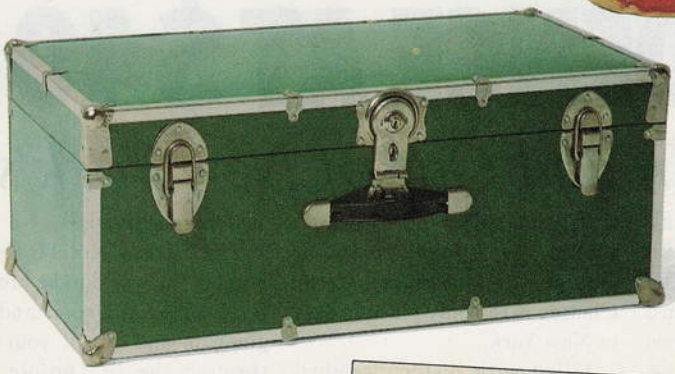
ING ON

Whether you're headed back to school, back to work or back to Baja, it pays to stow your gear the right way.

Coordination by Ellen Sklarz/Photography by Weldon Anderson

Colombian Imports' 17x12 inch portfolio, $90, has a flap-over opening, snap pocket, zipper pocket and holders for business cards and pencils.

Pax's "luggage barrel" duffel bag, $43, is made of parachute nylon for light weight and durability. Other sizes and styles are also available in a wide range of colors.



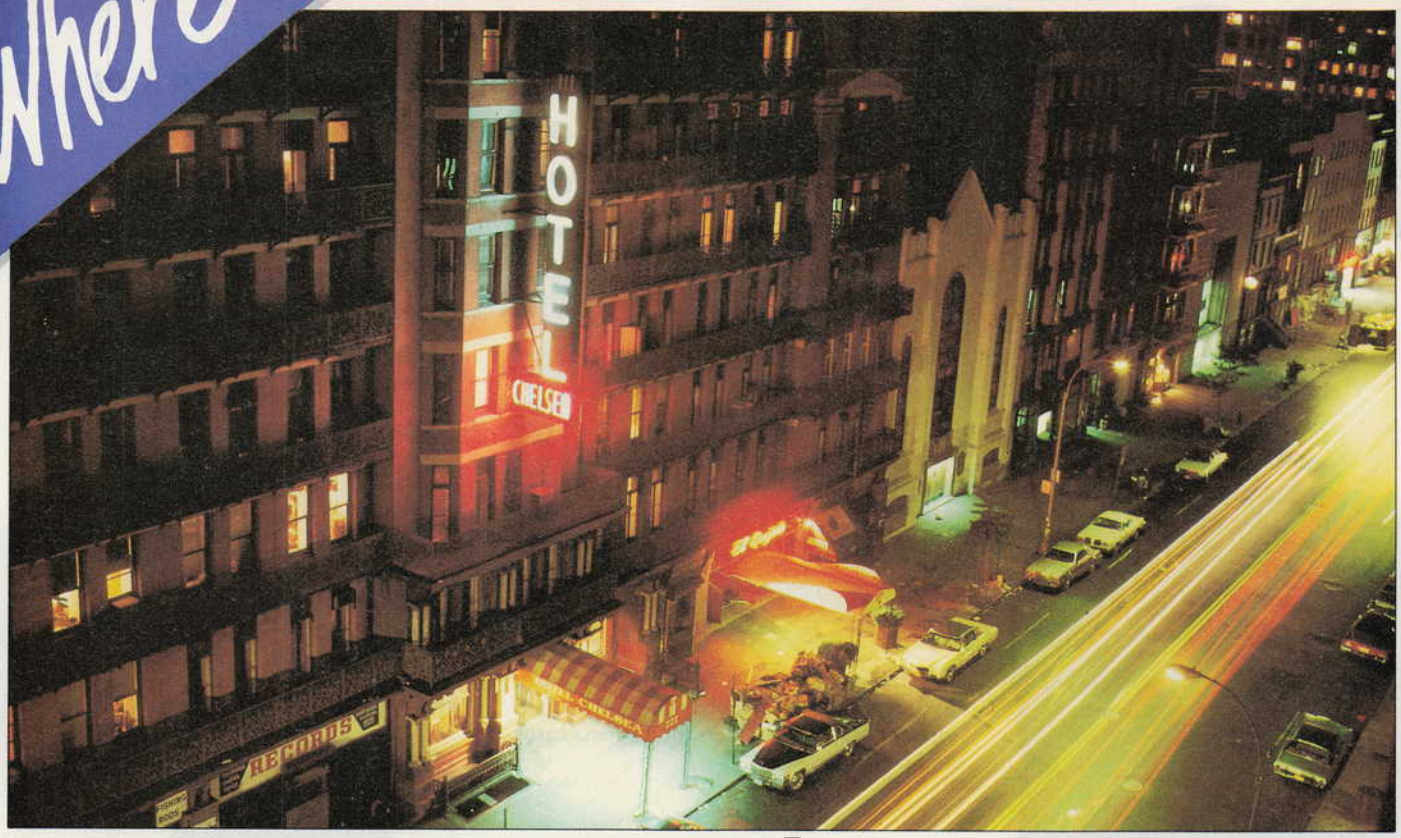
Seasoned travelers demand durable luggage. Halliburton's aluminum set (also available in gold finish) is virtually indestructible. Pictured: extra-deep carry-on case, $220; attaché with walnut interior, $205; men's two-suiter valise, $270.

The traditional military-surplus footlocker both ships and stores equally well. Prices range from $20 to $80 depending on size.

If you treat it right, leather's still your best buy in luggage. Pegasus' traveling ensemble comes in black, dark brown, tan or burgundy. The men's set pictured includes a garment bag, $295; carry-on bag, $250; and shoulder tote, $140.

All items pictured are available at luggage stores nationwide. LeSportsac items also available by mail from LeSportsac, 914 Westwood Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90024. Special thanks to Beverly Hills Luggage.

Where



DECADENCE AT $40 A NIGHT

Checking In and Out of New York's Chelsea Hotel

"When I'm in New York, I always stay at the Chelsea," said Bette Davis in her 1943 film *Old Acquaintance*. "I did it cuz I'm a dog," declared Sid Vicious when asked why he murdered his girlfriend, Nancy Spungen, in his room at the Chelsea. ELEVEN-FOOT BOA CONSTRICTOR FOR SALE reads a sign on the bulletin board beside the Chelsea check-in counter. CHEAP TO FEED AND A GOOD EATER.

Whether you want to paint your masterpiece, write *Sad Eyed Lady of the Lowlands* (as did Bob Dylan), die from alcohol poisoning (as did Dylan Thomas), order margaritas in the El Quijote Bar and Restaurant downstairs (as Brendan Behan once did), sell dope, buy dope, admire the fine collection of contemporary paintings owned by the management (paid in lieu of rent by various indigent painters) or just live quietly in a humidified viperium with your collection of deadly snakes (as does composer George Kleinsinger), the Chelsea is the only place to stay in New York.

Filled with history, celebrities, junkies, geniuses and legendary New York vibes so thick you could cut them with a vibrator, the Chelsea is the ultimate Grand Hotel: a Bohemian Bauhaus on the corner of West 23rd Street and the far side of the mind. Check in, and you're in the Twilight Zone.

No wonder Tom Waits recently moved here. No wonder Patti Smith and William Burroughs moved out. Rooms at the Chelsea range from welfare-hotel chic to lofty, airy ateliers on the tenth floor, where longtime celebrity tenants like composer Virgil Thomson live in dignified decadence high above the teeming, scheming hive of love-starved, dope-crazed punk-rock tenants below. And, of course, there are those who are just plain starved.

The Chelsea Hotel is the best hotel in the world to be broke in. By sleeping till noon and then going in and out of your room through the El Quijote (specialties de la maison: fish and garlic, vegetables and garlic, fish, vegetables, fish and vegetables, fish and vegetables in garlic, fried bananas—no dogs allowed), you can avoid hotel manager Stanley Bard for months, and when he catches up with you, he agrees to carry you for a while, anyway.

Above: Residents swear that Behan's ghost still roams the halls seeking a midnight drink.

The Chelsea is centrally located, so people will always be coming by to visit, and possibly you can borrow money from them, except when they're trying to borrow it from you, in which case, you can inform them that all your money is tied up in cash at the moment: When you're living at the Chelsea, people always believe you when you say you're broke. For that touch of class, tell them you're waiting for your big coke deal to go through or for your next record-royalties check to clear.

The Metropolitan Gourmet Deli downstairs serves a fine tuna salad, reasonably priced, with neither too much nor too little mayonnaise, and the Muscle Mite Health Food Restau-

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN FARRELL

rant across the street is a veritable fountain of nutritious, youth-restoring carrot juice.

No matter how broke you are, you can live forever in the Chelsea Hotel, or at least until a magazine asks you to write an article about the Chelsea Hotel, whichever comes first. Country Joe McDonald stays here, too.

But it's not all glamour at the Chelsea. Beneath the crust of arty poverty and ultradecadence lurks a slew of the most elegant apartments in New York and a staff well equipped to serve the constant ebb and flow of rock stars, Olympic athletes (the McBurney Y.M.C.A. across the street inspired the Village People's hit) and groupies of all types who return to the distinguished hostelry every year like the swallows returning to Capistrano.

Several bellboys are still completely whacked out from a party the Stones threw here in 1968, in which they spent an entire night summoning an endless procession of tubs filled with champagne on the way in and escorting empty bottles and used groupies on the way out.

Thick, early-20th-Century walls conceal all but the loudest volume of the residents' home-entertainment centers; it's a good place to test your Saturday-night special before you buy it. Longtime inmates recall well the notoriously depraved lady rocker who checked into the hotel sans entourage back in 1969 to get away from it all, only to return to the reception desk minutes later screaming that she'd found a dead mouse in her room. "That's OK," the night man told her. "We don't charge extra for those."

"The night I moved in," recalls one resident, "I needed to borrow the hand truck to carry up my fifty-pound tank of nitrous oxide, which was covered with a blanket. The guy at the desk asked me what it was. I knew the hotel was famous for all the artists who lived here, so I told him it was a statue. A bust of Giuseppi Verdi. He didn't even blink. He just said, 'Oh, that's OK. I thought it was a dead body. Those go up the freight elevator.' "

Top: Maybe there's a New Wave convention in town? Above: The paella's primo at El Quijote restaurant next door, but be sure to keep an eye on the hard-drinking music types at the busy bar.

Top: Swapping art for rent is a longtime Chelsea tradition, so the lobby now doubles as a 24-hour gallery. Above: Now, don't forget that address in New York, folks, and ciao.

Sex in the Chelsea Hotel is like summer on the Riviera or pizza in Italy. The hostelry is one of New York's most famous romantic trysting places, from its elegantly tiled fireplaces—which you probably couldn't afford—to its pinstriped mattresses, which have bounced the backs of prince and proletarian alike. In *9½ Weeks*, the anonymous 1978 best-seller hailed as the American *Story of O*, the Chelsea is the scene of the heroine's final ecstatic humiliation: "For some seconds, I can think of nothing but how flawless her skin is, my brain objectively commenting, and in polite surprise, at how graceful a collection of shapes such large buttocks add up to; the wig, the pompous yellow curls now puffed up in a heap between her shoulder blades, hovers where his legs meet." But *whom* do his legs meet?

In the Chelsea Hotel, you can take your pick of an endless parade of lady lounge lizards ranging from European contessas to orange-haired punks who ask you if they should shave their heads. These are the best pick-ups anywhere on earth. Four blocks away, on 23rd Street and Tenth Avenue, is the famous 24-hour art-deco monument, the Empire Diner, of which one wit remarked, "If you lived here, you'd be homo by now."

But the ultimate statement about the Chelsea remains Andy Warhol's 1966 movie *The Chelsea Girls*, which *New York Times* critic Bosley Crowther called "a transvestite's vision of Dante's Hell." For five hours, artists, drag queens and assorted Warhol superstars sit around in Chelsea rooms and talk about dope, sex and sex. And dope. And you know what? They're still at it.

So, there you go, nomad. You can keep Katmandu, ignore Ibiza and take a pass on the Côte d'Azur. When in New York, stay at the centrally located Chelsea Hotel and see some *real* sights.

—ROBERT SINGER

NEXT

CALIFORNIA POLITICS—STRICTLY FOR LAUGHS

Reagan's segue from B-movie idol to White House contender could only have happened in the Golden State, where politicos like Brown, Curb and Hayakawa have more success with jokes than Johnny Carson.

A FEVERISH INTERVIEW WITH HOWARD HESSEMAN

WKRP's manic man of the airwaves unveils another side of his personality. And then another. And another and another and another. . .

STEREO IN MOTION

Car systems, portables, traveling equipment and compacts—all the latest in stereo on-the-go.

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OUI's continuing study of male/female sexuality elicits some interesting responses from hundreds of young men concerning their thoughts on heading south.

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She may not be your girlfriend any longer, but she can still be your *best* friend. An in-depth look at how to still appreciate your ex-lover.

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Small Talk with Susan Saint James; a lavish pictorial tribute to those lovely Latin ladies; inflation and the single guy; *Speak Easy*—more dialogue between the sexes; how to finance your future; and the ever-delectable OUI girls.

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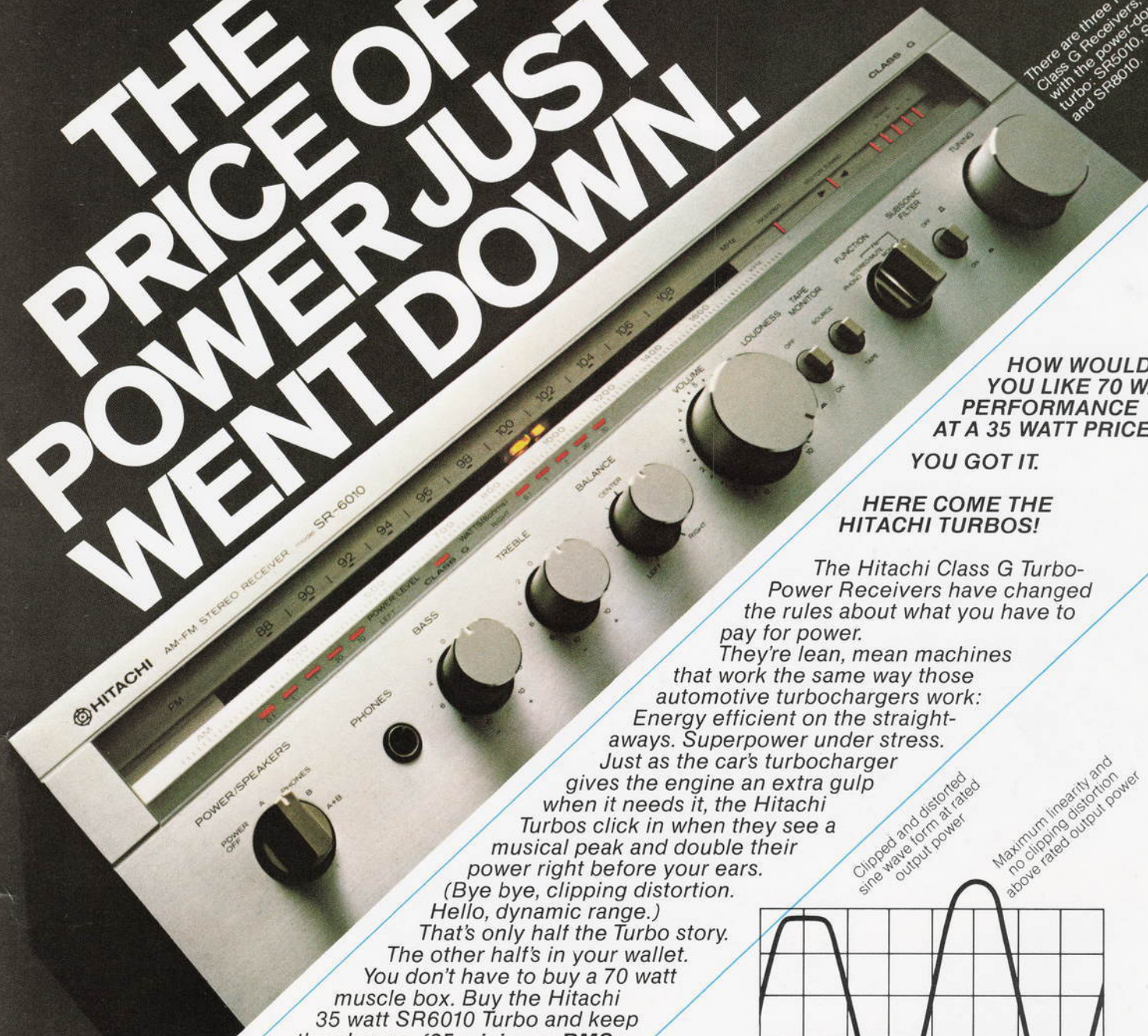
November Issue at Your Newsstand October 9

THE PRICE OF POWER JUST WENT DOWN.



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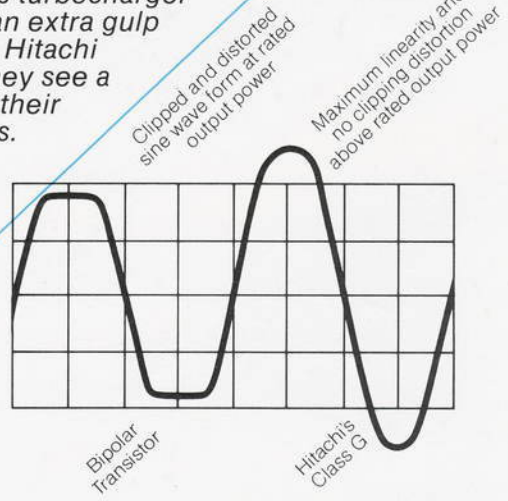
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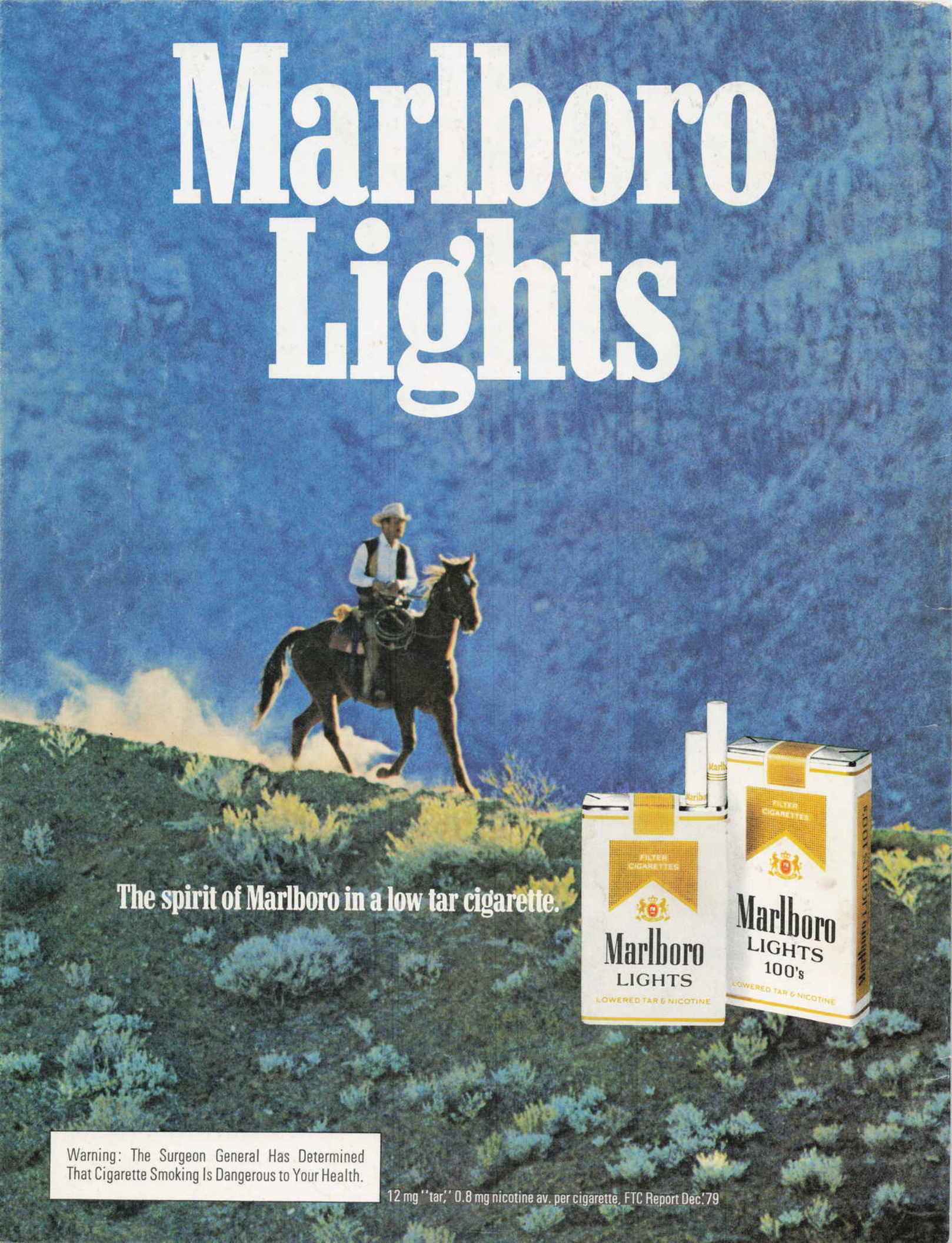

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec.'79